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THE LIFE AND CONVERSATION OF Richard Bentley.

In *Latin* and *Engliſh*.

D.T.
1

VITA

ET

COLLOQUIA

RICHARDI BENTLEII,

Ut plurimum

Ab IPSO CONSCRIPTA

Vix crediderim Orbilium illum *tam prav & perverso fuisse judicio, ut* opica *illa L vii* Nequinont, Dusmoso, Noegum, To per, *& cetera portenta,* nobilibus puer *praelegeret.*

Bentley *Not. ad* Hor. *p.* 388

LONDINI:

Prostant apud *Johan. Morphew*, prope *Stationers-Hall*, MDCCXII.

THE LIFE AND CONVERSATION OF *Richard Bentley*,

Delivered

n his own WORDS,

For the moſt part

From his own WRITINGS.

/ho would think, that the *Great Critick*, *Dr. Bentley*, *the Scourge of ill Writers*, ſhou'd, by his Example, teach the *Gentlemen* of a *Royal Foundation* to uſe *Recent*, *Defalck Vernacular* in their own *Idiom?*

LONDON:

inted for *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall* 1713.

VITA
ET
COLLOQUIA
Richardi Bentleii,
Ut plurimum ab Ipſo
conſcripta.

CAP. I.
Richardi Genus & Parentela.

Richardus Bentleius filius * ex **, nepos *** de ** abnepos ****: *Nomina que hactenus, neque olim unqu in Annales noſtros utique ituras*: quippe ne *Patre Libertino & pauperculo na unquam Patrem Ipſum aut Matrem*
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THE LIFE AND CONVERSATION OF *Richard Bentley*, &c.

CHAP. I.

Of Richard's *Birth and Parentage.*

Richard Bentley is the Son of ** by **, Grandſon of *** by ***, Great Grandſon of ****: Names which never were, nor ever are likely to be met with, ſo much as in a Pariſh Regiſter. And he himſelf, ſeeing his Father was poor, and never had wherewithal to take out his Freedom in the Corporation, has not thought fit to mention either His, or his Mother's Name,

Scriptis suis appellavit : fortasse quoniam *nulla talis familia, neque cognomen usquam alibi occurrit.* Scimus autem Hunc, *quantumvis humili genere natum ; gente vero, multis retrò secutis, in primis obscura.* Cum Mater adhuc gravida * *Ricco* esset, per somnum visa est Bubonem peperisse. Inde (pro Deûm atque hominum fidem!) bona Uxor territa consurgit, tremit, gemit, friget, riget ; dolet, olet ; & *toto corpore cohorruit.*

Universum triduum, neque coxit, neque tersit, neque pinsuit, neque lavit, neque edit, neque bibit ; neque dormire *neque ullam aliam rem potuit facere. Fama per viciniam didita est.* Concurrunt anus Ὀνειροπόλων αἱ ἄριστα, rogant quid rei esset ? Nuntiatum est. Tum una prae ceteris saga, & *praecipua* Μαντικὴ, concutiens anil

---

* *Alii plurimi codices, iique optimae notae & fidei, legunt* Dicco. Dicco ? ! Ricco. Ricco. *pro* Richardo ; *sic mille millies solet in MSS.*

caput

ny where in his Writings: perhaps, because no such Name or Family was ever before heard of. Him, however, we have heard of; tho' descended from as mean a Stock as ever Heart cou'd wish, and of a Family, for these many Ages last past, most eminently obscure. His Mother, while she was big with our * *Ric*, dreamt one Night that she brought forth an old Gentleman. Bless me! what a Taking was the poor Woman in upon this Account! She grumbl'd, and tumbl'd, har'd and star'd, fretted and sweated, till she had not a dry Thread about her.

Three whole Days together she neither boil'd, nor bak'd, nor wash'd, nor scour'd, nor eat, nor drank, nor slept, nor did any living Thing. The Story was soon nois'd about the Neighbourhood. Away come the old Women immediately, especially all those who pretended to any Skill in Aremidorism, to know the Bottom of the Matter. Without any more ado, they are let into the Secret. When one of them, that had more Cunning than her Neighbours (and indeed by the by was reputed a Witch) shaking her old Pate,

* *Many other Manuscripts, and of very good Credit too, read* Dic. Dic.?! Ric. Ric. *for* Richard *at the Bottom of ten thousand thousand Letters.*

says,

ceput, Age, Age, inquit; *Bono animo es quid hic turbae fiunt?* Bubone? *Bona est avis*; & vide sis amabo, *quantum ego video*; *aia & contendo hunc puerum nunquam caecutiturum.* Mirum ni haec proles tua *Caput* & *Oculi* familiae tuae futura sit; *ne te igitur adflictes.* His dictis animos sumpsit mater, bonae & menti & valetudini restituitur; edit, quantum Milo; *bibit cuppam*; *dormivit in utramque aurem*; & unaquaque die Dominica, praecipue inter Sacra, somnum capiebat; *eundem etiam* jam tum in utero a matre *cepit* Richardus noster. Post * decem menses, ut fieri solet cum quid monstri alunt, parit Nescio quae.

Obstetricis nomen neque cognovit Ipse scientissimus licet, neque scire per aetatem potuit, *Prodiit autem infans nascendi facilitate a Matre* † *Rubens, sed non Dulce*

---

* *Vide* Plin. *Nat. Hist. Lib.* 49. *Cap.* 124.

† *Vide* Aristot. & Bentleii *Dedicationem suo* Horatio *praefixam.*

(magnum

ays, Come, come Neighbour! pluck up Spirit, Woman; what a Fuzz is here? what! an old Gentleman? Believe me, n old Gentleman is no unlucky Bird: By ny truly d'ye ſee, as far as I can ſee, this Child is like to ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone s any of us. In my Conſcience and Soul, believe this Child of yours will be the lead and Eyes of your Family. Come, hear up, don't diſpoſe yourſelf any more bout it. With this the good Woman ook Heart of Grace, and came to her-elf again: She eat like any Farmer, rank her Gallon, and ſlept as ſound as Top; and every Sabbath Day, eſpecially in Sermon Time, never miſs'd taking f her Nap. In which *Hans en Kelder* rom that very Time took mightily after is Mother. At the End of ten Months, s it is wont to go with thoſe that go vith ſomething very extraordinary, Mrs. What-d'ye-call-her is brought to Bed.

The Midwife's Name *Richard* himſelf oes not know, as much as he knows; and ndeed he cou'd not well know, by reaſon e was born very young. The Woman ad a very good Time on't; and the Child ime out of the Parſley Bed as * Red and

* *See Dr.* Chambetlain *and Dr.* Bentley's *Dedication fore his* Horace.

(*magnum mehercule secretum!*) Cito apparuit natum fuisse marem, gaudenti Matri congratulantur aniculae. Dum puerum *inter manus versant*, post brevem explorationem, *contentis quotcunque oculis habuerint*, ecce! nefas visu! inveniunt naevum figurae semi-quadratae (vide figuram † annexam) à dextra parte lobi sinistrae auris. *Vanum esset morari in eo quod constat omnibus*; scilicet, hoc signo hominis infelicem exitum, quod pro meritis omnes exspectant fore, portendi. Studiose hoc celatur parentes; *sollemne enim est aniculis, quod non probent, aut non intelligant, dissimulare, ac supprimere.* Natura tamen praevidens quantus esset nebulo futurus, & cupiens illi favere *pro τῷ quod in ea fuit*, ne Johannes Ketchius binas aures, *ad immortalem* Bentleii contumeliam, abriperet; unam solummodo ei indulsit. *Paucis enim à natura datum est habere Aurem.* Hinc illi *commodum accumuli*

† *Aut emendationis gratiâ, Ipsum annexum figurae.*

as Sweet as a Rose (a very great Secret by the by.) It appear'd plain enough that it was a Boy, and the Old Gossips wish'd his Mother much Joy of him. But while they were dandling him about in their Arms, after a short Examination with all the Eyes they had, they discover'd, (Prodigious Sight!) on the Right Side of the Tip of his Left Ear, a Mole in the shape of a Carpenter's Square (see the Figure † annext.) 'Twere trifling to make ado about what all the World knows, *viz.* That his Ear-Mark portends that unhappy End, which every body expects he will come to, if he has his Deserts. This was industriously hid from his Parents; for it's the way of your old Women, Sir, when they can't make a Thing out, to say nothing of it; and when they don't know it, to keep it to themselves. But Nature foreseeing what a Rogue he was one Day like to prove, and being willing to do what she cou'd for him, left *Jack Ketch*, to his immortal Disgrace, shou'd have the whipping off of both his Ears, kindly gave him but One. *'Tis not to every body Nature gives but One Ear.* Hence has he TWO great Advantages one heap'd upon the back of the other, which makes THREE. I

† *Or for Emendation sake, see him annext to the Figure.*

tur commodo. I°. Enim, Cautum est *ne bon Librarii* κακοφωνία *auris ejus vulnerarent & offenderent.* II°. Non potest male audir duabus auribus. III°. * Hinc *illi illius ill magnus thesaurus memoriae*, quicquid scili cet in unam aurem venerat, nunquam a aliam (quippe aliam non habuit) ne fand quidem pervenit, multo minus exivit; *se in medio haesit luto.* Sed inter haec com moda hoc fuit incommodum; nempe, cu postea animum appulit ad scribendum, *fu usque illi Oiconomia Orationis dura ac coact sicca atque jejuna, quae nunquam impleb auris.* *Ungues* pueri nunquam fuerun *Secti*, sed semper *Stricti*, adeo ut a *tener ferme unguiculis (nam ex pede Herculem quantus hodie est, praevideri potuerat.* Pra termitto omnia alia huic aetati familiari *nisi quod loca quamplurima* fascias, culinar cubile, cunabula, *frequentissime* † *conspu quod est notatu dignissimum.* De quo p stea.

---

* *Suavis concursus Syllabarum!*
† Lege *Conspurcavit.*

1ſt. He has one Side impenetrable to the intolerable Jargon of thoſe Curſed Dull Rogues the Scriblers, ſo that they can never give it him on both Sides his Ears. 2dly. He can't hear that he's half ſo great a Rogue as he is. 3dly. 'Tis the only Cauſe of his monſtrous great Memory, for whatever goes in at one Ear (ſeeing he has but one) never ſo much as reaches, much leſs goes out at the other, but ſticks in the * Middle and Muddles his Brain. But amidſt all theſe Conveniences there was this Inconvenience; when afterwards he gave his Mind to Writing, His *Diction*'s Conſtruction was harſh, eke forc'd, hungry and dry, and never fills One's Ears. He cou'd never, from his Infancy, endure to have his Nails par'd, but wore them long enough to ſcratch his Grannum out of her Grave; So that it was eaſy to gueſs while he was in his Cradle, what a Crab he wou'd prove by his Claw. I paſs by all other Things common to Boys of his Age, except that he often † beſpit his Cloaths, his Cradle, the Chamber, the Kitchen, the Stairs, and in ſhort, the whole Houſe from Top to Bottom; a Thing well worth your taking Notice of. Of which more hereafter.

* *Middle and Muddle! A pretty Jingle to a Man of one Ear.*

† *Beſpit?* read *Beſhit.*

tur commodo. I°. En
Librarii κακοφωνίᾳ *auri*
offenderent. II°. N
duabus auribus. III
magnus thesaurus me
cet in unam aurem
aliam (quippe aliam
quidem pervenit, m
in medio haesit luto.
moda hoc fuit incom
postea animum appu
usque illi Oiconomia O
sicca atque jejuna,
auris. *Ungues* pu
Secti, sed semper *S*
ferme unguiculis (
quantus hodie est, p
termitto omnia al
nisi quod loca qua
cubile, cunabula
quod est notatu
stea.

---

* *Sumi*
† *L*

CHAP. II.

[redacted] to School to an Old Woman.

[redacted] being grown a pretty big [redacted] was thought high time for [redacted] ckt to School: The diligent [redacted] took a great deal of Pains [redacted] She told him, that *O* was [redacted] ll, *C* crooked, and that *Q* lay [redacted] er. But he the moſt * croſs- [redacted] g alive, wou'd always call *R*, [redacted] ou'd never diſtinguiſh betwixt [redacted] *O* and *U*, *C* and *O*, *I* and *E*, [redacted] ; but moſt wretchedly con- [redacted] the whole Chriſt-Croſs-Row: [redacted] treſs did all ſhe cou'd to break [redacted] this Trick, but tho' ſhe was a [redacted] Dab at Spelling (for ſhe ſpelt on [redacted] r) ſhe cou'd never find a Salve for [redacted] ore. So that, in plain *Engliſh*, ſhe [redacted] retty hot upon his Ar-- and his Ar-- [redacted] oo hot for him. His Mother having [redacted] peeping into his † Bookſide, in a [redacted] ent Paſſion, came running open- [redacted] uth'd to his Miſtreſs; and, You have

---

* Read *Groſs-brain'd.*

† *Book-ſide? Mine A-r-ſ-e,* read *Backſide.*

ain it is!

CAP. II.

Richardus *ad anum Elementariam mittitur.*

GRandiusculus factus *Richardus*, tempus & aetas postulabant ut ad Scholam mitteretur. *Sedula anus* docuit rotundum esse *O*, procerum *I*, curvum *C*, & *Q* esse in angulo. Sed ille * *perverso judicio aut ingenio* vocavit *R*, *P* & *B*, raro distinxit inter *D* & *L*, *O* & *U*, *C* & *G*, *I* & *E*, *E* & *F*, & confudit totum Christi Crucis literatum ordinem. *Hisce ulceribus emplastra adhibere non potuit* Magistra, *quamvis ex conjecturâ acutissima*; adeo ut *locus*, nolo dicere quis, *quotidie multum ab ea vexatus fuit, & vicissim eum multum vexavit.* Cum *lippientibus oculis* † *lodicem* inspexit *mater*, venit ad Magistram, *indignationem ostentans, & usque ad rixam clamitans*, eam

---

* Lege *Inverso.*

† *Literula una mutata*, lege *podicem. Vide quam legatis si lectio, & quam clarum sensum reddit!*

CHAP. II.

Richard *goes to School to an Old Woman.*

Richard being grown a pretty big Boy, 'twas thought high time for him to be packt to School: The diligent old Woman took a great deal of Pains with him. She told him, that *O* was round, *I* tall, *C* crooked, and that *Q* lay in the Corner. But he the moſt * croſs-grain'd Dog alive, wou'd always call *R*, *P* or *B*, cou'd never diſtinguiſh betwixt *D* and *L*, *O* and *U*, *C* and *O*, *I* and *E*, *E* and *F*; but moſt wretchedly confounded the whole Chriſt-Croſs-Row. His Miſtreſs did all ſhe cou'd to break him of this Trick, but tho' ſhe was a perfect Dab at Spelling (for ſhe ſpelt on *Sundays*) ſhe cou'd never find a Salve for his Sore. So that, in plain *Engliſh*, ſhe was pretty hot upon his Ar-- and his Ar-- was too hot for him. His Mother having been peeping into his † Bookſide, in a violent Paſſion, came running open-mouth'd to his Miſtreſs; and, You have

* Read *Groſs-brain'd.*

† *Book-ſide? Mine A-r-ſ-e,* read *Backſide. See how plain it is!*

murder'd

Riccomastigon esse, sed satius esse fortasse locum sat bene se habentem non sollicitare. Cui anus, *Mene hisce turpiculis lucem affundere? Altius latet mendum; & eum hic excusent qui velint aut possint.*

CAP. III.

Quomodo Richardus *missus est ad Scholam Latinitatis, &* militavit sub ferula.

Lingua vernacula valedicta, nondum perlectis Bibliis, *ad Latinitatem se accingit* Richardus. Et hic *laude sua non est fraudandus, multa enim longo aevo molitus est, & πολυπραγμοσύνας gloriam juvenis consecutus est; verum enim cum ad judicium res deveniebant, brevi sane arcu plerunque jaculatur, neque ad scopum pertingit: quamvis enim obstinate operam dedit,*

urder'd our *Richard*, says she, but I'll ake you rue the Day. I'll make you ish you had never meddl'd with that hich did n't meddle with you. That's good one indeed, says the old Woman. o you think I'd turn up his frowzy Tail nly to see what's a Clock by it? He de-rves ten times more than he had. He's a ogue in grain. I say it, excuse him ho can.

---

low Richard *was sent to the* Latin *School, and what a sad Hand he made on't.*

Richard having bid Adieu to his verna-cular Idiom, and never having read is Bible, betakes himself to *Latin*. And ere, to give the Devil his due, in a many ears he read a many Things, and even n his younger Days obtain'd the Chara-er of a very great Plodder. But where ny thing of Judgment was requir'd, he as the most unfortunate Fellow breath-ng; though he labour'd like an Horse, e was always distanc'd: He read much,

dit ad dissendum & *legendum, nihil quidem profecit.* Novit omnes casus, unum ab altero distinguere illi non dat est, quippe genitivus *singulariter* illi id fuit cum Accusativo *Plurative*, ex. gr. *vellere aures*, semper scripsit *vellere au Peramavit finire ablativum in TE non in* ut constat ex exercitijs suis in *libris Edi & MSS. En exemplum! abeunte, ae dente, aedificante, agente, altercante, aren bacchante, bellante, candente, contine crepante, culpante, currente, dante, def dente, deficiente, dicente, ducente, eluden fallente, florente, fugiente, fulgente, immin te, jubente, mentiente, metuente, nascente, tante, obscurante, parente, pellente, pereunt poscente, praebente, praesente praeterenn probante, proficiente, quadrante, rapiente, r deunte, referente, rubente, saliente, sapient serpente, sonante, spectante, stante, surgen temperante, vehemente, volente, urente.*

* In *cogitando*, in *meditando*, in *co ponendo*, in *repetendo magis obesae na* nemo, *magis obtusi ingenii* nemo; *constructionis reconditioris & infelicior*

---

* *Vide quam ampla Ablativorum sylva in T non TI desinentium!*

Memori

and learn'd Nothing; he follow'd his Book close, and was never the nearer. There was not a Case which he did n't know, but he cou'd never get the Knack of distinguishing one from another. The Genitive One was the same to him with the Accusative More than One; as for Instance, instead of to crop off one's Ears, he always wrote, to crop of one Ear. And then he lov'd dearly to write with an *E*, where it ought to be done with an *I*, as appears from several Manuscripts, and from his Works already extant, in which he loves to spell an *E* for an *I*, viz.

Blusheng, Sigheng,
Melteng, Dyeng,
Words wou'd charm a Jove!
Tom. D'Urfey.

† * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

His Head was turn'd very extraordinarily, and quite out of the common Way. He had a way of Thinking without Thought, of Arguing without Reason, of Composing wtihout Sense, and of Repeating without Remembring. His Judgment was never discernable. his Learning never intelligi-

Memoriae nemo quisquam fuit. Nihil enim *de penu suo potuit depromere*, sed de perâ alienâ surripuit; & quod instar erat omnium quisquid surripuerit, suum esse dixit. Haec omnia patent ex *poematio* quodam, quod hodie extat in perpetuam harum rerum omnium memoriam, *neque ex fallaci, neque pellaci historiâ*. Inter condiscipulos tyro quidam haec carmina,

Jack Spratt *had a Cat had but one Ear,*
Joan Coal *had an Hole, put your Nose there;*

hoc modo in Latinitatem jussu Magistri vertit:

Forte Johanniculus *dictus cognomine* Sprattus
Felem habet, auriculas non habet illa duas:
Dicta fuit mulier quaedam cognomine Garbo
Rima est Johannae *naribus apta tuis.*

Haec Richardus surripuit, &, *ne furti taxaretur, sic fecit sua.*

Dicta fuit mulier, dictus cognomine Sprattus
Felem habet, auriculas naribus apta tuis:
Forte Johanniculus *quaedam cognomine* Carbo
Rima est Johannae, *non habet illa duas.*

Jack's *Cat had an Hole,*
Had but one Ear,
Joan Spratt *had a Coal,*
Put your Nose there.

Qua

ble, his Wit always flat, and his Memory confus'd. He was never able to make an Exercise himself, but constantly filch'd from some or other of his School fellows: And, which was the best Jest of all, whatever he stole he said was His. There is a little Poem (of His, as he calls it) at this Day extant, which may serve for a standing Proof of the Truth of all this. You need not question the Legitimacy of it, for we have it from an honest unadulterated History, *i. e.* from an History which is neither Whore nor Thief. One of his School fellows had turn'd this Distich,

Jack Sprat *had a Cat had but one Ear*;
Joan Coal *had a Hole, put your Nose there*;

by his Masters Order, into *Latin* thus:

Forte Johanniculus *dictus cognomine* Sprattus.
Felem habet, auriculas non habet illa duas:
Dicta fuit mulier quaedam cognomine Carbo
Rima est Johannae *naribus apta tuis.*

These *Richard* made His, and the better to make 'em appear so, new model'd 'em after this manner:

Dicta fuit mulier, dictus cognomine Sprattus
Felem habet, auriculas naribus apta tuis:
Forte Johanniculus *quaedam cognomine* Carbo
Rima est Johannae, *non habet illa duas.*

Jack's *Cat had an Hole,*
Had but one Ear,
Joan Sprat *had a Coal,*

Qua de re delatus ad magistrum, & interrogatus ab ipso, *ex cujus codice haec ex scripserat*, paratus ad respondendum inquit, *Ex alieno*, sed *Ego longe ante ex conjectura divinabam*; *Equidem sancte asseverare possum me in eadem incidisse prius quam ex ullo codice didici*. Cui praeceptor, Quomodo haec fieri possunt? *quomodo in unam Sententiam haec inter se congruunt? Vah!* ait Richardus, *tu non probe intelligis, in mea enim lectione & verborum collocatio venustior est, & sonus syllabarum dulcior ac non potest non iis placere qui rarus & eruditas auris habent. Addis mendacia fartis?* inquit praeceptor, *in haec incidisti priusquam didicisti? Incidat in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim.* Pro tenebrione vapulat Bentleius. Restant coetera.

FINIS.

But for this, my young Gentleman was had up *Coram Nobis*; and upon Examination how he came by them, without being put to his Trumps, (for *Richard*, as we hinted before, was a perfect Casuist) readily pleaded Guilty, but not Guilty. *I stole them, I own*, says he, *but then they are Mine. Nay, I'll take my Oath on't, I thought of 'em before they came into my Head.* Did ever mortal see such Stuff as this? *says his Master.* How was it possible for any Fellow, in such a few Words, to bring together so many Contradictions! *Pooh Sir*, says *Richard*, *You don't cape it; for in my way of Writing it looks better, and sounds better*; Chevy-chase, *and all other old Ballads are writ after this manner; besides, in my Lection there's a double Rhythme*

Jack's Cat had an Hole,
Joan Spratt had a Coal,
Had but one Ear,
Put your Nose there.

Ha! ha! quoth the Master.

As well as steal, What! Sirrah, dost thou lye?
The Fault that needs it most grows two thereby.

Take him up there. So *Bentley* was whipt for an Owler.

The Rod is still kept in Piss.

THE END

LIBRARIO.

Bone Morpheu,

IN hoc brevi Opere, quod fefas eſt, multum dormitâſti. In Elementis aliquando, non ſemel in Periodis, terq; quaterq; in Comatibus erraſti. Condonabit fortaſſis Lector Benevolus, & corriget, ſed cave tibi a Ricco, *nam certo certius dabis pœnas. Vale.*

To the PRINTER.

Maſter *Morphew*,

IT's a burning Shame that you ſhou'd have ſlept over this little Piece of mine, as you have. You have made ſeveral plaguy Blunders. You have miſtook once or twice in the Letters, twice or thrice in the Periods, and above half a Dozen times in the Comma's. The good-natur'd Reader, perhaps, will correct them, and ſpare you, but have a Care of the Doctor; for, depend upon it, he'll be upon your Bones. Look to your Hits.

Five Extraordinary

LETTERS

Suppos'd to be Writ to

Dr. B----y,

UPON HIS

Edition of Horace,

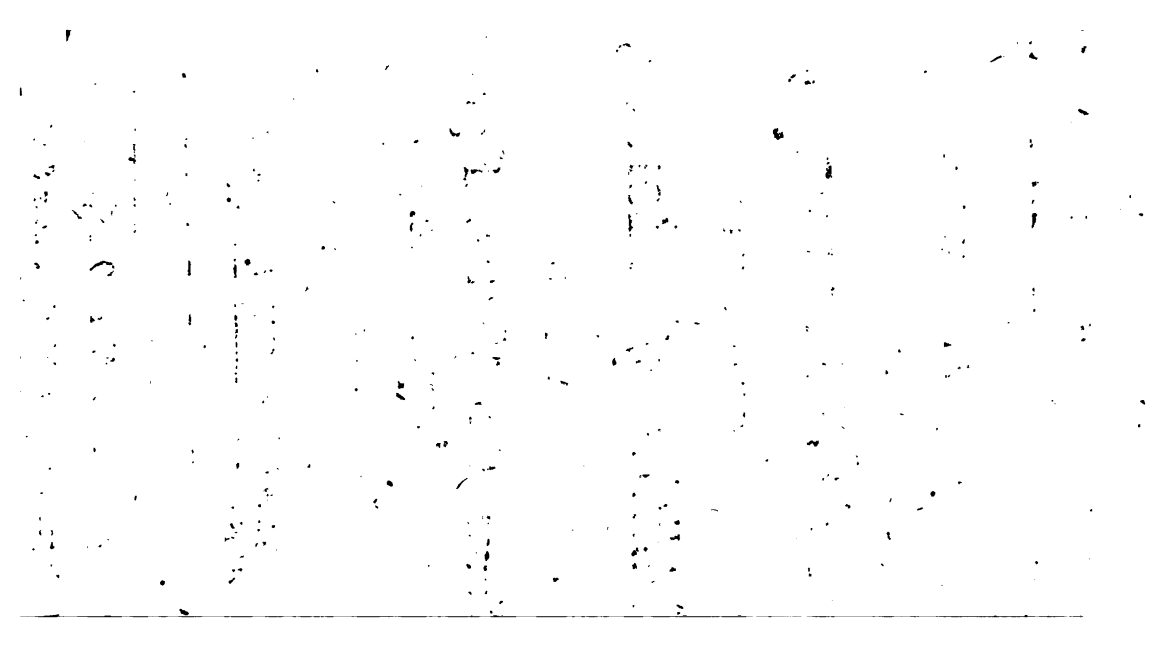
AND

Some other Matters of great Importance.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus, & eſt mihi ſæpe vocandus
Ad partes ——— ——— ——— Juv. Sat. 4.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-*



Lee
526-48
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THE PREFACE.

I *Never read the Works of a Modern Critick in my Life, who did not some way or other, take care to insinuate, that he had a multitude of other Business upon his Hands, and was forc'd to hurry up the present Treatise all at a Heat; or, that he stole an Hour when he could catch it, and so was oblig'd to write by Fits and Starts: This, or some other laudible Excuse is always at hand, to shew his ready Genius; when any Man, with half an Eye, might read in every Line, that dull laborate Pride which is so natural to that Class of Men: Now I take this to be a very disingenious way of Dealing, and*

therefor-

therefore I do assure the learned World, that I collected those few Letters which I now Publish, from some scatter'd Papers in my Custody, not without great Pains and Industry, and as I trust with some emolument to the Common-wealth of Learning, and shall proceed to furnish out others as fast as the difficulty of the Work will permit. If the curious Reader would know by what means I did procure my Original Papers, I must tell him that I am under an Obligation, at present, not to give him a direct Answer, and therefore must desire him to wave his Query till a proper time shall offer for my revealing that Secret.

FIVE

FIVE
Extraordinary Letters.

SIR,

YOUR Edition of *Horace*, which I have at laſt read quite through, is a very beautiful one: The Paper is good, and the Letter fair; your new Commas do ſometimes ſtrike light into a Paſſage that was obſcure before; and your Language is, in the main, much alter'd for the better. Theſe are Particulars, I believe, in which you will agree with me; but I muſt beg leave to touch on others with the ſame freedom, which may not be ſo pleaſing. Surely, Sir, it muſt have coſt you ſome Pains to amaſs ſo much what you-call Learning together, in which you have certainly been very

very diligent and induſtrious to miſpend your time; for the Learned World, before yours came out, was well ſtock'd with good Editions of *Horace*, ſo that it was unneceſſary to give your ſelf ſo much trouble: Indeed, if there had been no good Edition extant, a Gentleman that had nothing elſe to do, might have thrown away ſome time upon a Work of that nature, and no great harm done; but for a Divine of the Church of *England*, to neglect the ſerious Duties of his Calling, in order to correct Feet and Meaſure, and to brighten up the dark Places of an obſcene Poet, is what I am ſorry can be ſo juſtly charg'd upon any one of that Sacred Order? And beſide, Sir, this mighty Work of yours, which I hear you ſet ſo great a value upon, is not only unneceſſary, and very much unbecoming you as a Clergyman; but the Manner in which it is done, is beneath the Character of a Perſon that would make any Pretenſions to good Breeding: For how weak a Part is it you act, when you ſet a greater value upon your own ſudden Heats and Conjectures, than upon the eſtabliſh'd Opinion of Mankind! How rudely do you call a Council of Commentators together, only to abuſe

and

and diſmiſs them again? With how much Aſſurance, and how little Reaſon, do you alter the Text of your Author, and then tell us, that *Horace* either did, or ought to have writ ſo.——But I have thrown together ſome other Remarks of this nature, which may appear in another Languague at a proper time; in the mean while, that we may part good Friends, I beg leave to tell you a Story.

THere was a Profeſſor in one of the Sciences, it was Divinity, who was ſo deeply ſmitten with the Charms of a Lady, that he laid aſide his St. *Auſtin*, and the reſt of the Fathers, and even the Bible it ſelf, to make his Addreſſes to her: She had a fine Shape, her Wit was ſprightly, and ſhe excell'd in a certain luſcious way of expreſſing her Thoughts, with which, 'tis ſaid, the Doctor was not offended; but let that be as it will, ſhe underſtood the World very well, and to humor the matter ſhe gave the old Gentleman his way, and he went on with his Amour in ſo whimſical a manner, that 'tis hardly to be believed. ——He came into his Miſtreſs's Chamber one Morning, juſt as her Tirewomen had dreſs'd her; and having look-

ed

ed earneſtly in her Face for ſome time; 'Ay, ſays he, I thought ſo, theſe Tire-'women, my Dear, are the arranteſt 'Slatterns that ever God let live; at 'what a rate have they diſh'd thee up! 'Prithee let me try——She ſmil'd, and let him have his Whim; and ſo to work he went, and fumbled and tumbled on her Cloaths according to his Skill in Dreſſing, till he had made a hideous Figure of her; and then, which was worth all the reſt, there was no perſuading him that ſhe ever look'd better in her Life. ————Another odd way of making his Court to his Miſtreſs was, by cleanſing and taking care of her Feet———— 'Pray, ſays he, my Dear (one day) let 'me cut your Corns; you can neither 'Dance, nor Walk, nor Run, nor do 'any thing as you ſhould do with that 'hobbling Gate of yours. This was no ſooner ſaid than done; for he he forced her into a Chair, took off her Stockings and Shooes, whipp'd out his Penknife, and to work he went:————To be ſhort, he was ſo entirely taken up with his Lady, for near Ten Years, that he minded nothing elſe; Prayers, Sacraments and Sermons were not the leaſt in his Thoughts; there was no dragging him

to

to Church without main force, and when he was there he was wont to ſleep, and

Plurima deſiderantur

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

——— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

Dr. B.

I Could not have thought that you would have ſerv'd me ſuch a dirty Trick: I ent you my Sermon about the Peace, for ou to look it over, and to give me your judgment of it, and not to acquaint *John Dyer* with it, by which you have made ne the ſport of all Country Coffee-houſes; ut I ſuppoſe you did it to curry favour vith your Party; new Proſelites muſt be warm, and I will be as warm as you: lave I hector'd, and bully'd, and bluff'd, nd ſhoulder'd it for you ſo long, to be s'd at this rate? How could you dare to o it? Don't I know you *intus & in cute?* lave not I taken Notes of your Life? I ill rip it for you, and if you don't give

me prelent Satisfaction I'll get you into the *Obſervator*, and honeſt *Roger* ſhall claw you off for a Tory as you are.——Yours when you mend your Manners, the

Leiceſt. Vicar.

Dr.

I Had the Honour lately to be in Company with one who deals much in the Manuſcript-way. He made me a Preſent of the enclos'd, and I deſire you to collate it with the Original Copy, which I am inform'd is in your Cuſtody; it being a Matter of the laſt Conſequence, to ſet things which may be of Benefit to the learned World, in a true Light.

To all Gentlemen and others of what Quality or Condition ſoever, that are willing to ſ eaſie in their Feet themſelves

an

and not to be diſturbed by the hobbling Gates of their Neighbours, the humble Petition of Bentevolio, Barthius, Cruquius Berſmannus, Torrentius, *and* Bilibaldus Pirckheimerus, *in behalf of themſelves, and others their poor diſtreſſed Brethren the* Corn-Cutters *of* Frogland, *moſt humbly ſheweth*;

That the *Corn-Cutters* are a Corporation of great Antiquity and much Renown: That they are as Ancient as the Chorus, the στροφὴ or ἀντιστροφὴ, which is as old as the oldeſt of Country-Dances: That they have at all times been of great uſe and ſervice to the learned World; having cur'd, by a moderate Computation, above twenty thouſand gouty Hexameters, almoſt an equal number of Pentameters: That they have ſet multitudes of Saphicks and Iambicks upon their Feet, to the

great

great delight of such as love to see them dance: That *Virgil*, *Juvenal* and *Persius*, and others of their first Patients, will, if legally summoned, make Affidavit before any proper Officer, that they have receiv'd great ease in their Feet, by the manual Operations of the Body of Men aforesaid; and that *Horace* has already given it under his Hand, that his Feet are now in a very good Condition, having lately had many great Chalk Stones taken out of the same; and that some of his Toes having been for some Years in a languishing State, and of a Complexion very putid, a late Learned Operator did make one bold Stroke, and cut them all off, and affix others of his own procuring in their Places, to the no small delight and surprize of such as wish well to his Feet: And altho' some of their Brethren, such as *Zoilus*, *Momus*, and the like have incurr'd the Displeasure of their Patients; and have, upon that account receiv'd at sundry times very courst Language, by reason, as we humbly conceive, that they did not take due Care to sharpen and prepare their Tools, yet it is well known that the Body of Corn cutters in general, have in all Ages, 'tis of late Years, been in very great Esteem

or to pass by that profound respect which they have always receiv'd from the Rational Part of the Creation, it is well known that the Animal Part likewise has not been wanting in making their grateful Returns to so useful a Society: It was observ'd, with great Pleasure, by such as wish'd well to the Corn-cutting Interest, that in a late merry Reign, a little brown Nag having been oblig'd to one of the abovementioned Operators, did follow his Benefactors daily thro' the Streets of this great and populous City, and a certain well-dispos'd Goose has likewise within Memory, paid his Acknowledgments in the same manner; nay, the Corn-cutters have been in so great a Repute in these Nations, that there is and has been, Time out of Mind, a proverbial Saying in their favour, as ——— Such a one understands the length of that Gentleman's Foot, ——— that is, he is very much in his good Graces, or his Corn-cutter: That albeit, their Calling is so useful, their Humanity and Benevolence to Mankind so extensive, and the grateful Sense the World has formerly conceiv'd of their Charity so Universal, yet such is the Iniquity or rather Stupidity of these

those Times, that they meet with very cold Reception, and are so far from being rewarded according to their Deserts, that they are depress'd, and number'd with the Dregs of the People nor do they ever so much as meet with a good Word, unless it be from one of their own Body, by which some of them have been complemented up to the Skies, and One or so has been made a Star, but what a Pittance is that to the whole Body of Corn-cutters?

Wherefore, and in regard that the Premisses abovementioned are true, it is our humble Petition and Request, that You would take our sad and deplorable Condition into Your Consideration, and not suffer us to fall to the Ground, who have set the whole World upon its Feet; and that You would be pleas'd not only to raise us from that Contempt we lie under at present, but to prefer us according to our Merits,

And your Petitioners shall ever Pray, &c.

Dear

Dear Dr.

IF You love me, take my Commiſſion, I am heartily ſick of it: Here am to defend and cry You up in all Companies *quo jure, quave injuria*, and You give the ill-natur'd World freſh Matter to plague me with every Day I riſe; ——— You know I have enough upon my Hands already. ——— In ſhort, I have ſaid, and ſaid, and ſaid it over again, that You are a Great Man, a very prodigious Scholar, and that You have done abundance of Good in Your Generation: This is my daily Leſſon, which I repeat in the moſt ſerious manner I am able, and yet my Auditors either ſleep or laugh at me, as if there was nothing in it; and ſome Rogues I verily believe, make it their buſineſs to gather freſh Stories about You; upon my word, I am very uneaſie, and if You don't take ſome care to relieve me, I muſt Surrender: But that You may ſee what grounds I have to complain: I'll

tell

tell You at large what happen'd la
Night in the Company where I was
——— We ſat a Bottle out over i
different Matters, and I began to thin
that I ſhould paſs one Night with eaſe
when, as ill Luck would have it, in cam
Mr. ——— who has Wit, or rathe
what You call Fire; his main Fault i
that he is too free of it, and ſo ſqua
ders it away like a young extravagan
Heir, as if there would never be a
end. If he reads or hears any thin
that ſtrikes his Fancy, he cannot find i
his Heart to ſleep, 'till he has cook'd i
up according to his own Palate, an
made a Preſent of it to his Friend ——
He no ſooner came into the Room, bu
I perceiv'd he was big with ſomethin
for he never minded what we we
about, but waited for a convenient Ga
in the Converſation, and then ſtruck li
Hand upon the Table with a ——— W
there ever ſuch an inſufferable Co
comb! ——— *You may have it now f
Twenty Shillings, but if you ſtay 'till Lady-d
it ſhall coſt you five more.* Lord! Well, Gent
men, I have been imploy'd this Af
noon, but at ſuch a rate! I have be
reading B———'s Notes upon *Hora*
they ſmell inſufferably ſtrong of t
m

nodern Critick, not a Page without ſome-
hing of Pride or Plagiary in it; in
hort, it is the moſt wretched ill-bred
tuff that ever made a Book bigger
han it ſhould be ——— I had a
nind to ſay ſomething in Your Defence,
)r. and ſo mentioned Your Dedication
s unexceptionable ——— Ay, ſays he,
ir that's true; but by your leave, there-
y hangs a Tail; either Dame *Fame*
ies moſt egregiouſly, or this Dedica-
ion *mutatis mutandis* has been in other
lands; but then the Shoe pinches here,
low could it then come out of thoſe
lands again? Can a learned Dedica-
ion annihilate it ſelf? or, Can it go
lone, and ſo walk out of a Study, and
own Stairs, no body holding it, in the
usk of the Evening? or, Can a great
Critick whiſtle his Progeny to him, as
Mother *Pratlet* will cluck her Brood to-
ether when the Weather begins to be
tormy? or how is it, for it is ſtrongly
eported, that this ſame Dedication did
o off *aut per ſe, aut per alium*; but howe-
er let that paſs, I have an Argument
n my Pocket, (unleſs the Dr. has
hiſtled that away too) which will con-
ince a Jew that his *Horace* was dedi-

 cated

cated to some body else. These are the Dr's own Words.

Carole si Tibi adhuc Collegi cura vetustis
Quod tamen assidue nascitur usq; novum;
Si placuit nostra nitidus jam pumice Flaccus
Quodq; sibi Vates dixerat usq; recens.

You can not imagine, Dr, how uneasie my Chair was to me, while the Company sat by way of Committee of the whole House upon Your Poetry, one of them began to scan it over upon his Fingers thus,

Cā-rō-lē-sē Tĭb' ăd-hūc Cŏl-lē-gī cū-rā vĕ-tūs-tī

Was ever softer Language penn'd by Man?

How happy is that Verse that has a Corn-cutter for his Father?

Bu

But to proceed.

Quod tamen assidue nascitur usq; novum.

Pray, Gentlemen, mind the true Spirit and Quintessence of Imitation.

* *Thus every step I take, my Spirits soar,*
And I grow more a Wit, and more, and more;

There's your *assidue* and *usq;* for you.

Well, Dr. I cannot recollect, at present, any other Remarks that were lade on Your Poetry, nor do I believe ley would be very pleasing to You if could; one of the Company at parg, I remember, quoted Sir *John Fallff*'s Words upon You, and said You as neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good d Herring; and so good Night to ou.

---

* *Hind and Panther Transvers'd.*

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Art thou then fast asleep, have Morpheus
Charms
Becalm'd thy wilder'd Senses, have tho
Eyes,
Whose glare, no Mortal Visage could susta
Without a Blush, whose Orbits ceasel
rowl'd,
Drawn their dark Curtains and exclud
Light?
How many Millions then has Fancy slain
Of thy fell Foes who stopp'd thy way
Greatness,
Whose prostrate Corps, exult with Victory
Like a Colossus *huge thou dost bestride,*
Still brandishing aloft thy reeking Sword
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

But honest Dr. this Poetical Stuff ap
you think you are wounded wise by
Dog's Sleep of yours, ha? You

your ſelf to be as ſafe as Thief in Mill, and give it out among your Faithful, that you will make your Quarter-ſtaff walk, as ſoon as you get it into your Hands? Truſt me I believe you; but pray don't entertain too great an Opinion of your own Cunning, for it is not as deep as *Matchevill*'s; and ſo by way of Comment on your preſent Nap, I deſire you to communicate this Fable of *Æſop*'s, as Tranſlated by Sir *Roger L' Eſtrange*, to ſuch whom it may very nearly concern.

THere was a Houſe mightily troubled with Mice; and a notable Cat there was, that time after time had pick'd up ſo many of them, that they agreed to keep above in the Cieling; for they found, that upon the plain Floor there was no living for them. This ſpoil'd Puſs's Sport, unleſs ſhe could find a way to trapan them down again: So ſhe leap'd up to a Pin that was driven into the Wall, and there hung like a Pole-Cat in a Warren, to amuſe them: The Mice took notice of it; and one

wiser than the rest stretch'd out his Nec
to know the Truth of the Matter; an
so soon as he found how it was; Ah
says he, You may hang there till you
Heart akes; for if you were but a Dish
clout, as you are a counterfeiting Devi
of a Cat, here is not a Creature wil
come near you.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 6. line 17. for ? read ; Pag. 8. l. 21. read
Pag. 11. lin. 5. read *Cruquius*, *Berſm.* Pag. 1
for *Benefactors* read *Benefactor*. Pag. 19. lin. 4.
ut read *jure*.

Bentley, Richard 156.

Dr. *BENTLEY's*

DEDICATION

OF

HORACE,

TRANSLATED.

To which is added,

A POEM in *Latin* and *English*, inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lord *HALLIFAX*, written by the Reverend Dr. *Bentley*.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Norphew* near *Stationer's-Hall.*

Price 6*d.*

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

THE Design of Publishing this Translation, is to shew the Elegancies of Dr. *Bentley*'s Style, and his manner of expressing himself, both in Prose and Verse, to Persons of the greatest Quality, under all the Variety of his Fortunes, when he is obliged to chuse a Patron.

There are several other excellent Translations, which shall in Time be Published instead of various Lections.

Nobi-

Ad Nobilissimum
CAROLUM
Halifaxiæ Baronem.

CAROLE, si tibi adhuc Collegi cura vetusti;
Quod tamen assidue nascitur, usque novum;
Si placuit nostro notidus jam punica Elaccus;
Quodque sibi vates dixerat, usque recens;
Gratia si veteris tibi pectore vivit amici:
Unam fer multis officiosus opem.
Sume, precor, citharam nimium nimiumque tacentem;
Verbaque cum plectro fortia junge gravi:
Effer, age, Heroen, stellantique insere Olympo:
Dirausque iterum nubila tranes olor.
Nos etenim viles, corvi picaque, poëta
Vix pennas madido (turpe) levamus humo.

RI. BENTLEY, S. T. P. Coll. Sanct. Trin. Magister.

O *CHARLES*, if your old College still you love,
Which for all that still daily new doth prove;
If *Horace* brush'd up by us still pleaseth you,
And is, as he once told himself, still new;
If your old Friends you han't quite turn'd adrift,
Help us, ah! help us, now at this dead lift:
Thy too too silent Lyre ah prithee take,
And with grave Airs strong Lamentations make;
Raise quick the Hero, stick him in the Sky,
And let the *Theban* Swan again soar high:
For we're vile Poets, and, the more's the Pity,
Whate'er we sing is Crows and Magpies Ditty:
Cawing and chattering on wet Ground we lye,
And for our Bloods an Inch we cannot fly.

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NOBILISSIMO ET PRAESTANTISSIMO

VIRO

ROBERTO HARLEIO,

BARONI DE WIGMORE,

COMITI OXONII,

ET

COMITI MORTIMERO,

MAGNAE BRITANNIAE

THESAURARIO,

RICHARDUS BENTLEIUS.

Horatius Flaccus, VIR NOBILISSIME, *Lyricorum Latinorum olim ſummus, hodie ſolus; cum jam diu apud me non illiberali hoſpitio acceptus eſſet, ac tandem domo emigrare velle videretur; interrogatus Quo tenderet & Cujus in patroni aedes ſe recipere cogitaret; ille enimvero, Se quantumvis humili genere*

Ry.
Hall
5-26-48
62936

TO THE

Most Noble and Most Excellent

ROBERT HARLEY,

Baron of *Wigmore*, Earl of *Oxford*, and Earl *Mortimer*, Lord High Treasurer of *Great Britain*,

RICHARD BENTLEY

(*Sendeth Greeting.*)

QUintus *Horatius Flaccus*, MOST NOBLE LORD, formerly the greatest, now the only *Latin* Lyrick Poet that remains, after having been kindly entertain'd by me for many Years, at last seem'd willing to get Abroad: Whereupon I asking whither he was inclin'd to go, and under what Patron's Roof he design'd to shelter himself; He readily answer'd, That how mean soever his Pedigree was, he had had the good Fortune formerly to

nere natum Primoribus civitatis olim placuisse; majoresque nido pennas extendentem, *praeter Polliones, Messallas, alios, opibus honoribus studiisque praecellentes, etiam* CILNIUM MAECENATEM (*clarissimum in omne aevum carissimumque Nomen*) *sic consuetudine sua sibi devinxisse, ut* Convictor *ei &* Sodalis *appellari meruerit: Huic hodie si aut similis aut secundus quispiam commonstrari sibi possit; nihil prius se habiturum, quam ut illuc continuo advolet: Se quidem, ut ad domum quondam Palatinam ipsius literis Caesaris accitum, sine ejus offensione recusasse, ita nunc ad* AUGUSTA *Penetralia verecundari accedere: Ceterum* cum magnis vixisse solitum *non posse jam* curata tam bene cute *senioque sibi abstersa humiliora sectari; sed, ut his forte temporibus* (*quamquam o!*) *Maecenati parem aliquem sperare vix liceat, infra Pollliones saltem nolle descendere. Miratus equidem sum tam elegantem tamque paucorum hominum, atque necdum post tot elapsa saecula quaesitae olim* meritis superbiae *immemorem. Vultuque ego jam tum optata pollicente, Quin bono animo es, inquam, teque illi ipsi* HARLEIO, *quem jamdudum muto fingere atque ambire mihi videris, tradam & commendabo; illud prius & mea & publica voce dixisse ausus, Te omnia quae vel in Maecenate tuo tantopere*

prae-

pleaſe the Chief Men of the City; That when his Wings grew too large for his Neſt, he not only gain'd upon the Affections of the POLLIO's, MESSALA's, and others of the greateſt Riches, Honours and Learning; but likewiſe on thoſe of CILNIUS MÆCENAS, (a Name that will be moſt dear and famous in all Ages) ſo that he was deſervedly called his *Gueſt* and *Companion*: That if any Perſon equal, or ſecond to this Great Man could be ſhown him, he would immediately fly to his Patronage; That as he had formerly refus'd, without Offence, to come to the Palace of AUGUSTUS, notwithſtanding he was invited by CÆSAR's own Letter, ſo he was now aſham'd to appear at Court; but having been uſed to live with the Great, he could not think of coming into worſe Company, now he look'd ſo ſleek and plump; but was reſolv'd at leaſt not to Converſe with leſs Men than your POLLIO's, if in theſe times one could not hope to meet with ſuch another as MÆCENAS. I was raviſh'd with ſo polite and uncommon a Perſonage, and who was not unmindful of the Glory acquir'd by his former Merits. I already promiſing by my Looks, what he wiſh'd for, ſaid, Take good Heart, and I will deliver and recommend you to that ſame HARLEY, with whom it has long been the Height of your Wiſhes and Ambition to be acquainted: And I will venture to ſay, in my own Name, and that of the Publick, that you ſhall find in him every thing that you ſo much admir'd, even in your MÆCENAS, or what is equal and more

praedicaſti, aut paria apud Hunc Noſtrum aut potiora repertурum. Nam ut externa illa primum memorem, Genus dico & Imagines; ſcimus Hunc, pariter atque Illum Tuum, Equeſtri *quidem loco ortum, Gente vero in primis ſplendida ac vetuſta; quae &* Atavos *quoque* Reges *primordiis ſuis attingat; quae a multis retro ſaeculis ſaepe domi foriſque* magnis legionibus imperitarit; *quae nuſquam penitus intermiſſa per tot aetates claritudine non modo nobiliſſimas quaſque Regionum harum Familias cognatione ſibi junxerit; ſed & Galliae quoque, parte ſedem ſolumque mutante,* HARLAEOS *dederit proceres, tam Sagi illic quam Togae muneribus jam inde ſemper illuſtres. Ille quidem Tuus,* intra fortunam ſuam *& in Equeſtri Ordine ſubſtitiſſe contentus, majora conſequi vel nequiit vel non concupivit: Hunc Noſtrum, abnuentem quidem & moras injectantem, cum vota Civium Patriaeque diſcrimina, tum judicia* REGINAE *non ſaeculi modo ſui ſed omnium aetatum Optimae perpulerunt denique, ut Senatus inferioris Princeps jam tertium lectus ad Celſiſſimum Ordinem vel ſerus aſcenderet; inque titulos* VERORUM Oxonii *quondam* Comitum *&* MORTIMERORUM Baronum de Wigmore, *quos ſibi conſanguineos in ſtemmate recenſet, non alienus adſciſceretur. Neque vero Sanguinis tantum, ſed & Doctrinae cauſſa aequum erat; ut ab Urbe bonis literis Muſiſque conſecrata Ipſe omnium literatorum Decus & Tutela cognomen ſuum duceret. Jam autem quam tu Tuo mirificam ſive Caeſaris ſeu Patrum*

valuable. For to begin with the external Goods of Fortune, I mean his Pedigree and Family; 'tis well known, that our HARLEY, as well as your MÆCENAS, deriv'd his Original from an Equeſtrian Stock, and a Family of the firſt Rank for Splendor and Antiquity. It had its Riſe from Ancient Kings, and was at the Head of Armies many Ages ago, both at Home and in Foreign Countries; which by an almoſt uninterrupted Glory, was not only allied to the nobleſt Families of theſe Nations; but likewiſe gave Noblemen of the Name of HARLEY to *France* (part of the Family having chang'd their Seat and Climate) where they have been ever ſince as Illuſtrious for Arms as for Letters. Your MÆCENAS indeed, being content to live within his Fortune, and reſt in the Equeſtrian Order, was either unable or unwilling to riſe higher: But the Wiſhes of his Countrymen, and the Dangers of his Country, as well as the Approbation of the *beſt of* QUEENS, forced our HARLEY againſt his Will, and doing every thing in his Power to hinder it, at laſt to aſcend to the higheſt Order, after he had been thrice choſen Speaker to the Houſe of Commons; and obliged him to take upon him the Titles which belong'd to him, of the VERE's, Earls of *Oxford*, and of the MORTIMER's, Barons of *Wigmore*, whoſe Blood ran in his Veins. And indeed it is but juſt, that he who is the Patron and Glory of all the Learned, ſhould take his Title from a Town Conſecrated to Letters and the Muſes, as well upon the Account of his Literature, as of his Blood.

trum Populive gratiam jure olim gratulatus es; cum, ut ex periculoso morbo resens convaluerat, tota cavea & orchestra laetum theatris ter crepuit sonum : *hunc Suae dicam an Humanae gentis amorem si & Nostro non minorem obtigisse dixero; vel illa dies mihi testis erit, cum in ipsa Regia concilioque Procerum a sceleratissimo omnium nec Britannae nationis sicario cultello peronssus est : irrito quidem vulnere, sed haud dubie (nisi praesens Numen avertisset) letali ad praecordia futuro. Illa, inquam, dies, quam carus omnibus viveret, certissima dedit testimonia. Qua enim gemitu, qua hominum trepidatione, cum saucius ad penates suos lectica delatus est, primus ille nuntius accipiebatur? Qui erat civitatis habitus, qui singulorum animi; dum in arto diu salutis mortisque confinio (vix Sospitatore illo* RADCLIVIO *luctiora promittere ausо) vita Illi dubia traheretur? communi tum in uno capite periculo vel ab aemulis & adversariis voras voces eliciente. Qui vero Ipsius interea vultus, quam sui consimilis? & ad recentem ictum interritus, & ad lentam ancipitemque curationem imperturbatus : tamquam vel* non doleret vulnus, *vel saltem ingens doloris pretium solatiumque secum ferret; quum Ipsius pectore feliciter est interceptum, quod (ut credere*

Now as you deservedly Congratulated your MÆCENAS upon the wonderful Joy of CÆSAR, the Senate, and the People, when upon his Recovery from a dangerous Sickness, the whole Pit and Boxes gave a tripple Clap; so if I should say, that the Love not only of this Nation, but even of all Mankind, appeared to have been no less for our HARLEY; that Day will witness for me, wherein he was stabb'd with a murdering Pen-knife by a most wicked Assassin, but no *Briton*, in the Royal Palace, in Council. 'Tis true, the Blow had not its design'd Effect; but doubtless the Wound had prov'd Mortal, if a present Deity had not interposed. That Day, I say, gave most undoubted Proofs how much his Life was valued by all; for when the News of his being carried Home in his Chair wounded was first heard, how did every body groan and tremble; what a mournful Countenance did the whole City put on, and what a Concern sat on their Mind, whether he should Die, or Recover of his Wounds, and while *Saviour RATCLIFFE* himself durst not promise better Things. The common Danger which was then lodged in one Breast, forc'd the Truth even from his Enemies and Rivals. But how Serene was his Countenance all this while, and how like himself? He was intrepid when he receiv'd the Wound, and undisturb'd during the slow and uncertain Cure of it; as if the Wound had either not smarted, or at least brought a vast Reward and Consolation along with it to allay the Pain; because his Breast had intercept-

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credere par est) *in sanctissimum* REGINAE *pectus quandoque destinabatur. Ubi primum vero incolumis ad curas publicas redibat; quo Ille occursu, qua adclamatione, quibus votis ominibusque, locis omnibus exceptus est? Quid notas ea tempestate Principis voces, quid Senatus totius gratulationes commemorem? in Annales utique ituras, neque sic subito fortuitoque sermone nobis delibandas. Porro autem quas tua aetas in* CILNIO *naturae doctrinaeve dotes veris olim laudibus in caelum ferebat; sublimem & erectam indolem, ingenium demerendis hominibus natum, vigore ac lenitate mixtissimum animum, maximarum curarum sub altissimae quietis specie capacem, diversissima Reip. munia pari omnia facilitate felicitateque obeuntem, literarum denique cultum promtamque semper in eruditos munificentiam; parce tandem, Horati, metuere, ne ex illis, aut siqua illis majora sunt, in* HARLEIO *quidquam desideres. Quippe & Noster ad summa omnia natura formatus, Patrisque optimi & sapientissimi praeceptis innutritus, jam a teneris ferme unguiculis ea Sui documenta dedit; quibus tum protinus quantus hodie est sperari ac praevideri potuerat. Quis enim vel tui meique loci, quos illa bonae mentis Soror ad labores quosvis subeundos vel invitos quondam impulit, tam assidue acriterque liberalibus*

ed that which, in all likelihood, was design'd againſt the moſt Sacred Heart of the QUEEN. But when he return'd to the Publick Affairs again in Health, with what Crowds was he attended, with what Acclamations, what Wiſhes and good Omens was he received where-ever he went? I need not mention her Majeſty's Expreſſions upon that Occaſion, nor the Congratulations of both Houſes of Parliament, they will be recorded in our Annals, and therefore ſhou'd not be related in this haſty and fortuitous Diſcourſe. Moreover, HORACE, thoſe natural and acquir'd Virtues in MÆCENAS, which your Age extoll'd to the Skies, are as eminently, if not more conſpicuous in our HARLEY; ſuch as a ſublime and upright Diſpoſition, a Genius form'd for gaining the Eſteem of Men, a Mind admirably temper'd with a juſt Mixture of Vigour and Lenity, ſeeming to be employed in nothing amidſt the moſt weighty Affairs, executing the different Offices of the Commonwealth with equal Facility and Succeſs; and laſt of all, an Eſteem for Learned Men, and a Bounty ſtill ready to reward them. For our HARLEY having been framed by Nature for every thing that is Great, and brought up in the Precepts of the beſt and wiſeſt of Fathers, gave ſuch promiſing Pledges of himſelf from his very Infancy, by which it might be hoped and foreſeen how great a Man he ſhould be at this Day. Who in yours or my Circumſtances, HORACE, puſh'd on by Poverty, againſt our Will, to undergo any Labours, ever applied himſelf to Study with ſo much Eagerneſs

beralibus ſtudiis dedit operam, quam Ille ſponte in re Paterna tam praeclara & opulenta? Quis eorum, quibus id ſolum & negotio & victui eſt, tot quot Ille priſcorum annalium volumina, tot leges, ritus, foedera, bella gentium pacesque, verſavit manu memoriaque tenuit? Neque vero, quod in Tuo olim laudabas, utriuſque *modo* linguae ſermones *edidicit; ſed Latinis Ille Graeciſque literis Hebraicas quoque junxit, raro nisi in illa fortuna ſanctoque inſtituto: quo & uſque eo provectus eſt, ut difficilia aliquot Sacri Codicis loca ex Indaicis monumentis egregie illuſtraverit; quae tamen verecundus Sui aeſtimator in ſcriniis premit. Jam autem quid tibi ego Ejus indolem conſuetudinemque praedicem? Ubi lactior ſeveritas, aut gravitas temperatior comitas? Ubi pectus purius aut humanius; cui nec aerugo malignitaſve invelit, neque contemtor illi animus commune nimis in tam alto faſtigio malum? Quis aut proſpera ferre moderatius; aut, ſicubi caſu culpave divina bene conſulta male ceſſerint, adverſa generoſius? Quid fidem dicam & taciturnitatem; quid orationem ſuadendi diſſuadendive ſemper potentem? Quid res pene diſſociabiles; tam ad ſubita & acuta caſuum velox ingenium, quam ubi in longinquum conſulendum eſt cautum atque providum; tam probis cunctideque agentibus nudum*

atque

geneſs and Aſſiduity, as he did of his own accord, who was born to ſo noble and opulent a Fortune? Who among thoſe that are obliged by their Employment, or for their Bread to do this, ever turn'd over, and fix'd in his Memory ſo many Volumes of Ancient Hiſtory, ſo many Laws, Cuſtoms, Leagues, Peaces and Wars of Nations, as he has done? Nor has he learnt only, what you praiſed of old in your MÆCENAS, the Knowledge of both *Greek* and *Latin*; but to theſe hath added that of *Hebrew* likewiſe, (a rare Example in one of ſo noble and ample a Fortune!) and has made ſuch Progreſs in it, as to illuſtrate ſeveral difficult Paſſages of Holy Scripture from the Writings of the *Jews*, which out of his wonderful Modeſty he locks up in his Cabinet. Now why ſhould I go about to tell you of his Temper and Manners? Where will you find a better-natur'd Severity, or Good-breeding better temper'd with Gravity? Where can you find a more ſincere and kind Heart; where neither Envy nor Ill-nature dwells, nor a haughty Mind that contemns others; an Imperfection too common with thoſe in ſo high a Station? Who bears Proſperity with more Moderation; or, if by Chance, or thro' the Fault of others, things well concerted happen to miſcarry, who bears Adverſity with more Reſolution? Wherefore ſhou'd I mention his Fidelity and Taciturnity, or his powerful Oratory, either to perſuade or diſſuade? Why ſhould I ſpeak of things almoſt inconſiſtent and incompatible, a quick Invention for ſudden and deſperate Caſes, and a wary and provident Temper, when things at a diſtance

atque apertum, quam in verſutos & veteratores tectiſſimum & tutum undique? Unum ſcire licet ad juvanda Principis onera quaſi genitum & factum: qui legum juriſque patrii ſcientiſſimus idem & ſervantiſſimus, cum Principi imperii Vim, tum Civibus Libertatem publicam felici connubio junctas norit tueri. Quid porro quod tot negotia adminiſtrat otianti pene ſimilis; ſub tanta occupationum mole vultu vitaque tranquillus; & deſperanda aliis agens, ſine ulla oſtentatione agendi. Quid quod remiſſionum horas & intervalla curarum, non Ille alea nec biſtrionibus ceteriſve voluptatibus vulgi, ſed elegante & erudito otio ſolet diſpungere: teque, Flacce, identidem, nunc rheda iter faciens, *nunc domi ad ſubciſiva temporum Sibi comitem evocabit. Poſtremo autem, quod pene ego primarium exiſtimo, non tu hodie, ut olim Maecenatianam, in ſterilem domum conceſſeris, & querelis* repudiiſque quotidianis *turbidam; ſed amore caſto concordem, pulchraque prole florentiſſimam: ubi ſpectare tibi & audire dabitur Inventutis noſtrae Principes, Britanniaeque ſpem geminam,* EDVARDUM HARLEIUM Baronem de Wigmore, GEORGIUMque HAIUM Vicecomitem de Dupplin; *ingenuarum virtutum ambos, animique & ingenii vel in prima lanugine adultos; Fortunae autem in*

quam

are to be consider'd? As naked and open to the Honest and Candid, as he is close and reserv'd to Tricksters and Chicaners? He alone seems to have been born and form'd for bearing the Burdens of the Prince; he who is the best skill'd in the Laws and Rights of his Country; and is at the same time the most strict Observer of them; knowing how to maintain the happy Union between the Prerogative of the Crown, and the Publick Liberties of the Subjects. What need I mention his doing so much Business, at the same time that he appears to be Idle; his perfect Tranquility under so great a Weight of Affairs, and his doing what would drive others into Despair, without the least Ostentation of Business? What need to speak of his spending his vacant Hours, and the Intervals from Business, not at Gaming, or in the Playhouse, or other Diversions of the Vulgar; but in a Polite and Learned Leisure? At such times he will call you to him, HORACE, sometimes to keep him Company in his Coach, and sometimes in his Closet, to pass away the time. But last of all, which I take to be the chief thing, you are not now to enter into a House that is barren, like MÆCENAS's, and confounded with Quarrels and daily Divorces; but into a House where Concord is the Effect of chaste Love, and which flourishes with a beautiful Off-spring: Where you may see and hear the Chief of our Youth, and the two Hopes of *Britain*, EDWARD HARLEY Baron of *Wigmore*; and GEORGE HAY Viscount of *Duplin*, both Ripe in noble Virtues, Sense and Wisdom even in their Youth, and abundantly fitted for

quam aiuntur plusquam capaces; Illum tanto Parente, Hunc Socero dignissimum, qui & nunc tam ingenti Ejus imagine minime obscurantur. Neque vero id te retardet, quod in ea (proh dolor) tempora devenimus, ubi scissa dissensionibus odiisque communitate (per eos maxime qui ministros se & adjutores Partium venditant) non virtute amplius ac bonis artibus, sed clamoribus atrocitate calumniisque certatur. Ut enim olim, licet in Bruti quondam austris Tribunus, Maecenatis Augustique gratium temnisti, nullo ea de caussa frigore imminutam: ita nec Noster speculabitur, utrisne tu ex Partibus an ex neutris unus adnumeris; Ipse medius omnibusque aequus, & egregio Publico compescens hinc vel inde nimios factiososque; qui tumultuando adipisci flagitant, quae quiete & modestia jure sibi desperent; quive inita inter paucos potentiae societate ceteris omnibus ad honores aditum intersludunt: pernicioso ambitu (nisi primus Is eat obviam matureque occurrat) vel in ultima gladiorum aliquando eruptura. Sed haec paullo commotius: & meliora ominabimur. Tu vero, si Domus tibi, si Dominus, si Contubernales jam placent, i propere ac pede fausto, posteramque istam & recidivam laudem *laetus capesse. Vix dici potest,* VIR PRAESTANTISSIME, *quam his vocibus accensus gaudio-*

que

for the Fortune to which they are bred; the first most worthy of so great a Father, and the last of so great a Father-in-Law, who are not even at this Age obscur'd by his bright Example. Nor shou'd this discourage you, HORACE, that we are fain into those Times, in which the Community is torn with Factions and Hatreds, by those especially who call themselves the Reconcilers of Parties, and in which Noise and Calumny, not Virtue and Honesty, are the Weapons of the two contending Parties. For as of old, altho' you had once been a Tribune in *Brutus*'s Camp, yet you found the Favour of AUGUSTUS and MÆCENAS not in the least cool'd towards you on that account; so our HARLEY will never mind whether you are of any, or of no Party; He himself being indifferent and just to all, and restraining the Hot and Factious of either side, for the publick Good, who expect to get by Disorders, what they justly despair of obtaining by Modesty and Peaceableness; or who by forming themselves into a Junto, consisting of a few Persons, stop up the Passage to Honours against every Body else. This is a Pernicious Corruption, and likely to break out into the utmost Violence, unless He stand in the way, and prevent it in time. But I speak with too much Warmth; and hope better things. In the mean while, if you are pleas'd with your Lodgings, your Master and your Chums, make haste, and good speed, and joyfully receive this late and newly recover'd Praise. It is hardly to be expressed, MOST EXCELLENT LORD, how much

que delibutus Horatius, non gradu, ſed curſu ad Te recta contenderit; adeo ut Commendatitias meas ſeu feſtinatione & ſtudio ſive ſui fiducia neglexerit accipere. Tu tamen, ſat ſcio, Ipſius quidem praecipue, ſed & Mea nonnihil gratia, cujus Notas Emendationeſque ſecum circumfert, in Tuorum eum numero habebis. Neque enim vereor, ne haec qualiacumque ſunt Noſtra Tibi iſto nomine viliora ſint, quod a mei Ordinis homine proficiſcantur. Ita nunc quidem quorundam importunitas totum gregem apud pleroſque in invidiam adduxit: verum alia Tibi mens eſt, alia morum via: nam & omni vita anteacta & nunc cum maxime auctoritatem ac fidem verbo veteri facis, Qui bona fide DEUM colit, amat & SACERDOTES. *Obtinebunt igitur & haec Noſtra locum aliquem in Bibliotheca tua ampliſſima; qua (praeter parabiles illas Typographiae divitias) magno ſumtu ſtudioque collegiſti vetuſtos omnium linguarum Codices MSStos Mille amplius & octingentos; atque incredibilem inſuper Membranarum vim, cum quos Rotulos tum quas Chartas appellamus; quorum illi ad Mille reor & quingentum, hae ad tredecim Millium numerum facile aſſurgunt. Hic tibi inſtrumentorum veterum, partim in Urbe, partim rure in avitis aedibus* Bramtoniae *Caſtello (quod ab* EDVARDI *uſque Aetate per*

BRYA-

HORACE was warm'd at these Words, and seiz'd with Joy, so that he did not walk, but run to you; insomuch that either thro' Haste, or Study, or Confidence of himself, he neglected to carry along with him Letters of Recommendation from me. But yet I am very well assured, that you will receive him into the Number of your particular Friends, chiefly for his own sake, and in some measure on my account also, whose Notes and Emendations he carries about with him. For I am in no Apprehension that you will value my Performance the less, for coming from a Man of my Order. In reality, the Impertinence of some has brought the whole Herd of Us into Contempt with most People; but you are of another Mind; you have other Manners: For in your whole past Life, but more especially at this time, you make good that antient Saying, *Qui bona fide Deum colit, amat & Sacerdotes*; *He who sincerely worships* GOD, *also loves* PRIESTS. I hope you will allow this Book, on which I have bestow'd my Labour, a place in your vast Library; which (besides Books that are easily purchas'd at the Booksellers Shops) consists of above eighteen Hundred Manuscripts in all Languages, collected with great Cost and Pains, and an incredible Number of Parchments, part of which are Rolls, and part Charters, the former amounting, if I mistake not, to fifteen Hundred, and the latter to thirteen Thousand. This Treasure of antient Deeds is kept partly in Town, and partly in the Country in your Family Seat at *Bramton* Castle, which is come down from

BRYANUM HARLEIUM *Equitem ad seros adhuc nepotes demissum est*) *thesaurus adservatur: quotidiano quidem is auctu crescens, & jam nunc multo ditior futurus; nisi ad alia damna per Civiles superiore saeculo Tumultus castellis, templis, villis, nemoribusque vestris illata Bibliothecae quoque locupletissimae direptio accessisset. Macte ea virtute,* VIR LITERATISSIME; *deque omni Antiquitate, cujus tamquam ex naufragio tabulas conquiris undique & conservas, perge bene mereri. Haec laudabilis Tua luxuries, haec honesta avaritia est: haec Tibi inter tot egregia non in ultimis laudum erit, qua Tu aliorum seu immensa villarum spatia, seu pictarum tabularum miracula, sive pecuniosam senectam, & exaeques & antecellas. Neque vero de vetustate solum, sed & de praesenti posteraque aetate, sicut mereris optime, ita porro mereberis: nisi* (*dictu nefas*) *desciscas atque degeneres ab institis Familiae virtutibus; quae potentissimae olim* MORTIMERANAE *domus cum ob sanguinis conjunctionem tum ob viciniam amicitiis implicata, ruinaeque ejus propinquitate patrimoniis suis magnam partem excussa, vel in accisis tamen rebus fortunaeque pristinae reliquiis egregios bello Duces & pace Senatores suis quemque temporibus Reip. praestitit. Quis enim, ut antiquiores praeteream, Proavo tuo*

THO-

BRYAN HARLEY in the Reign of EDWARD the First, to his late Posterity. It is augmented every Day, and had been much richer, unless to other Losses, thro' the Civil Wars in the last Century, in your Castles, Churches, Country Seats, and Woods, had been added the plundering of a very rich Library. GO on, MOST LEARNED LORD, to enlarge your Library; and continue to deserve well of all Antiquity, whose Remains you search for every where, and preserve as from Shipwreck. This is your laudable Luxury, this your commendable Avarice; this will not be the least part of your Praise, among so many notable Subjects of it in you; That herein you not only equal, but exceed the vast Houses, the miraculous Paintings, and monied old Age of others. Nor is it of Antiquity alone, but likewise of the present and future Ages, that you deserve above all Men living, and will continue to do so, unless (which were impious to say) you depart and degenerate from the Native Vertues of your Family, which having been formerly united in the strictest Friendship to that of the MORTIMERS, both by Proximity of Blood, and their Neighbourhood, and losing the greatest Part of its Patrimony by its nearness to that Family, in whose Ruins it was in a great measure involv'd; yet in that low Condition it always produced excellent Generals in time of War, and Senators in time of Peace: For to go no higher, where can we find a wiser Senator than your Great-Grandfather THOMAS? To whose wholsom Counsels if JAMES I. had hearken'd, when he suffer'd him-

THOMA *Senatore sapientior? cujus si sanis olim consiliis* JACOBUS *ille Tuus aurem, ita & mentem commodasset, cum novae aulae lenociniis a rectis tutisque abstractus ad prava & ancipitia prolaberetur; non utique miseranda illa & nefanda accidissent, quae* CAROLUS *filius religiosissimus Princeps postea perpessus est. Ille vero, praesago jam tum futurorum animo, non rebus se civilibus immiscere amplius voluit: sed in agros se suos recipiens honestissimo in otio literataque senectute octogenarius ibi vixit. Interea tamen Avi tui* ROBERTI Militis de Balneis *praeclaris operis laboribusque immo & periculis usa Patria est; quippe qui in conventu Senatorum tum praesens agebat, cum perditissima conjuratorum manus Curiam ipsam comitialem simul omni cum stirpe Regia & utriusque Ordinis flore ac robore tantum non jam flammis involverat. Tum vero Parentem tuum* EDVARDUM, *fortissimum & integerrimum virum, quis satis digne prosequatur?* de Balneis *itidem* Militem, *sed qui nobiliores* Vicecomitis *titulos delatos sibi rejecerat, sua satis & ingenita nobilitate conspicuus. Is cum a* CAROLO II Dunkerkam *praesidio militari tenendam accepisset; idque agi videret, ut urbs ista tam natura loci quam manu munitissima Gallo venderetur, principio summa vi in Senatu contendebat, & (frustra obnitente aula) in inferiore domo perfecerat, ut Lege lata, quo alienari ne umquam posset, in ditionem Regiam hereditarii juris redigeretur: neque postea vel terrore vel precibus vel pretio eoque ingenti perduci potuit, ut incepto desisteret urbemve traderet.*

himself to be led aside by the Enticements of a new Court, from right and safe ways, and fell into evil and disallowable Courses, those sad and dismal things had never happened, which his Son CHARLES, a most Pious Prince, suffer'd afterwards. He, wisely foreseeing what was a coming, henceforth withdrew from Publick Business, and retreating to his Country Seat, liv'd there 'till the 80th Year of his Age in a most commendable Retirement, and learned old Age. However, in the mean time, the Industry and Labours, nay, and the Dangers of ROBERT, your Grandfather, Knight of the *Bath*, were useful to his Country; for he was in Parliament at the time when the cursed Band of Conspirators had almost involved in Flames the whole Senate, together with the Royal Family, and the Flower and Strength of the Nobility and Gentry. But then who is able to give due Praise to your Father EDWARD, a most valiant and upright Man, likewise Knight of the *Bath*, but refus'd the Nobler Title of Viscount that was offer'd him; being sufficiently conspicuous for his own Native Nobility? When he was made Governor of *Dunkirk* by CHARLES the Second, and found that that Town, which was very strong both by Nature and Art, was to be Sold to the *French*; he first labour'd with all his might in Parliament (in Oppofition to the Court) and got the House of Commons to pass a Resolution, That it should never be alienated, but should be a Part of the King's Hereditary Dominions. Nor could he be prevail'd on afterwards, either by Threats or Promises, or even great Bribes, to quit his former Resolution,

ret. *Praefectura igitur amotus, & successore sibi missо Britanniam reversus, id primum miranti Regi exposuit, Quae in armamentariis & horreis & cetero apparatu habueris, vel sola majoris esse quam quanti Ille integram urbem emtori addixerat: tum deinde, non mediocrem numorum summam (decem millia pondo erunt signati argenti) clam in subita obsidionis à se reservatam, & in arca illic ferrata relictam: hanc sibi Rex quamprimum advehi juberet, nè & ista Gallo tam quaestuosae mercaturae fieret accessio.* Heu pietas, heu prisca fides! *quantis exinde* Dunkerkam *proditam calumniatibus luimus! at Hujus si tam monitis obtemperatum fuisset; eam nobis opportunam hostibusque infestam pene nos stantem haberemus, quam excidendam mox fore soloque aequandam pene summa jam votorum & instar triumphi est. Consiliine tamen plus mirer, an singularis & in exemplis hodie memorandae abstinentiae? Quam nullo negotio periculove ad se avertere potuit tam grandem pecuniam, eum Is recenti licet contumelia offensior insperatam & intactam Principi exhibuit. Nihil igitur novum & non Paternum,* Vir Generosissime, *vel in summa tua integritate atque innocentia dedisti: nec sane ego invidiam Tibi pecuniae contemtionem, quantumlibet alioqui ruram, in laudibus*

Tuis

lation, and deliver up the Town. Therefore being remov'd from his Government, and returning into *Britain*, upon the Arrival of his Succeſſor, he ſurpriz'd the King by telling him, that the Ammunition, Magazines, and other Proviſions in that Place were worth more than he had Sold the whole Town for; and then, that he had reſerv'd a conſiderable Sum of Mony (Ten thouſand Pound) in caſe of a Siege, which he had left hid there in an Iron Cheſt: That the King ought to ſend for it the very firſt Opportunity, leaſt that Acceſſion to their advantageous Bargain ſhould fall into the Hands of the *French* likewiſe. *Heu pietas; heu priſca fides! Ah antient Piety, ah ancient Faith!* How dearly have we ſince paid for the delivering up of *Dunkirk*! But if his Advice had then been taken, we ſhould have had that Place in our own Poſſeſſion, from whence we could conveniently have gall'd the Enemy; the ſudden demoliſhing of which is now almoſt the Sum of all People's Wiſhes, and equal to a Triumph. Yet I am in doubt, whether moſt to admire his wiſe Counſels, or his ſingular and, at this Day, unexampled Abſtinence. He gave that Sum of Mony untouch'd to his Prince (though his Affront was yet freſh) which he could eaſily, and without any Danger, have kept to himſelf. You have not therefore, MOST GENEROUS LORD, in the very Height of your Integrity and Innocence, done any thing that's New, or that is not Paternal. Nor do I place your innate Contempt of Mony, otherwiſe a rare Quality, among your Praiſes; for which, join'd with Prudence and Sagacity,

Tuis ponendam mihi censeo: qua tamen admirabili cum prudentia & sagacitate conjuncta id nuper consecutus es; ut Te unum Fisco Regio praesidere, sibi civitas omnis plenius quam Tibi gratuletur. Te certe Aerarii frena moderante, numquam deerunt vel in his Numeriae rei angustiis paratae civium voluntates; quoad omnes lentissimi belli reliquiae prospere sepeliantur. Ecquando tamen, & an! umquam is dies illucescet, quo Europae per tot lustra in se collisae, neque proeliis solum sed & pestilentia exhaustae, laetissimus ille PACIS *vultus affulgeat; majori jam viventium parti numquam conspectus? Enimvero in his armis justissime indutis, tam Principis auspiciis quam fide Sociorum, tam Ducum consiliis quam Militum virtute freti, felicem aliquando rerum exitum spe certa praecipimus. Quid mali tamen Ductoribus hostium non meritis imprecemur? quibus etiam victis* bellum utile *est; qui in imperiis consenescere cupiunt quantumvis infelicibus; qui toties fusi ac fugati, castrisque & exercitibus atque urbibus exuti, certamen nihilominus trahunt, ut nobis vel vincendo damnosum, ita suis sibique exitiabile. Sed bene habet, quod ad seram supplicandi confessionem redacti a Clementissima* REGINA *pacem tandem expetunt. Quicumque sane*

Pelo-

you were made High Treaſurer, at which the whole Nation rejoices more on their own account than on yours. So long as you Manage the Treaſury, your Countrymen will not be wanting, even in this time of Scarcity, to advance Mony, till what remains of a very tedious War be happily ended. But when ſhall that Day come, nay ſhall it ever come, wherein the joyful Face of Peace, (which the greateſt part now alive never ſaw) ſhall ſhine upon *Europe*, which for ſo many Years has been beating it ſelf to Pieces, and is exhauſted not only with Battels, but likewiſe with the Plague? But we truſt, from the Fortune of our Queen, and the Fidelity of our Allies, from the Conduct of our Generals, and the Bravery of our Soldiers, that this War, moſt juſtly enter'd into, will ſome time or other have a happy End. How much Reaſon have we to pray that the heavieſt Curſes may light on our Enemy's Generals, who find their Account in War, even when they are beat; who wiſh to grow old even in the moſt unſucceſsful Commands; who, after having been ſo often vanquiſh'd and put to Flight, and beat out of their Camps, Intrenchments and Towns, do notwithſtanding lengthen out the War, which, as it is hurtful to us, is deſtructive to them and their Country? But it is very well, that they are at laſt forc'd to beg Peace of our moſt Gracious Queen. Whoever conſiders the Fate of the *Peloponneſian* or *Punick* War (which is almoſt the only one that comes up to ours in Length) and the Perſons who then aroſe on both Sides, who either out of a

Peloponneſiaci vel Punici belli (quae diuturnitate cum hoc noſtro fere ſola certare poſſunt) eventus ſecum exputet; & exortos tum ſemper utrimque, qui aut prave pertinaces aut foede componentes coalescentem ſubinde pacem diſcuterent runiperentque, donec alterutrius demum partis vel internecione vel perpetua ſervitute ſit debellatum: is eandem hodie funeſtam fataliſmque gentibus vecordiam jure extimeſcat; cum tam multos eſſe ubique videat, quibus longo uſu jam Bellum negotiatio eſt, & inter omnes pecuniarum vias quaeſtus uberrimus: his profecto vel aequiſſimis licet pactionibus quae tandem pax placere poterit? Accingere igitur, VIR SAPIENTISSIME, *& in hac ancipiti tempeſtate quicquid virium in pectore condis excute & exprome. In Te omnium ora converſa ſunt, in Te arrecta expectatio eſt. Haec momenta Te unicum Teque totum expoſcunt. Hic Tibi utrimque pariter & in diverſa laborandum erit; ne qui nulla pace contenti erunt, utiliſſimam exturbent; neu (ut ſaepe alias) quorum arma viceriimus, eorum arte aſtutiaque in conditionibus vincamur. Tu vero utramque partem (neque vanum augurium eſt) pleniſſime exequeris; cum is ſis, quem neque callidiſſimus indificari queat, nec turbulentiſſimus de recto propoſito dimovere. Adeſte igitur bono cum omine, optatiſſimae Iani Calendae; dignus profecto dies*

wicked Obſtinacy, or for baſe Gain, always diſconcerted and broke the Meaſures that were taken towards a Peace, till one Party was entirely ruin'd, and the other involv'd in perpetual Slavery; whoever, I ſay, will reflect on theſe Things, will ſee Reaſon to be afraid of that diſmal and fatal Diſtraction, which all Nations at this Day are poſſeſs'd with; when he finds ſo many every where, to whom War, by long Practice, is become a Trade, and the ſure way of heaping up Treaſures of Mony. Now what Peace, I beſeech you, even on the moſt advantageous Conditions, can pleaſe thoſe Men? Set about that Work then, MOST WISE LORD, and exert your utmoſt Force and Skill in this dangerous Seaſon. The Eyes of all Men are fix'd upon you, and their Expectation rais'd. Theſe weighty Affairs call for you alone, and require your whole Strength. You muſt labour equally both ways at the ſame time, leſt thoſe who will be contented with no Peace, prevent the very beſt one; or leſt (as it often happens) we be bubbl'd by the Cunning and Tricks of thoſe, whom we have overcome in the Field. But if I am not miſtaken in my Prophecy, you are perfectly fitted to prevent both, ſince the arranteſt Trickſter cannot deceive you, nor the moſt turbulent drive you from your upright Intentions. Thrice welcome then, thou moſt deſired Firſt of *January*! A Day truly worthy of the auſpicious Beginning of a Congreſs appointed for ſo great an Affair; a Day from which we ſhall date the Happineſs of this, and of the following Years; from which

dies, quo Conventibus de re tanta indictis auſpicatum detur exordium; quo totus ille & inſequentes anni feliciter fauſteque decurrant; quo, in hac longa armorum ſerie res dudum deſitae & ſepultae, ſua Populis quies, ſuus Literis honos, ſua denique Commerciis praemia redintegrentur. Jam nunc fallor an clamores ego nauticos & ovantem ſtrepitum audire mihi videor; jam rates navalibus diripiuntur; jam merces variae convolant & regnator omnium Pannus; Tua VIR MAXIME *providentia Tuiſque ventis ad Oceani ſinus ultimos & gravida pretioſis metallis arva convehendae. Ita quidem inique comparatum eſt; antiqua veneratione proſequimur, praeſentia livore deprimimus: aderit tamen tempus, cum omnia omnium inſtituta pulcherrimum hoc Tuum repertum fulgore ſuo praeſtinguet: in quo cum omnia prorſus mirifica ſint nihil magis tamen admirari ſubit quam ſaluberrimam* Παθανάσιαν; *qua & aere alieno fidem publicam liberaſti, idemque (quod homines ſua ſponte nunquam aggreſſi eſſent) ad Commerciorum incrementa Britannicaſque opes immenſum olim augendas blandiſſima neceſſitate convertiſti. Quid porro reſiduum eſt; niſi ut cum alios omnes jam longe poſt Te relinqueris, Tecum poſtea certamen inſtituas? En ſtadium, quod timide ingrediaris! En palma, quam difficillime auferas! Effice tamen, ſi poteris,*

which Peace ſhall be reſtor'd to the People, a juſt Value put on Learning, and laſtly, great Gain got by Trade: Things that have been forgot and buried, in the Courſe of this long War. I fancy I now hear the Noiſe of Seamen, and their Triumphant Shouts; now I think I ſee the Ships drawn out of their Harbours; I think I ſee Merchandiſes of all kinds fly together, and the chief of all, our Cloth, to be carried under the Direction of your Providence, and of your Winds, to the moſt diſtant Shores, and to Countries abounding with Mines of precious Metals. Such is the unjuſt State of things, that what is paſt is eſteem'd and valu'd, and what is preſent is cruſh'd under the Load of Envy. But the Time will come, when this admirable Project of yours ſhall far outſhine all the Inventions of others, that have gone before you. And as every thing in this Project is wonderful, ſo nothing in it is to be more admired than that ſalutiferous Credit, by which you have freed the Publick of Debt; which you have ſo manag'd as that it will turn to the vaſt Increaſe of Trade and Riches in *Britain*, by a moſt pleaſing Neceſſity, which the People of themſelves would not have undertaken. What then remains for you to do, but that, ſince you have left all Mankind vaſtly behind you, you now enter the Liſts with your ſelf? This is a Stage you have reaſon to be afraid to enter upon! This a Prize which it will be very hard for you to carry away! But endeavour, if you can, or if human Virtue is capable of it, to make your future exceed your

paſt

turis, sive humana virtus id recipit, ut praeterita Tua venturis exsuperes. Inque his, ut ad mea me sacra referam, respice oro rem Literariam; afflictam sane atrocitate licentiaque temporum, atque aegre admodum ex ingruentis barbariae diluvio caput fessum exserentem. Si quaeris subscribi statuis PATER ACADEMIARUM; *si dicto Principis fidem imples, quo* LITERATORUM FAUTOR *publice audivisti; haec Te cura quandoque tangat: haec edera inter olivas tuas circum tempora Tibi serpat. Sic Te Deus Opt. Max. domumque Tuam diu sospites conservet: sic quam hodie habes magnitudinem, illibatam ad sepulchrum sero deferas: sic Tuos Tibi superstites habeas, Filium ac Filias parvulosque duos ex filia Nepotes; quorum alter a matre adhuc dulce rubet, alter dimidiatis jam verbis Te Avum salutare gestit; festivi ambo amabilesque, & expressissima Parentum effigies; quique mira natalium felicitate materne genere* STAFFORDOS *Angliae, paterno* HAIOS *Scotiae* Constabularios *complexi, id summi olim fastigii Vocabulum ex utroque sibi regno hereditarium ducunt. Vale,* VIR NOBILISSIME, *& feliciter rem gere.* CANTABRIGIAE *e Collegio* S. TRINITATIS, MDCCXI *sexto Idus Decembres, ipso* HORATII *die Natali.*

FINIS.

paſt Actions; And in the midſt of your Affairs (that I may return to that wherein conſiſts all my Religion) vouchſafe to look, I beſeech you, on the State of Learning, that languiſhes under the Atrocity and Licentiouſneſs of the Times, and is ſcarce able to hold up its Head in this Deluge of encroaching Barbarity. If you would have Statues erected for you, as a PATER ACADEMIARUM; If you would make good the Words of your Prince, when She publickly call'd you FAUTOR LITERATORUM, let the Intereſt of Learning be your Concern; let this Ivy twine about your Temples, in the midſt of your Olives. So may Almighty God take you, and all your Family under his Protection; and ſo may you late carry to the Grave with you, that unſullied Greatneſs, which you have at this Day: So may your Children ſurvive you, particularly your Son and Daughters, and your two little Grandſons by your Daughter, one of which is yet reeking red from his Mother, and the other with half form'd Words endeavouring to call you Grandfather: Both ſprightly and lovely Boys, the moſt exact Pictures of their Parents; and who have this wonderful Felicity in their Birth, That they are deſcended, on the Mother's Side, of the STAFFORDS, Conſtables of *England*, and, on the Father's Side, of the HAYES, Conſtables of *Scotland*, and derive that Hereditary Name, which formerly was moſt honourable, from both Kingdoms. From the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity in *Cambridge*, in the Year MDCCXI, the 7th of *December*, *Horace*'s Birth-Day.

The END.

Suetonius Tranquillus, C.
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THE LIFE OF HORACE, WITH Dr. BENTLEY'S PREFACE, *Latin* and *Engliſh.*

Perſons profeſs no greater, or it may be they will ſay, leſs Veneration for the ſacred Hymns, than for the profane Songs of Anacreon *or* Horace.

Bently's firſt Sermon at *Boyle's* Lecture, *p.* 1.

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THE LIFE OF *HORACE.*

Written by *Suetonius.*

HORACE was of *Venuſium*, and, as he ſays himſelf, Son of a Free-Man, who had been a Collector of Taxes; but he was thought to have been the Son of one who dealt in Puddings and Sauſeages, becauſe a certain Perſon one Day ſcolding at him, ſaid to him, *How often have I ſeen your Father wipe his Noſe with his Elbow?* In the *Philippick* War, *Brutus* drew him into his Party, and made him a Tribune in his Army. After the Defeat of that Army, he bought the Secretary of the Exchequer's Place. The firſt thing he aſpir'd to was to get into the good Graces of *Maecenas*, which he ſoon obtain'd; and

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and then he insinuated himself into the Favour of *Augustus*, and ever after had a considerable place in the Heart of that Prince, and in that of his chief Minister. The Friendship which this Favourite had for him, abundantly appears in these Verses: * *My dear* Horace, *if I don't already Love you, as much as I do my own Bowels, I wish you may see me as dry and wither'd as* Hinnius. But his Affection for him appears yet more in that little Sentence which he wrote to *Augustus* when he was on his Death-Bed: *I conjure you to be as mindful of* Horace *as of me. Augustus* offer'd him the Secretaryship, and wrote to *Maecenas* to that Effect, in the following Words: *Hitherto I have been able, without the Assistance of any Person, to write to my Friends; but being now overwhelm'd with the weight of Business and Infirmities, I wish you would bring your* Horace *to me. He will then leave your Table, where he is only a Parasite, to come to my Royal Table, and will help me to write my Letters.* He was not in the least displeas'd at *Horace*'s refusing this Office, but continu'd to be his Friend as much as ever. There are some of his Letters yet extant, which are a sufficient Proof of this, out of which I have taken what follows: *Prithee take some Liberty with me, as if you were my constant Guest, and don't be afraid of offending me: For you know very well,*

* *Ni te visceribus meis, Horati,*
Plus jam diligo, tu tuum sodalem
Hinno me videas strigosiorem.

that I wiſh you would live with me in this manner, if your Health could permit. And in another Letter; *Our Friend* Septimius *can inform you after what manner I remember you; for I happen'd to ſpeak of you before him. Altho' you were ſo proud as to deſpiſe my Friendſhip, yet I do not return your Contempt of it by a reciprocal Contempt.* Beſides, in other Letters, he raillies him, calling him *the little Debauchee*, and *the very agreeable little Droll.* On two different Occaſions he made him very rich Preſents; he lik'd his Verſes ſo well, and was ſo much perſuaded that they would come down to the lateſt Poſterity, that he not only order'd him to compoſe the *Carmen Saeculare*, but likewiſe to ſing the Victory of *Tiberius* and *Druſus*, and oblig'd him, for this Reaſon, to add a Fourth Book to the other three which he had publiſh'd a long time before. And after he had read ſome of his *Sermones*, he was offended that he had made no mention of him, and complain'd of it in theſe Terms: *I would have you know that I am angry with you, that in moſt of your Writings you don't addreſs to me. Do you apprehend that one Day it will be a blemiſh upon your Reputation, to be thought to have been one of my Friends?* And by this he drew from him the Eclogue which begins thus: *Since you alone*, Auguſtus, *ſuſtain the weight of ſo many great and important Affairs, ſince you defend this Empire by your Arms, ſince you reform it by your Laws, and adorn it with good Manners, I ſhould ſin againſt the Publick, if I treſpaſs'd upon your precious Minutes*

nutes by a long Diſcourſe. He was little and plump, as he ſays of himſelf in his Satires, and as *Auguſtus* ſays of him in this Letter: Dionyſius *brought me your little Book, and ſuch as it is, (not to complain of its brevity) 'tis very acceptable to me. You ſeem to be afraid leſt your Books ſhould be bigger than your ſelf; but what you want in Stature you have in Plumpneſs; and nothing hinders but that you may write in a little Box, for your Book and you are much of a Size, and is, like your Belly, very thick.* He ſpent moſt of his Time in his little Country Houſe, in the Country of *Sabinum*, or *Tibur*, and his Houſe is yet to be ſeen near the Grove of *Tiburnus*. Some Elegies under his Name have come to my Hands, and an Epiſtle in Proſe, in which he ſeems to recommend the Care of his Fortune to *Maecenas*; but I am of opinion they are ſpurious; for the Elegies are but vulgar, and the Epiſtle obſcure; a Fault he was never guilty of. He was born on the 8th of *December*, under the Conſulſhip of *L. Cotta*, and *L. Torquatus*; and died in *December*, when *C. M. Cenſorinus*, and *C. A. Gallus* were Conſuls, in his 57th Year, having nam'd *Auguſtus* for his Heir, his Illneſs not permitting him to ſign a Will; he was buried at the farther end of the *Eſquiliue*, near the Tomb of *Maecenas*.

PRAEFATIO
AD
LECTOREM.

PAUCA *sunt, Lector benevole, de quibus certiorem te fieri velim, priusquam Horatium meo munere, nisi fallor, meliorem nunc cultioremque in manus tibi sumseris. Cum ante aliquot annos provinciae cuidam admotus essem; ubi aliena negotia, curaeque molestissimae per caput quotidiae salientes, severiora omnia studia de manibus mihi excusserant: constitui mecum, ne Musarum me amorumque veterum oblivio prorsus caperet, ameniorem quempiam Scriptorem edendum mihi sumere, levioris operae materiaeque, quae animum tranquillum & defaecatum non tam requireret, quam efficeret: quaeque horis subcisivis edolari, & mille interpellationes sine gravi damno pati posset. Ante alios autem placuit* HORATIUS; *non quod in eo plura,*

THE

PREFACE.

Kind Reader,

EFORE thou tak'ſt *Horace* into thy Hands, who is both the better and handſomer for the Pains I have beſtow'd upon him, 'tis fit I acquaint thee firſt with a few things. Having been ſeveral Years ago advanced to a certain Poſt, in which Affairs foreign to my Province, and the moſt perplexing Cares continually diſtracted me, which forc'd me to lay aſide all ſerious Studies, I reſolv'd with my ſelf, leſt I ſhould forget the Muſes, and my old darling Companions, to undertake the publiſhing of ſome entertaining Author, whoſe Matter did not require much Pains or Thought, which rather made than call'd for a Mind perfectly eaſie, and free from Cares; and whoſe Meaning might be fiſh'd out at ones leiſure Hours, and ſuffer a thouſand Avocations without much Diſadvantage. Of all others that I could think of, *Horace* was the Author who pleaſed me beſt; not that I expected to

ra, quam in alio fere quovis seu Latino sive Graeco, restituere me & emendare posse confiderem; sed quod is omnium veterum maxime vel merito suo vel genio quodam & placendi sorte in manibus hominum pectoribusque haereret. Formam vero & institutum operis sic mihi definivi terminisque his circumscripsi; ut ea sola attingerem, quae ad sanitatem fluceritatemque Lectionis pertinerent: cetera illa pluraque, quae ad Historiam & Mores antiquos grandem illam Commentariorum silvam & instrumentum spectarent, prorsus praeterirem. Per me quidem eruditis viris, qui in illo stadio decurrerunt, suus honos salvus esto: utilissimam sane operam navarunt; quae, nisi ab illis occupata foret, jam nunc necessario impendenda esset de integro; sine qua aditum tibi patere ad haec Nostra frustra speraveris. Sic enim se res habet: diffusa illa lectio & eruditio, veterisque totius Latii & Graeciae notitia, quae in illa studiorum materie totum constituit, in hac Nostra partis duntaxat infimae & initiorum apparatusque locum obtinet. Omnia quippe tibi ista in numerato esse prius oportet, quam de quovis Scriptore sine dementissimae temeritatis nota censuram agere audeas: est & peracri insuper judicio opus; est sagacitate & ἀγχινοίᾳ; est, ut de Aristarcho olim praedicabant, divinandi quadam peritia & μαντικῇ: quae nulla laborandi pertinacia vitaeve longinquitate acquiri possunt, sed naturae solius munere

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find more room for Corrections and Emendations in him, than in any other *Greek* or *Latin* Writer; but because by his Worth, Genius, and a certain Art of pleasing, he had the good luck to charm every body more than any other of the Antients. But the Form and Design of this Work I confin'd, and circumscrib'd within these Limits; only to restore the true and genuine Reading, and not to meddle with what regarded History or Ancient Customs, that vast Furniture of Commentaries. I am not for detracting in the least from the Glory of those learned Men, who have laid out their Study this way, and whose Labours in this respect have been very useful. We must have begun there, unless they had already prevented us; and it would have been in vain to expect what we now offer, unless they had first cleared the way. The whole matter stands thus: That extensive Reading and Erudition, and the Knowledge of both the *Roman* and *Greek* Literature, which comprehends the whole of that kind of Studies, deserve to be esteem'd only as the meanest Part, and as the Beginnings and Rudiments of our Performance. For you must first be Master of all these, before you can pretend to judge of any Author, unless you would be guilty of the highest Presumption. Besides, one must have a very accurate and piercing Judgment, a Sagacity and Acuteness, and as was said of *Aristarchus* of old, a certain Μαντικὴ, and Skill in Divining; which can never be acquir'd by the utmost Industry, or length of Time, but are owing to the Bounty of Nature, and the Felicity

re nascendique felicitate contingunt. Inde est, quod, cum in ceteris disciplinis eventus laboribus votisque respondeat; contra in hac Critices palaestra, ex tam multis, qui libris studiisque inseneſcentes per integram vitam hoc saxum volverunt, exstiterunt oppido pauci, qui speratum sibi apud posteros nomen nanciſci valuerunt. Et tamen, ne id forte nescias, longe longeque difficilius est hodie, quam superioribus erat annis, emendationes conscribere. Ita omnia illa, quae ex scriptorum Codicum collatione clare & ultro se ingerebant, praerepta jam sunt & anticipata: neque quidquam fere residuum est, nisi quod ex intima sententiae vi & orationis indole solius ingenii ope sit eruendum. Plura igitur in Horatianis his curis ex conjectura exhibemus, quam ex Codicum subsidio; &, nisi me omnia fallunt, plerumque certiora: nam in variis Lectionibus ipsa saepe auctoritas illudit, & pravae emendaturientium prurigini abblanditur; in conjecturis vero contra omnium Librorum fidem proponendis & timor pudorque aurem vellunt, & sola ratio ac sententiarum lux necessitasque ipsa dominantur. Quid quod, si ex uno alterove Codice discrepantem aliis scripturam expromas, frustra es si unico duobusve testibus adversus centum fidem facere postulas; nisi tot argumentis muni-

city of Birth. And this is the Reaſon, that in other Studies the Fruits are anſwerable to the Hopes and Pains beſtow'd upon them; whereas, in the School of Criticiſm there have been ſo very few among the many who have ſpent their whole Life, and grown grey in Reading and Meditation, that have been able to acquire Fame, by engaging in this difficult Task. Nor would I have you ignorant, that it is infinitely more difficult now, than it was in former times, to write Emendations. Every thing that was clear and obvious upon collating Manuſcripts, has been already obſerved and anticipated; and there is ſcarce any thing left for us to do, but to beat our Brains, in order to ſqueeze out a conceal'd Meaning, and enter into the Genius of an Author. Therefore in theſe our Labours upon *Horace*, a great deal more is owing to Conjecture, than to the Aſſiſtance of Books; and, if I miſtake not, what ariſes from Conjecture is much more certain than what is founded upon the Authority of any Books; for in various Readings the very Authority often impoſes upon, and flatters the depraved Itch of your pitiful Emendators; whereas both Fear and Shame put us upon our guard, and make us cautious how we advance our own Conjectures againſt the Faith of all Books; and Reaſon alone, the Evidence of the Senſe, and pure Neceſſity govern us in this matter. Certainly, if you produce a Reading out of one or two Books, which differ from others, you are to be condemn'd if you prefer the Teſtimony of one or two Witneſſes to that of a hundred, unleſs

muniveris, quæ vel sola pene sine Codicis testimonio ei rei probandae sufficere possint. Noli itaque Librarios solos venerari: sed per te sapere aude, ut singula ad orationis ductum sermonisque genium exigens ita demum pronunties sententiamque feras. Enimvero haud animi me fallit, tot in Flacco emendationes iniquis oculis plerosque aspecturos, nec nisi vi & ingratiis receptas tam diu lectiones vetereſque avias sibi revelli passuros. Quippe in aliis auctoribus minus sibi tritis pro libitu id fieri non aegre tulerint; in hoc, quem jam inde a pueritia dies noctesque versarunt, quemque intus & in cute se novisse opinati sunt, tot jam menda detegi, tot absurda sensuque cassa redargui, quasi convicium sibi factum interpretabuntur. Horum ego ut praejudicio & ἀνθολκῇ occurrerem; fuse pleraque & prolixe praeter morem meum in adnotationibus deduxi: ut vel indignantes ac reluctantes cum rationum pondere tum exemplorum numero obruerem, inque meam tandem sententiam vel obtorto eos collo traherem. Hoc rogo in memoria habeat eruditior Lector & acutior; siquando forte, cum duobus verbis rem pervinci potuisse putet, ex longo

tractu

unleſs you can ſtrengthen it with ſuch Arguments, as wou'd of themſelves be ſufficient to prove the Matter in queſtion, almoſt without the help of Books. I wou'd not therefore have you pay a blind Veneration to Dealers in Books alone; but dare to think for your ſelf, that ſo you may at length be able to pronounce, and give your Opinion, after having examin'd every thing according to the Thread of the Diſcourſe, and the Nature of the Subject. I am well apriz'd, that a great many will look upon my Emendations on *Horace* with an evil Eye, and will very hardly part with antient Miſtakes, and Readings ſo long receiv'd. However Paſſive they may be in the caſe of other Authors, with whom they have not made ſo familiar an Acquaintance, yet they will look upon it as an Affront deſigned againſt them, when they find ſo many Faults detected, ſo many abſurd and ſenſeleſs things condemn'd in one whom they have turn'd over Night and Day, and whom they believ'd they perfectly underſtood. In order to remove the Prejudice and Wavering of theſe Men, I have, contrary to my wonted Cuſtom, explain'd many Things at great length in my Annotations, that ſo I might bear down even the moſt ſtubborn and backward, both with the weight of Reaſons, and the number of Examples, and drag them into my Opinion in ſpite of their Teeth. I deſire one Favour of my learned and clear-ſighted Reader, That after, perhaps, he is weary with reading a long String of Annotations, he may not imagine

tractu adnotationis fastidium eum ceperit. Non raro tamen etiam data opera brevior contractiorque fui; partim taedio ut fieri solet furtim obrepente, partim consulto viribus parcens & quae in promtu mihi erant opes dissimulans: ut ne ubique judiciis hominum diffidere viderer, utque stolidi & ad depugnandum parati se in laqueos inopinantes induerent, risum jocumque nasutioribus daturi. Qualiacumque vero haec sunt, aestivis tantum mensibus (ita tamen ut uno alteroque biennio fuerint prorsus intermissa) & primo impetu ac calore sine lima curisve secundis descripta, sic madida fere charta (ut nemini hic meorum non compertissimum est) ad typographos deferebantur. Neque enim aut animus aut otium erat calamistris illa inurere; nec tanti emerim jejunam illam obscurae diligentiae laudem; ac pudebat praeterea nugis calamique lusibus pondus velle addere, & ὀπὶ φαχῇ quod aiunt μύρον; sic tamen, uti spero, ut nec sermonis puritatem, nec ordinis lumen, neque rationum vim & perspicuitatem vel in his αὐτοσχεδίοις desideres. Porro autem, ut scias quibus opibus instructus periculosae huic me operae accinxerim; praeter vetustos illos codices Lambino, Pulmanno, Cruquio, Torrentio, Bersmanno, Statio, *aliisque versatos olim & excussos, aderant & mihi Membranae veteres minime poenitendae. Vetustissimum*

gine the whole Buſineſs might have been diſpatched in two Words. Nevertheleſs, I have ſtudied Brevity in ſeveral Places; partly thro' Wearineſs, which crept upon me unawares, as is uſual in ſuch caſes, and partly on purpoſe, being willing to conceal my Strength, and hide the rich Stores I had in reſerve, that I might not ſeem to diſtruſt my Reader's Judgment; and that Fools and raſh Aſſailants might fall unawares into the Snare I had laid for them, and ſo become the Jeſt and Sport of the more Sagacious. Theſe my Labours, ſuch as they are, were perform'd in the Summer Months (but intermitted for four whole Years) and wrought off in the firſt Sally and Heat, without any After-poliſhing, or Reviſing; and thus carried to the Printer's before the Paper was well dry, as is very well known to all my Friends in this Place. For I had neither Leiſure nor Inclination to flouriſh and make any Figure in this Work; nor was I willing to pay ſo dear for that empty Praiſe of obſcure Diligence; beſides, I was aſham'd to ſeem to have made a Burden of the Bagatelles and Play of my Pen, and as they ſay ἐπὶ φακῇ μύδον. Nevertheleſs, I hope, that in theſe haſty Sheets there is neither wanting Purity of Language, nor Light of Order, nor Force and Perſpicuity of Arguments. Moreover, that the Reader may underſtand with what Helps I was enabled to go thro' with this difficult Work; beſides thoſe Ancient Copies which *Lambinus*, *Pulmannus*, *Cruquius*, *Torrentius*, *Berſmannus*, *Statius*, and others made uſe of, I had likewiſe very good Ancient Manu-

inum sane exemplar annorum facile DCCC, *cui tamen Epistolarum & Sermonum pars magna deerat, suppeditavit & huc transmisit praestantissimus* Graevius ὁ μακαείτης; *post cujus obitum in Bibliothecam* Serenissimi Electoris Palatini *cum reliqua ejus libraria supellectile concessit. Alterum supparis aetatis in Bibl.* Leidensi *contulerat* ὁ κειτικώτατος Nicolaus Heinsius, *ut & Zulichemianum annorum* DC: *quorum varias lectiones descriptas manu* Heinsii, *conjecturis quoque ejus identidem interpositis, dissertissimi Viri* Petri Burmanni *comitate nactus sum.* Vossiani, *prioribus illis optimis non inferioris, &* Markiani *qui Epistolas modo habet, lectiones serius paulo in manus venerunt, opera eruditi juvenis* Abrahami Franckii *in Batavia descriptae. Ex Britannicis, quos omnes ipsi oculis usurpavimus, palmam facile auferet Codex Collegii* Reginensis *Oxonii,* DCC *annorum & ab omni parte integer: post hunc Liber e Bibliotheca* Regiae Societatis *Londini, alter* Petrensis Domus *Cantabrigiae, tertius Collegii* Magdalenensis *Oxonii, quartus Viri ornatissimi* Rogeri Galei, *quintus Reverendi admodum Episcopi* Elyensis, *qui sub initiis Typographiae scriptus est eadem plane manu ac alter e Collegio* Regio *Cantabrigiae, qui falso praeconio* Bembinus *venditatur. Praeter hos & alii plures accesserunt, qui partem tantummodo Horatianorum*

operum

Manuſcripts. The moſt excellent *Grævius* ſent over to me a moſt Ancient MS, at leaſt 800 Years old, but which wanted moſt of the Epiſtles and *Sermones*, which (after his Death) with the reſt of his Books, was given to *the moſt Serene, the Elector Palatine*'s Library. That excellent Critic, *Nicolas Heinſius*, furniſhed me with another of about the ſame Age out of the *Leyden* Library; as likewiſe with one from *Zulecheim* 600 Years old; the various Readings of which, written with *Heinſius*'s own Hand, and his interſpers'd Notes, that excellent Critic *Peter Burman* was pleaſed to communicate to me. I afterwards receiv'd the various Readings of *Voſſius*'s Copy, which is not inferior to any of the former, and Mr. *Mark*'s, which contains only the Epiſtles, both wrote by that learned young Man *Abraham Franck* in *Holland*. Of thoſe that are in *Britain*, (all which I have peruſed) that which belongs to *Queen's College* in *Oxford* is undoubtedly the beſt, which is 700 Years old, and perfectly compleat; next to this is the Book in the Library of the Royal Society at *London*, that in *Peter Houſe* in *Cambridge*, a third in *Magdalen* College in *Oxford*, a fourth belonging to the learned *Roger Gale*, a fifth belonging to the Right Reverend the Biſhop of *Ely*, wrote about the beginning of Printing, written by the ſame Hand with another in *Kings Colledge* in *Cambridge*, which is falſly aſcrib'd to *Bembus*. Beſides theſe, I likewiſe had the uſe of many others, which contain'd only a Part of *Horace*'s Works; as that which be-

operum continebant; Battelianus, *ex Muſeo Cl.* Joannis Battely *Archidiaconi nuper Cantuarienſis, cui Epiſtolae omnes, & Sermones aliquot libri* ILdi *deſunt; alter e Bibliotheca* Regia, *Sermones & Epiſtolas Artemque complexus, cui plane geminus eſt ab eodem Librario deſcriptus in Collegio* Magdalenenſi *Oxonii. Eadem fere habent tria exemplaria ex Collegio noſtro* S. Trinitatis; *Carmina vero & Epodos* Bodleiani *duo & Vigornienſis; Artem autem Poeticam* Vigornienſis *alter & Digbeanus Oxonii, & Moreti liber a* Nic. Heinſio *olim collatus. Porro etiam vidimus, quas e Codice* Colbertino *Lutetiae varias exſcripſerat lectiones vir celeberrimus* Edvardus Bernardus, *& e* Franekerano *neſcio quis; verum uterque pauculas tantum & leviore cura. Hos omnes manu exaratos Codices, quos ſeu ipſi excuſſimus, ſive amicorum beneficio nunc primum literato orbi exhibemus,* Noſtrorum *ſubinde vocabulo indicamus, ut & aliis editoribus ſollemne eſt: quod ideo hic monendum erat, ne cavillator aliquis cornicum hic oculos geſtiat configere. Neque vero Editiones vetuſtas omniumque principes negligendas mihi exiſtimavi,* Venetam *anni* MCCCCLXXVIII, & Argentinenſem Jacobi Locher *poetae laureati anni* MCCCCXCVIII; *quas Nobiliſſimi Viri* CAROLI Sunderlandiae Comitis *inſtructiſſima bibliotheca mihi ſuppeditavit; quarumque haec non ex exemplaribus Italis jamdudum editis,*

long'd to the famous *John Battely*, ſometime Arch-deacon of *Canterbury*, which wants all the Epiſtles, and ſome of the *Sermones* of the 2d Book; and another in the *Queen's* Library, containing all the *Sermones* and Epiſtles, a perfect Copy of which wrote by the ſame Hand is in *Magdalen* College in *Oxford*. There are three Copies in our *Trinity* College which contain the ſame things; and the two *Bodleian* and that at *Worceſter* have the *Carmina* and the *Epodes*; but another at *Worceſter*, and the *Digbean* at *Oxford*, and *Moretus's* formerly collated by *Nic. Heinſius*, contain the *Ars Poetica*. I have likewiſe ſeen the various Readings which *Edward Bernard* wrote from the *Colbertine* Copy at *Paris*, and thoſe which I know not who wrote from that of *Franeker*. All theſe MS Copies, which I have either examin'd my ſelf, or which I now preſent to the World for the firſt time by the Aſſiſtance of my Friends, I from henceforth call *Mine*, agreeably to the manner of other Editors; which I thought proper to advertiſe in this place, leſt ſome Caviller ſhould endeavour to take an Advantage of me. Nor did I think the Antient Editions, and which of all others are the beſt, were to be neglected, eſpecially the *Venetian* of the Year 1473, and the *Argentine* of *James Locher*, Poet-Laureat, of the Year 1498; both which I had out of the choice and vaſt Library of the moſt noble CHARLES Earl of *Sunderland*; and the laſt of which was not Printed from the *Italian* Editions publiſhed a long time

editis, ſed ex manuſcriptis Germanicis expreſſa eſt. Acceſſerunt his ex Bibliotheca Regiae Societatis, *altera Veneta anni* MCCCCXC, *in qua prima ut opinor Scholiaſtae Veteres* Acron & Porphyrion *comparuerunt*; & Acronis *exemplar ſcriptum, quod olim erat ſua aetate celeberrimi viri* Bilibaldi Pirckheimeri. *Ceterum ubicumque vel ex codicibus vetuſtis vel ex ingenio ſic clare verba reſtituimus, ut omnino in ipſum quem vocant Contextum ea recipi oporteret; ita caute & pudenter rem geſſimus, ut ne minimum quidem a probatiſſimis editionibus deflexum nobis ſit, quin receptam ſimul lectionem in ima pagina poſuerimus; adeo ut uno lector conſpectu tam novam hanc quam ſuperiores editiones non ſine magno ſuo commodo & voluptate contemplari queat. Ut enim ſtulta eorum ſuperſtitio eſt, qui nihil quicquam in Contextu novari volunt, manifeſtiſſimum ſit licet certiſſimumque; ita rurſus improbanda eſt & non ferenda aliorum fiducia, qui clam immutare quicquam & interpolare audent, neque lectorem de ea re vel verbo admonent. Cum autem prius ex his duobus Volumen, quo Poetae verba ſine commentario exhibentur, diu ante typis excuſum eſſet, quam Adnotationibus manum admoverem; vix aliter in tam ancipiti judicii alea, cum nondum mihi omnes Codicum copiae praeſto eſſent, evenire potuit, quam ut quaſdam lectiones prioribus omnibus probatas in Contextu ferri finerem,*

before, but from *German* Manuſcripts. Beſides theſe, I had out of *Greſham College* Library another *Venetian* Copy, in which I fancy appear'd the Ancient Scholiaſts *Acron* and *Porphyrion*; and *Acron*'s Manuſcript Copy, which belong'd to *Bilibaldus Pirckheimerus*, the moſt famous Man of his Time. But wherever I reſtor'd Words ſo clearly, either from Ancient Copies, or from my own Conjecture, that it was neceſſary to put them into the Context, as they call it, I always did it with ſo much Caution and Baſhfulneſs, that I did not in the leaſt vary from the moſt approved Editions, without putting the receiv'd Reading at the bottom of the Page; ſo that the Reader at one view will be able to ſee not only this new one, but likewiſe all the former Editions, to his no ſmall Profit and Pleaſure. For as their Superſtition is fooliſh, who are againſt putting any thing new into the Text, tho' ever ſo manifeſt and certain; ſo is their Preſumption to be condemn'd and diſallow'd, who venture to change or interpolate any thing by Stealth, and do not make the leaſt mention of it to the Reader. But the firſt of theſe Volumes, which contains the Words of the Poet without any Commentary, having been printed off long before I put my Hand to the Annotations; it could ſcarce fall out otherwiſe in ſo nice and difficult a Work, (not having been yet Maſter of all the Copies) but that I ſhould admit into the Text ſome Readings, as being approv'd by all that had gone before me, which, after conſidering the

rem, quas postea re accuratius perpensa ejectas esse cuperem; contraque novas aliquot introducerem, quarum postea poeniteret. Ita Carmine 111 *Libri primi* Siccis oculis *nimium patienter tuli; cujus loco, si res nunc integra esset,* Rectis oculis *sine dubitatione substituere velim: rursus, pag.* 41. Aget, 118 Ilios, 119 Vultu & per, 136 Porrecta, 149 Secrevit. Aere dehinc quorum, 160 Quiddam, 170 Vellunt, 172 Sermo merus, 180 Censorque, 187 Utr. sque Confusus, 201 Anni & Occupat, 217 Post vinum, 223 Romae, 224 Non mentiar, 244 Tendere, 258 Res, 264 Perdidit, 272 Sed rebus, *quae nunc imum folium occupant, ad sedes suas revocari cupiam. Tantum autem abest, ut occultandum mihi hoc aut erubescendum esse credam; ut ultro etiam lectori imputem, meque vineta mea caedendo ingenui candidique hominis nomen apud aequos judices habiturum esse confidam. Porro autem Orthographiae rationem institui ad Augusti saeculi normam, quae ex Inscriptionibus, Numis, Vetustioribusque Membranis abunde constat, quamque & alii & praesertim* Nic. Heinsius *in* Virgilio *suo secutus est. Ergo praeter* Volgus, Divom, Inpius, Conpesco, *& cetera ejusmodi, Accusativos plurales, ubi Genitivi in* Ium *exeunt, in* Is *hic terminatos habes,* Urbis, Auris, Omnis: *quae omnia me in antiquioribus Flacci Codicibus reperisse fide optima testari possum. Neque vero, in Poetis praesertim, dissimulari id oportuit; cum, ut ex Gellio & aliunde*

the Matter maturely, I ſhould wiſh had been left out; and on the other hand, that I ſhould bring in ſome new ones, which I ſhould afterwards repent. Thus in *Carmin.* III. of the firſt Book, I was too merciful to *Siccis oculis*; in the place of which, if I were at Liberty, I would undoubtedly ſubſtitute *Rectis Oculis*. Again, I wiſh I could recal to their proper places the following Words, which are at the bottom of the Page; as Pag. 41, *Aget*, 118 *Ilios*, 119 *vultu & per*, 136 *Porrecta*, 143 *Secrevit*. *Aere dehinc quorum*, 160 *Quiddam*, 170 *vellunt*, 172 *Sermo merus*, 180 *Cenſorq;*, 187 *utraſq; confuſus*, 201 *Anni & Occupat*, 217 *Poſt vinum*, 223 *Romæ*, 224 *Non mentiar*, 244 *Tendere*, 258 *Res*, 264 *Perdidit*, 272 *Sed Rebus*. But I am ſo far from hiding this, or thinking I ought to be aſham'd of it, that I refer it to the Judgment of the Reader, and hope that for ſo doing I ſhall merit the Character of a candid and ingenuous Man with all equitable Judges. Moreover, I have followed the Orthography as it was in the *Auguſtan* Age, which abundantly appears from Inſcriptions, Medals and Ancient MSS, and which others have followed, but eſpecially *Nicolas Heinſius*, in his *Virgil*. And therefore beſides *Volgus*, *Divom*, *Inpius*, *Conpeſco*, and ſuch like, Words which end in *ium* in the Genitive of the Plural Number, end in *is* in the Accuſative Plural, ſuch as *urbis*, *auris*, *omnis*; all which I ſolemnly proteſt I found thus written in the moſt Ancient Copies of *Horace*. Nor ought this to be conceal'd, eſpecially in the Poets; ſince, as appears from *Gellius*, and elſe-

liunde notum eſt, judicium artificiumque ſcriptoris verſuumque ſuavitas in illis terminationibus plerumque ſpectetur. Carminum *vero, non* Odarum; Sermonum, *non* Satirarum *libros; atque in his ſingulos quoſque Sermones* Eclogas *inſcripſimus; & Membranarum & Grammaticorum veterum auctoritatem ſecuti.* Eclogarum *ſane nomine Silvas ſuas appellavit Statius, Praefatione libri* III *&* IV; *quin & Flacci Epiſtolam Suetonius, Carmen vero Auſonius in praefatione Griphi,* Eclogam *nuncuparunt. Nimirum omni brevi Poematio id olim vocabulum indebatur, ut ex his Plinii conſtat Epiſt.* IV, 14. Unum illud praedicendum videtur, cogitare me has nugas inſcribere, HENDECASYLLABI, qui titulus ſola metri lege conſtringitur. Proinde ſive Epigrammata, ſive Idyllia, ſive *Eclogas,* ſive (ut multi) Poematia, ſeu quod aliud appellare malueris, licebit voces: ego tantum Hendecaſyllabos praeſto. *Porro ut Terentium ex* Calliopii, *Virgilium ex* Aſterii *Coſ. anno poſt Chriſtum* CCCCXCIV, *Valerium Maximum ex* Helpidii Domnuli; *ita Flaccum ex* Mavortii *recenſione hodie habemus. Sic enim in antiquioribus Codicibus, Leidenſi Reginenſi aliiſque, poſt Epodos literis majuſculis ſcriptum fertur*: VETTIUS AGORIUS BASILIUS MAVORTIUS V. C. ET INL. EXCOM. DOM. EX-CONS. ORD. LEGI ET UT POTUI EMENDAVI. CONFERENTE MIHI MAGISTRO FELICE ORATORE URBIS ROMAE: *hoc eſt*, Vir Clariſſimus & Inluſtris, Excomite Domeſtico, Exconſule Ordinario.

Quis

elſewhere, the Judgment and Art of the Writer, and the Sweetneſs of the Verſes is to be ſeen for the moſt part in theſe Terminations. I have given to theſe Books the Titles of *Carminum*, not of *Odarum*; of *Sermonum*, not of *Satyrarum*; and in theſe laſt I have inſcrib'd every *Sermo* an *Eclogue*, being ſupported by the Authority of ancient MSS and Grammarians. *Statius* called his *Sylvae* by the Name of *Eclogae*, in the Preface to the third and fourth Books; and *Suetonius* calls his Epiſtles, and *Auſonius* his *Camuria* by the Name of Eclogues; for of old that was the Name of every ſhort Poem; as appears from theſe Words of *Pliny*, Epiſt. IV, 14. *Unum illud praedicendum videtur, cogitare me has nugas inſcribere*, HENDECASYLLABI, *qui titulus ſola metri lege conſtringitur. Proinde ſive Epigrammata, ſive Idyllia, ſive* Eclogas, *ſive (ut multi) Poematia, ſive quod aliud appellare malueris, licebit voces: ego tantum Hendecaſyllabos praeſto.* Moreover, as we have *Terence* reviſed by *Calliopius*, *Virgil* by *Aſterius*, Conſul in the Year of Chriſt 494. *Valerius Maximus* by *Helpidius Domnulus*; ſo we have *Horace* by *Manortius*. For in the moſt ancient Copies, as the *Leyden*, and others, after the Epodes what follows is written in Capitals. VETTIUS AGORIUS BASILIUS, V. C. ET IN. L. EXCOM. DOM. EXCONS. ORD. LEGI ET UT POTUI EMANDAVI. CONFERENTE MIHI MAGISTRO FELICE ORATORE URBIS ROMAE; i. e. *vir Clariſſimus & Inluſtris, Excomite Domeſtico, Exconſule Ordinario.* Who this *Magiſter Fe-*

Quis fuerit illi Magister Felix, *qui eodem die quo* Donatus *titulo honestatur* Oratoris Urbis Romae, *equidem nescio: at* Mavortius *is ipse est, qui Consul erat sine Collega anno post Christum* DXXVII: *unde Fasti egregie illustrari possunt, cum aliunde iste* Mavortius *nulla alia re nisi cognomine solo innotescat. Jam vero & illud monendum est, Editiones principes & recentioris aetatis Codices alio ac nunc solemus ordine* Artem Poeticam *collocare, post Carmen nempe Seculare ante Sermones & Epistolas: vetustiores vero omnes Membranas post Carminum libros* Artem *Epodis praeponere. Si quaeris, quisnam ex his ordo recte se habeat, seriemque temporum, quibus singula ab auctore edita sunt, rite conservet, vetustiusne ille an medius an hodiernus; nullus profecto omnium. Magno quidem studio & acerrima contentione post* Tanaquilli Fabri *operam Clarissimi Viri* Dacerius Massonusque *in hanc arenam descenderunt; quorum equidem acumen & eruditionem in partibus laudo; in operis vero summa totoque constituendo rem eos infeliciter admodum gessisse censeo. Horum enim rationibus, & Carminibus & Epodis & Sermonibus Epistolisque scribendis uno ac eodem tempore vacavisse Nostrum necesse est; & singula quaeque poematia separatim in vulgus edidisse: quorum utrumque a vero alienum esse mihi pro comperto est. Quippe omnibus, qui ejusmodi Poematia scripserunt, id in more erat, ut non sparsas Eclogas, sed integros Libellos seriemel simulque in lucem ederent. Ita* Catullus

fecit,

lia was, who is honour'd with the Title of *Orator urbis Romae*, the ſame that *Donatus* had, is more than I know. But *Mavortius* is the very Man, who was Conſul without a Collegue in the Year of Chriſt 527; which gives great Light into the *Faſti*, ſince that *Mavortius* is not known elſe-where by any thing but his Sirname. Neither muſt I forget to acquaint the Reader, that the chief Editions, and the MSS of a later Date, place the *Ars Poetica* in another Order than we commonly do, *viz.* after the *Carmen Seculare*, which is before the *Sermones* and Epiſtles; but that all the ancient MSS place it after the *Carmina* and before the Epodes. If you ask me, which of theſe Orders is the beſt, and exactly obſerves the Series of the Times, in which the Author publiſh'd his ſingle Pieces? Whether the ancient, the middle, or the preſent? I anſwer, That none of all theſe is right. Indeed the famous *Dacier* and *Maſſon* have ſtrain'd hard, and contended earneſtly upon this Subject, after *Tanaquil Faber:* I praiſe their Penetration and Erudition in Parts; But I am of Opinion that in the general and ſum of the Work, they have ſucceeded but ill. For by their Arguments, *Horace* muſt have wrote his *Carmina*, Epodes, *Sermones* and Epiſtles at one and the ſame time; and publiſh'd every ſingle Poem ſeparately; both which I am very ſure are perfectly falſe. For it was uſual for thoſe who wrote Poems of this Nature, not to publiſh them in ſcatter'd Eclogues, but in entire Books together at the ſame time. So *Catullus* did,

fecit, ut ex Epigrammate I *constat*, Cui dono lepidum novum LIBELLUM: *ita* Tibullus, *quem vide Elegia* I *libri tertii, v.* 7 *&* 17. *ita* Propertius *Eleg.* I *librorum* II, III, *&* IV. *ut & Libri* II *Elegia* X, *v.* 25. *&* XII, *v.* 30: *ita* Virgilius *Bucolica dedit, uti pareat ex ultimo illo*, Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem: *ita* Naso *Amorum & Tristium & Ponticorum libros, ipso teste: ita* Statius *Silvas suas, ita* Martialis *Epigrammata, ut Praefationes eorum fidem faciunt: ita* Persius *Satiras*; Phaedrus & Avienus *Fabulas*; Ausonius, Prudentius, Sidonius, Venantiusque *suos Carmina*; *quod ex eorum Prologis abunde patet. Quid quaeris? Ipse quoque Horatius Libellos suos junctim editos aperte indicat; primum Carminum librum ex Prologo; secundum tertiumque ex Epilogis; Epodus ex illo* XIV, Inceptos olim promissum carmen Iambos. Ad umbilicum adducere; *Sermonum priorem librum ex versu ultimo*, I puer atque meo citus haec subscribe LIBELLO: *posteriorem ex Prologo; priorem vero Epistolarum & ex Prologo & ex Epilogo. Quartum vero Carminum, & Epistolarum secundum* longo *post cetera* intervallo *emissos esse, plenissimum est* Suetonii *testimonium; quod qui aut refellere aut eludere conantur, inanem operam insumunt. His jam positis; primum Horatii opus statuo* Sermonum *librum* primum, *quem triennio perfecit intra*

as appears from his first Epigram, *Cui dono Lepidum novum* LIBELLUM: So *Tibullus* in Eleg. I. Lib. III. v. 7, & 17. So did *Propertius*, Eleg. I. Lib. II, III, & IV. as also Lib. II. Eleg. X. v. 25, & XIX. v. 39. Thus *Virgil* publish'd his *Bucolicks*, as appears in the last, *Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem:* Thus did *Ovid* publish his Books *de Amoribus, Tristibus & Ponticis*; thus did *Statius* publish his *Sylvae*, *Martial* his *Epigrams*, as their Prefaces testifie; and thus did *Persius* publish his Satyrs; *Phaedrus* and *Avienus* their *Fables*; and *Ausonius*, *Prudentius*, *Sidonius*, and *Venantius* their Verses, as abundantly appears from their Prologues. Why shou'd you doubt of this? Even *Horace* himself openly declares, that his Books were publish'd jointly: That the first Book of his *Carmina* was thus publish'd, appears from the Prologue; that the second and third, appears from the Epilogues: The Epodes from that XIV, *Inceptos olim promissum carmen Iambos. Ad umbilicum adducere:* The first Book of the *Sermones*, from the last Verse, *I puer atque meo citus haec subscribe* LIBELLO: The last from the Prologue; and the former of the Epistles, both from the Prologue and the Epilogue: But that the fourth Book of the *Carmina*, and the second of the Epistles went abroad a long time after the rest, is fully testified by *Suetonius*, which it would be lost Labour for any Man to endeavour either to refute or elude. But to proceed: I mantain that *Horace*'s first Work, was his first Book of *Sermones*, which he finish'd in the space of

tra annos aetatis XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII; *postea* Secundum *triennio itidem, annis* XXIX, XXX, XXXI; *deinde* Epodos *biennio,* XXXIV *&* XXXV; *tum* Carminum *librum* primum *triennio,* XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII; Secundum *biennio,* XL, XLI; Tertiumque *pariter biennio,* XLII, XLIII: *inde* Epistolarum primum *biennio,* XLVI, XLVII; *tum* Carminum lib. quartum *&* Saeculare *triennio,* XLIX, L, LI. *Postremo* Artem Poeticam *&* Epistolarum librum alterum, *annis incertis. Intra hos cancellos omnium poematum natales esse ponendos, & ex argumentis singulorum & ex Annalium fide constabit. Inde est, quod in Sermonibus & Epodis & Carminum primo,* Caesar *semper, nunquam* Augustus *dicitur; quippe qui id nomen consecutus est, anno demum Flacci* XXIX; *in sequentibus vero passim* Augustus *appellatur. Inde est, quod in Sermonibus & Epodis* Juvenem *se ubique indicat; & quod sola Satirarum laude inclaruisse se dicit, ut Bucolicorum tum Virgilium* (*Serm.* I, 10. v. 46.) *nulla Lyricorum mentione facta. In ceteris autem singulis procedentis aetatis gradus planissimis signis indicat: idque tibi ex hac serie jam a me demonstrata jucundum erit animadvertere; cum operi-*

bus

three Years, viz. in the 26, 27 and 28th Years of his Age; next, the second also in the space of three Yeas, viz. in the 31, 32, and 33d Years of his Age; then his Epodes, in two Years, the 34 and 35th of his Age; then his first Book of *Carmina*, in three Years, the 36, 37, and 38th of his Age; the second in two Years, the 40, and 41st of his Age; the third likewise in two Years, the 42, and 43d of his Age; then the first Book of Epistles in two Years, the 46, and 47th of his Age; after this, the fourth Book of the *Carmina*, and the *Carmen Saeculare*, in three Years, the 49, 50, and 51st of his Age; and, last of all, the *Ars Poetica*, and second Book of Epistles; but in what Years is uncertain. That these are true Dates of all these Poems, will appear both from the Arguments of every one of them, and from the Faith of Annals: Hence it is, that in the *Sermones*, *Epodes*, and the first Book of the *Carmina*, the Emperor is always call'd *Caesar*, but never *Augustus*, because he obtain'd that Name in the 39th Year of *Horace*'s Age; but in the following Poems he is always call'd *Augustus*. Hence it is, that in his *Sermones* and Epodes, he always describes himself a *young Man*, and that he says he was then famous only for his Satyrs, as *Virgil* was for his Bucolicks, (*Serm.* l. 10. v. 46.) without making any Mention of his Lyricks. But in every one of the rest he gives the most evident Marks of a Riper Age. The Reader must certainly be very much pleased to observe this from the Series that I have demonstrated to him; since in his

youth

bus juvenilibus multa obscaena & flagitiosa insint; quanto annis provectior erat, tanto eum & poetica virtute & argumentorum dignitate gravitateque meliorem castioremque semper evasisse. Ceterum ubicumque viri doctissimi extra limites hic positos in adsignandis temporibus evagantur, toties illi in errores prolabuntur. Edicse quidem mihi foret id in singulis ostendere; verum unum modo alterumve hic attingam, cetera tuae industriae relinquens, Libri I *Carmen* 21, Dianam tenerae dicite Virgines, *perperam* Saeculare *vocant, & ad Horatii annum* XLIX *referuntur, ringente Suetonio, qui tres Carminum libros* longo intervallo *eum annum praecessisse testatur. Atqui nihil quicquam hic de* Saecularibus *laudis proditur; sed aut ad Dianae aut Apollinis festum spectat, quorum illud mense Augusto, hoc Julio singulis annis celebrabatur. Eodem pertinet Catulli carmen* XXXV, Dianae sumus in fide; *quod* Saeculare *etiam a viris doctis pessime inscribitur; cum nihil ibi de* Saeculo *habeatur; isque diem obierit ante Ludos Augusti Saeculares. Tum &* II, 17, Ad Maecenatem aegrotum, *immani parachronismo ad Horatii annum* LV *ultra libri quarti tempora ablegant; idque levi & futili argumento, quod eo anno continua insomnia vexari coeperit*

youthful Works, there are many things both obscene and profane; whereas according as he grew in Years, he became better as to his poetical Skill, and chaster as to the Dignity and Gravity of his Subject. But if the most learned Men go but an Acre without the Bounds I have set in assigning these Dates, they will most certainly fall into Blunders. It were easie for me to shew this in every one of them; but I shall content my self with just mentioning one or two, and leave the Reader to do with the rest the best he can. The 21st *Carmen* of the first Book, *Dianam tenerae dicite virgines*, is stily call'd *Saeculare*, and said to have been writ in the 49th Year of *Horace*; for *Suetonius* is positive the three Books of the *Carmina* appear'd a long time before that Year. Nor is there any mention hereof in the *Secular* Games; but the Poem relates either to the Feast of *Diana*, or that of *Apollo*, the former of which was celebrated every Year in *August*, and the latter in *July*. *Catullus* has the same view in his XXXVth *Carmen*, *Dianae sumus in fide*; which is also very foolishly inscrib'd *Carmen Saeculare* by learned Men; whereas there is no mention of any such in that Place, and he died long before the *Secular* Games, in the Days of *Augustus*. Then the *Carm.* II. 17. *Ad Maecenatem aegrotum*, is, by a very great Mistake in Chronology, brought down beyond the Date of the IVth Book to the 55th Year of *Horace*'s Age, and that by a very empty and frivolous Reason, *viz.* Because on that Year, *Maecenas* began to be tormented with a perpetual want of

coeperit Maecenas triennio ante diem fatalem? Quaesi vero non plus semel in tam longa vita aegrotaverit, quem Plinius major VII, 51, perpetua febre *ab adolescentia laborasse tradidit. Illud vero in Sermone* VI, *libri* 2, Quid, militibus promissa Triquetra Praedia Caesar, an est Itala tellure daturus? *non, ut volunt, ad pugnam Actiacam annumque Flacci* XXV *referendum erat, nec ad Philippensem annumve* XXIV: *quippe de agrorum divisione hic agitur, quae post* Siculam *de Pompeio victoriam & Lepidi deditionem in Campania alibique facta est, anno Flacci* XXXI, *ut disertis verbis narrat Dio p.* 456, 457, *Plutarchus Antonio p.* 941, *Paterculus* II, 81; & *Appianus p.* 1176. *Alia omnia pari facilitate refutari possent; sed his fuere & vale.*

FINIS.

of Sleep, which was three Years before his Death: As if he had never been Sick but once during his whole long Life! whereas *Pliny* the elder tells us, *Lib.* VII. 15. That from his Youth he had been afflicted with *a continual Fever:* But that in *Serm.* VI. *Lib.* 2. *Quid, militibus promiſſa Triquetra Praedia Caeſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?* does not relate to the *Actian* Battel, and the 35th Year of *Horace's* Age, as ſome would have it, nor to the Battel at *Philippi*, and his 24th Year; for here he is ſpeaking of the Diviſion of the Land, which was made after *Pompey* was beat in *Sicily*, and *Lepidus* was taken Priſoner in *Campania*, in the Year of *Horace* 31, as *Dion* ſays in ſo many Words, pag. 456, 457. *Plutarch* in *Anton.* p. 941. *Paterculus*, II, 81. and *Appian*, p. 1176. I could with the ſame Eaſe refute all the Miſtakes about the reſt; but I hope the Reader will be contented with this Specimen.

The END.

Horatius Flaccus, Quintus 159

THE

ODES

OF

HORACE

In *Latin* and *Engliſh*;

With a Tranſlation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the *Bentleian* Stile and Manner.

Happy that Author, whoſe correct ESSAY
Reſtores ſo well the old Horatian *way!* Roſcommon.

PART I.

To be Continued.

LONDON:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Croſs-Keys*, between the two *Temple-Gates* in *Fleet-Street*. 1712. (Price 6*d.*)

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THE PREFACE.

3-21-49 FH

WE *humbly hope, that the* Reader *will encourage the following* Essays, *upon several Accounts.*

First, *As they are designed to shew him the best Author of* Augustus's *Age, in his native Purity.*

Secondly, *To give him a further Proof, how far all Attempts to render him into* English, *even after the best Version now Extant has succeeded no better, must fall short of the Beauties of the Original.*

Thirdly, *To convince him, how ridiculous it is to presume to correct* Horace *without Authority, upon the pretended Strength of superior Judgment in Poetry. And,*

Lastly, *How easily such a Presumption may be turned upon the Authors, and sufficiently expose them their own way.*

Q. Horatii Flacci ODARUM.

LIB. I.

ODE I. Ad MÆCENATEM.

(a)

ÆCENAS atavis edite regibus!
O & præsidium & dulce decus meum!
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehere ad Deos:
(b) *Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium*
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus:
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quicquid de Libycis verritur areis,
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus
Numquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.

Luctantem

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE I. *To* MÆCENAS.

ÆCENAS, born of Royal Blood,
My nobleſt Patron, ſweeteſt Good!
There are who all their Pleaſure place
In Chariots, and the rapid Race,
Who in *Olympic* Plains contend,
And joy to ſee the Duſt aſcend.
Theſe, when they win the Field and Prize,
Grow into Gods, and reach the Skies.
Another courts the People's Voice,
And doats on Offices and Noiſe:
The Farmer from the *Lybian* Plains
Gathers the Product of his Pains:
No Promiſes of Wealth prevail
To make him hoiſt a doubtful Sail,
To truſt the Winds, and try the Flood,
And leave the Fields his Father plow'd.

Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, (c)otium & oppidi
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec-veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aqua lene caput sacra.
Multos castra juvant, & lituo tuba
Permissus gemitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, tenera conjugis immemor;
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretis Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum edera præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis; me gelidum nemus,
Nymphasumque leves cum satyris chori
Secernunt populo: si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

The Merchant, when by Storms beſet,
Commends a Country Life and Seat:
But when the ſudden Danger's o'er,
Refits his Bark, and tries once more,
And hates the Crime of being poor.
The Toper underneath the Shade,
Or near ſome Spring ſupinely laid,
There all the Evening cheers his Soul,
And crowns with *Maſſick* Wine the Bowl.
The Soldier loves to ſhine in Arms,
And hear the Trumpets ſhrill Alarms,
That bid him to the Camp repair,
The Hero's Sport and Matron's Fear.
Unmindful of his tender Spouſe,
The Hunter roves through Froſts and Snows:
He ſpreads his Toils, his Dogs purſue
The flying Boar, and Stag in view.
For me, a Poet's Sacred Name,
And Ivy Crown, is all I claim;
In *Pindus'* breezy Shades I ſtray,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance and play;
Then all the Vulgar I deſpiſe,
And to immortal Glory riſe,
If the indulgent *Muſes* deign
To let me ſing in *Lyrick* Strain,
The Hero's Praiſe and Lover's Pain.
Rank me amidſt that Sacred Quire,
Nor Men nor Gods can lift me higher.

(a) THIS *Ode* ſtands for a *Proem* or *Prologue*; the thing ſhews it ſelf plain: and was made the laſt in the Book, and then added to the reſt. But in truth I am afraid, eſpecially if there be any Faith in *Librarians*, that our Author, contrary to the Character of a *bright Fellow*, as his Friend *Pindar* has it, does not here ſhew himſelf in his beſt Cloaths, but has patcht a few ſorry Rags together; ſince all Readers, from the time that Letters came again into Faſhion till now, have complained, that in this Place his Lines are intricate, and ſeem to run upon Pebble-Stones. Let us examine the Period all together, as we find it both in *Editions* and *Manuſcripts*.

One Man is pleas'd with Olympick *Games*
And duſty Racing: if he can double the Goal,
And win the Prize, this elevates him to Heaven;
Another whilſt he rifles by the Mob
To ſome great Honour or Office;
A Third if he can fill his own Barns
With all the Corn that grows in Lybia,
Whoſe greateſt Joy is to plow the Lands
His Father left him, will never be tempted,
By Attalus's *Wealth, to turn Sailer.*

Now the Queſtion is, how theſe ſame words, *One Man, Another, a Third,* hang together, and where is the Connexion? For either it muſt run thus, *one is pleas'd, another is pleas'd*; or thus, *one is elevated, another is elevated*; or thus, *one will never be tempted, another will never be tempted.* There is no fourth way, and yet no one of theſe Conſtructions is right. For ſuppoſe you have moſt Affection for the laſt; why then you ſay, that you can never tempt that *other Man* who is arrived at great Honours, or *that third Man* who has all the Farms in *Africk* in his Hand, to leave their preſent way of Life and turn Merchants. Say you ſo? Are you thereabouts? Upon my word, theſe Fools have ſome Senſe in them, if they have no Mind to put themſelves in Danger for no Reaſon in the World, and run the hazard of getting an uncertain Eſtate at Sea, when they have a very good one at Land already. What great wonder is there, I beſeech you, in all this? Do you think, you can make me believe, that ever *Pompey*, or *Caſar*, or *Craſſus* ſhould be perſuaded to leave all, and ſet up for Mer-

Merchants? As for what follows, I receive and allow of it, where our Author affirms, that no Offers of Wealth can prevail upon the Countryman, who is in Poſſeſſion of his Father's Means, to quit his preſent Buſineſs, and take to Trading: for being content with a little, and living idly, and out of *Neptune*'s way, he can eaſily prefer a ſecure Poverty to uncertain and *operoſe* Riches. This is very right, and worth the mentioning; But that other Obſervation upon Emperors and great Landlords, who would not turn Merchants, is ſenſeleſs and inſipid, as both *Julius Scaliger* and *Janus Rutgerſius* have already animadverted with Juſtice. But now perhaps you had rather ſtand to the other Conſtruction; *another man is pleas'd*, who is in high Preferments: *a Third is pleas'd*, though vaſtly Rich; ——Truly this would do, if the Law and Cuſtom of ſpeaking correctly, did not forbid it; For ſince that whole Sentence, *viz. the Prize elevates to the Heavens*, comes between theſe words: there are no Engins that I know of, to lift *vo is pleas'd*, over ſo wide a ſpace, and tack it to *vo another*. There remains a third Project; (and this is the Conjecture of *Rutgerſius*, as alſo of *Iſaac Pontanus*, as *Gataker* the Great tells us to his Commendation, *Adverſ. Poeth.* c. 16.) now this is brought about by fixing a *Comma* at *Prize*, ſo as that the word *Elevate* may agree with what follows; as thus, *It Elevates another Man* who is Honourable, *a Third* who is Rich. And yet this Conſtruction, though it be more Commodious than the other two, does not pleaſe me on many Accounts; for what force and violence is here, that *Prize* ſhould be torn aſunder from *Elevate*, when the Courſe of the Words had knit them ſo firmly together? Beſides, how Hungry, Dry and *Invenuſte* is the Sentence, if *Prize* muſt ſtand by it ſelf, and nothing follow thereupon? Then who can bear with Patience to have *Elevate* ſupply the Place of an Impersonal Verb? *Laſtly*, how comes it to be taken for Granted, that he, who has a good ſtock of Corn in his Barns, muſt for that Reaſon be preſently elevated to the Skies? I cannot think the way to Heaven ſo trite and eaſie; and it is a ſhame, that thoſe vile Miſers the *Ummidii*, *Fuſidii*, *Staberii*, *Opimii*, and filthy *Natta*, ſhould now for the ſake of Corn and Mony be placed by our Author among the Gods, whom in his *Satyrs* he thought unworthy to be reckoned Men. Believe me, *Horace* is not ſo far out of his Wits. But now, couple *Prize* and *Elevate* together, and then all is right and according to Cuſtom,

from, that he who came off Conqueror in the *Olympick* Games, should be compared to the Gods. See our Author, *Od.* 4. 2. and *Cicero pro Flacc. c.* 14. There you'll find that such Conquerors were more extolled in *Greece*, than those who had Triumph'd in *Rome*; and yet those who Triumph'd in *Rome*, were valued as Gods; see our *Horace*, Epist. 1. 17. Therefore by a better or at least as good a Right to this same Elevation, these Conquerors were to be taken for Gods. *Lucian* in *Ano.* calls these ἰσοθέους, or *God-fellows*; and *Philip*, who was one of them, had divine Honours pay'd him after his Death; *Eusebius*, who was another, enjoyed the same Honour in his Life-time; when he was in a Capacity to taste the Pleasure of it, as *Herodotus*, *Pliny*, and other Writers testifie. Therefore we are by no means to listen to *Rutgersius* and his Crew, nor must we suffer the word *Honores* to agree with any thing but *Prizes*. Now what shall we do? Why truly the Place must undergo a little Correction, before we can bear it into good Sense. I take upon me to promise, that as it came from the Poet, it should certainly run thus.

One Man is pleas'd with Olympick Games
And lofty Racing, his Delight is the Prize,
That can so easily place him among the Gods:
Another, whilst ——— *a Third, if he* ———

Where the Odes and Meaning lie in this manner. Many, O *Mecenas*, are the Inclinations of Mankind: *Some are* pleased with the *Olympick* Prize, which can make a Man a God: *Another* is pleased with Honours, a *Third* with Wealth; the *Countryman* will not be persuaded to turn Merchant, nor the *Merchant* to live in the Country; *some* follow Pleasure, *others* the Camp, *others* Hunting. but *my* Choice is the Glory of writing Odes. This is the Thread and Meaning of the Poem; which seems to bear some Resemblance to *Pindar*, who has these Lines extant in *Sextus Empiricus*, *Pyrrh. Hypot.* p. 18.

Ἀλλοτρίοων μὲν τινας ἀφίξεται
Νεῖκος ἐπαύρων τιμᾶς τε φέρων·
Τὸν δ' ἐν πολυλλίστοις δαπάνοις χαίροντα.
Τέρπεται δ' ἄλλος τις ἐν ἀγέλαις
Καὶ ἵππων ὠκυβόλων.

Some are pleased with the Honours and Garlands won by swift Horses: Others love fine Apparements: A third are delighted with going to Sea in a gilded Ship. In this Passage we write τινας,

τινας for τὴν for the sake of τὰς which follows: βίοτα, for βίωτα: οὐ διαλιπόν, for οὐδ' διαλιπόν. Let us see now how the words of *Horace* agree with *Pindar*. First you are to observe, that *nè sunt quos* must be taken for one word, and as they say in *Greek*, ὑφ' ἓν, and signifies the same thing as *Quosdam* and *Aliquos*: thus in *Greek*, εἰσὶν ὅτε, εἰσὶν εἰτε, which is common. Our *Horace* has it, *Serm.* 1. 4. *v.* 24.

Quid sunt-quos genus hoc minime juvat, utpote plures
Culpari dignos:

Where unless you take *sunt-quos* ὑφ' ἓν, it should be *Digni* and not *Dignos*. *Art. Poet.* 361.

Ut pictura, poesis: erit-quæ,
si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; & quædam,
si longius abstes.

And here also unless *erit-quæ* be taken ὑφ' ἓν, it should be *qua* and not *quadam*. Now do but imagine the Passage to run thus.

One Man is pleas'd with Olympick *Games,*
Another, whilst ——— *a Third, if* ———

I fancy these Words take a nearer Acquaintance with your Ears, and grow more familiar. Besides you must observe, that *Price*, *Dust*, and *Goal*, do all agree with *is pleased*, so that the word *Juvat*, *is pleased*, has sometimes the force of a *Personal* Verb, sometimes of an *Impersonal*, in the very same Sentence. See our Author, *Car.* 4. 1. and *Juvenal*, 11. 199. Now this uncommon way of speaking is that which has blinded the Eyes of some *Librarians*: and then they were led into an Error, by not knowing how to construe, *Nobilis evehere*, which is a Phrase derived from the *Greek*. *Horace* and the Poets of the succeeding Age use it frequently. See *Carm.* 1. 37. 3. 12, *&c. Persius* 1. 118. *Silius Italicus* 3. 375. 387. There are innumerable Instances to this purpose in *Silius*, and several in *Lucan* and *Statius*. But that alone (*Carm.* 1. 12.) confirms our Emendation, where the very same word is thus used in the very same Connexion.

——— *Illum ætherea progenies*
Nobilem. ———

Silius has the Fellow of it, *l.* 11. 73. and *Propertius* 4. 10. *v.* 42. *Lucan* comes near it, 3. 697. and *Persius* 6. 6. which must be corrected thus.

Egregios *nosse* fores.

So we read it in the *Gorleen* Copy, and in that belonging to *Trinity College*, and not as it is in the Vulgate, *Egre-*

Egregios. Thus I present you with a most exact Emendation of *Horace*, unless all my Projects fail me, by which the Sense is set upon its Legs after a very extraordinary manner, and the Language looks much brighter than it did.

(*b*) *Hunc si mobilium.*] *Mobilium* is the best reading according to several old Copies, as the *Blandinian*, which are four in the Possession of *Cruquius*, two belonging to *Pulmannus*, and one of *Bersmannius*, besides the best of our own, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, and that in *Queen's College Library*, which in the various Readings was copy'd by the same Hand, and this agrees also with the old Scholiast. Let no body therefore mind the modern Editions, or presume to write it *Nobilium*, since *Palma Nobilis* is but a Verse or two before; and who does not see how foolish and trifling a Repetition that would make. I own the *Romans* might be stiled *Noble*, because of the Greatness of their Empire; This I grant: but why *Turba Nobilium*? These two Words, as they are join'd together, have nothing else to do but to contrive their own Destruction; whilst the Epithet *Mobilium*, does justly point out and reprove that Levity and Inconstancy of the Mob in disposing of their Votes to Great Men, See *Epis.* 1. 19. *Statius*, *Sil.* 2. 2. *v.* 123. *Seneca*, *Her. Fur.* *v.* 169. The same Blunder has a long time been tolerated in most of the Copies of *Lucan.* 4. 521.

——— *Cunctas sustulit ardor*
Nobilium *mentes juvenum*———

But observe the Sense and Diction, and read for the future, *Mobilium juvenum.* vi. *Virgil. Geo.* 3. 165. For as for what our Author says, *Carm.* 4. 12. *Juvenum nobilium cliens*, where we shall produce more Matter upon this Head, it is not sufficient to justifie the Vulgar Reading in *Lucan*, as if that Epithet were therefore to be given to a select Company of young Men.

(*c*) *Otium & oppidi laudat rura sui.*] It is certainly a very ingenious Conjecture of *Acidalius Valens* in his Notes on *Valleius Paterculus*, 2. 110.

Laudat Tuta *sui.*

Which Emendation *Gronovius* Senior privately stole and made his own. *Observ. Eccles.* *c.* 10. *p.* 101. where he thus corrects *Paullinus.*

Repetitque portum, & terra tuto *via*
Prævertit intutum maris,

And then quotes *Horace* after he had repeated *Tutum via.*

Laudat Tuta *sui.*

Now I for my part have always a Mind to herd among

mong ſharp Fellows: for altho' I could bear with the Vulgar Lection, yet I think the Oppoſition between *Tuta* and *Mœnens* more pretty and agreeable; and yet *Tuta* may be found alone, *Ovid. Triſt.* 2. 201. *Tacitus, Annal.* 1. 2. Alſo *Tuta* in Company with *Oppidi. Virgil.* 11. 882. Then beſides, *Otium & Tuta* are purely joined in *Martial* 12. 5. and 3. 67. *Virgil Geo.* 3. 376. Laſtly, there is ſome Senſe in commending thoſe things which are *Safe*, So our Author *Epiſ.* 1. 15. eſpecially if he who commends be a Merchant, for being expoſed to ſo many Perils in order to raiſe a Fortune, he makes it his beſt Wiſh to ſecure a *ſafe Retreat*. Thus again our *Horace, Serm.* 1. 1. As for *Rura oppidi*, I never met with it nor any thing like it in all my Reading.

NOTES *upon* NOTES ODE I.

PRæmii, *ut res ipſa indicat.*] Whereas it may poſſibly enter into the Heads of ſome Pauſtry Judges, that a *Proem* or *Prologue* may be ſuch a ſort of a Creature, as that an Author might think fit to compoſe it *firſt*, and affix it to the beginning of his Book: Theſe are to give Notice, that a Decree is now come forth from the great *Benivoglie*, by which *Prologues* are appointed to be made laſt, and immediately to precede *Finis*; and that whatever is *firſt* compos'd and *begins* a Book, is for the future to be call'd by the Name of *Epilogue*; *for ſo*, ſays that great Man, *the nature of the thing requires*; and beſides that, ſuch is his Will and Pleaſure.

Jam quæritur, HUNC & ILLUM.] There is in this place a ſtrange Huddle and Medley of *Pronouns*, enough to maze an ordinary Commentator; but the Dr. ſprings through them with great Nimbleneſs and Agility of Body. The *Engliſh* uſually expreſs themſelves upon theſe Occaſions, when they are in danger of being puzzled by cenſuring the whole, as *This and That and T'other*; but the Learned Dr. has divided, ſubdivided, and taken them ſo to pieces, given an Account of *This*, diſcanted upon *That*, and profoundly utter'd his Judgment of *T'other*, 'till having moſt harmoniouſly rung the Changes upon all of them, to the great Entertainment of Nice and Critical Ears, he has at laſt exceeded the celebrated Performance of the Author of that elaborate Poem, which begins thus,

The

The Twister he Twisteth a Twisterly Twist.

And also far outshone that famous Ode.

Three blue Beans in a blue Bladder;
Rattle, Bladder, Rattle!

Parvo contentus.] The honest Country-man, who is here suppos'd by the Dr. *to be contented with a little*, is the very same reasonable Creature, whom *Horace* in this very Place puts in Possession of all *Lybia*, which the Dr. calls all *Africa*; and truly if that be the *little* Portion with which it has pleased the Gods to bless him, he has good reason *to be Contented*; and I am entirely of the Dr's mind, that he has no manner of Cause *to put off to Sea, in order to look out for more.*

Haud crediderim tam facilem tritamque fuisse ad superos viam.] Our Learned Critick will by no means allow, that rich Men should *fancy themselves Gods*; but he heartily contends for a Right to this Dignity, in behalf of those, *who had won a Race, or carried off the Prize at the* Olympick *Games.* His Reason is, because *the way to Heaven is not trite and easie*; and yet they who run Races and ride for Plates, seem to delight chiefly in this sort of Roads. However I love a Critick who mingles some Divinity with his Remarks, and Moralizes upon a Pagan Writer, by letting us know, for the Encouragement of a Warlike Age, that all Religion is *Fighting* and *Horse-racing* in a litteral Sense, and that Wrestlers and Cudgel-players have the best Title to Heaven.

Euthymus *etiam vivus sentiensque.*] History does not give us a full account of this *Euthymus*, who was, no doubt, a famous *Olympick* Champion; but whether Quarter-staff, Back-Sword, Single Fauchion, or Sword and Potlid were his Weapons, as also whether the Bull or Bear was his chief Game, is not so clear from Antiquity. All the Discovery that the Dr. here makes is, that he was made a God in his Life-time: *When*, says the Dr. *he might be sensible of the Honour that was done him*; for we are to understand, that in those Days, it was a Custom to make a sort of Gods, who really never arrived at a thorough Knowledge of their own Preferment.

Ubi τινας dedimus.] Whilst the Dr. is upon *Horace*, whatever other Author comes in his way, whether *Ovid*, *Pindar*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*, *&c.* though they are summon'd to assist him with Quotations, yet if they happen to be out, they must be sure to feel his Lash, and learn for the future to speak as he would have them. This is frequent in great Schools, where

where though there be but one single Boy immediately under the Master's Care, yet if any of the rest cannot tell *what was the last Word, what's next*, or *where such a one left off*, up goes his Linnen, and he is not dismissed without some critical Emendations on his Posteriors.

Librariorum oculis caliginem offundit.] The Dr. has, in several parts of this *Ode*, been very severe upon an Order of Men, whom we call *Librarians*. At the beginning of his Remarks he makes it a Question, *whether we are to give them any Credit*; and in this place he is positive, *that they do not sometimes understand* Greek; that *they are often in the Dark*, and *cannot construe* Latin. The Truth of it is, this Race of Pedants is so obnoxious for their Pride, Ignorance and Obstinacy; that if he had lash'd them more vigorously, the World would have readily come into his Sentiments.

Habes itaque, aut omnia me fallunt, certissimam Flacci emendationem.] It was ever allowed, that Persons of established Reputations might speak well of themselves; for which reason the Dr. here assures us, *that his Emendations of* Horace *are most true and exact*; but, says he, with his Modest Proviso, *if all my Projects do not fail me*: Which is much the same with what a famous *Italian* Author said on a like Occasion.

Read, Judge, Try:
And if you dye,
Never believe me more.

RURA OPPIDI vel simile quid non usquam legisse memini.] A few little Slips and Mistakes are not to be taken notice of in an Author, whose Beauties are superior. *Horace* himself pleads for this Privilege, and accounts for such Mistakes in a very candid manner,

—Quas aut incuria fecit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

If therefore Dr. *B.* avers, *that he never read any such Expression as RURA OPPIDI, or any thing like it*, let no bold Critick presume to censure him, for not recollecting a famous Aphorism in *Lithography*, now extant in St. *James's Park*, not far from the Library, where if *Urbs* and *Oppidum* may be suppos'd to signifie two things not extremely different from one another, we have certainly met with an Expression very much like *Rura Oppidi*. Vide *Buckingham-house*, *Pars Posterior*.

ODE

ODE II. *Ad* AUGUSTUM.

JAM ſatis terris nivis atque dira
Grandinis miſit Pater, & rubente
Dextera ſacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit Urbem:

Terruit gentis, grave ne rediret
Seculum Pyrrha nova monſtra queſta:
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Viſere montes;

Piſcium & ſummâ genus hæſit ulmo,
(d) Nota quæ ſedes fuerat columbis;
Et ſuperjecto pavida natarunt
Æquore dama;

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etruſco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta Regis,
Templaque veſtæ,

Iliæ dum ſe nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem, vagus & ſiniſtra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante,
Uxorius amnis.

Audiet civis acuiſſe ferrum,
Quo graves Perſæ melius perirent;
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

Quem

ODE II. *To* Augustus.

I.

SURE 'tis enough! give o'er, dread Sire!
To ſhow'r thy ſtormy Hailſtones down,
To ſmite the *Capitol* with Fire,
And rock with Thunderbolts the frighted Town.

II.

Compaſs'd with Prodigies, we fear'd
That *Pyrrha*'s Watry Age was near,
When *Proteus* drove his ſcaly Herd
Up to the Hills, and diſpoſſeſs'd the Deer:

III.

When Fiſhes play'd among the Boughs,
And chac'd the flutt'ring Birds away:
When Doves took Wing, and frighted Does
Swam thro' the Woods, and wander'd in the Sea.

IV.

We ſaw, when o'er *Etruria*'s Plain
Great *Tiber* from his Channel ſtray'd,
Prophanely waſting *Veſta*'s Fane,
And Monuments of Kings in Ruins laid;

V.

Full of Revenge and fond Deſire,
For *Ilia*'s ſake, he rais'd his Flood:
Whilſt to the Left his Waves aſpire,
Though *Jove* himſelf forbad th' uxorious God.

VI.

Our Youth ſhall hear the Sound of Arms,
To gall the *Parthian* Foe decreed;
Shall rouze to War and freſh Alarms,
And for Paternal Crimes our Children bleed.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus? prece quâ fatigent
Virgines ſanctæ minus audientem
Carmina Veſtam?

Cui dabit partes ſcelus expiandi
Jupiter? tandem venias, precamur,
(e) *Nube candentis humeros amictus*
Augur Apollo:

Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circumvolat & Cupido:
Sive neglectum genus & nepotes
Reſpicis Auctor,

Heu nimis longo ſatiate ludo;
Quem juvat clamor, galeæque leves,
(f) *Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum*
Vultus in hoſtem;

Sive mutata Juvenem figura
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
Cæſaris ultor.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
(g) *Lætus interſis populo Quirini:*
Neve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura

Tollat: hic magnos potius triumphos,
Hic ames dici Pater atque Princeps:
Neu ſinas Medos equitare inultos,
Te duce, Cæſar.

VII.

To what propitious Shrine or Pow'r
Shall the declining State repair?
How ſhall the *Veſtal* Maids implore
Their angry Goddeſs with inceſſant Pray'r?

VIII.

What Victim will great *Jove* admit,
T'avert a guilty Nation's Doom?
O *Phœbus!* vail thy Beams of Light,
And clad in Clouds, to our Aſſiſtance come.

IX.

Or thou, fair *Venus!* bring thy Train
Of *Loves* and *Smiles* and Amorous *Mirth*:
Or thou, great *Mars!* revive again
Thy long forgotten Sons, and Fav'rite Earth.

X.

Let Streams of Blood and odious War
Allay thy Thirſt, thy Rage appeaſe;
Tho' only Arms, the Sword and Spear,
And Troops in cloſe Array thy Godhead pleaſe.

XI.

Or doſt thou, gentle *Maia's* Son!
With ready Help protect the Good?
Haſt thou diſſembled Youth put on,
Deigning to purge the Earth from *Cæſar's* Blood?

XII.

Long may the Age enjoy thy Stay,
O Great *Auguſtus!* and no Crimes
Urge thy Return, or wing thy Way
Back to the Gods, and thy own Heav'n, betimes.

XIII.

Long may'ſt thou here on Earth maintain
The Names of Father, Good, and Great,
Make the World happy in thy Reign,
And from Invading Foes ſecure the State.

(*d*) *Nota quæ ſedes fuerat columbis.*] The *Battelian* Copy varies the Lection to *Palumbis*, to which the old *Scholiaſt* agrees, who obſerves, *that* Horace *did but lightly mention the Fiſhes and Ring-doves upon ſo extraordinary an Occaſion.* This place has had a Mark upon it a great while, becauſe Pigeons do ſeldom or never perch upon Trees, how then comes *Horace* to call the *Elm* the *uſual Seat of Doves*? ſhall we therefore hearken to the above-named Vouchers, and clap in *Palumbis*? But then here's a Rub: for our Author, and alſo *Virgil* write *Palumbem*, and not *Palumbum*: tho' for all this *Palumbus* is not without ſome great Names to ſupport it, *Columella*, *Pliny*, *Martial*, *Cato de re Ruſt. c.* 91. the Vulgar *Perſius* runs thus,

——— *Tinnitoque columbo.*

And yet this very Place is in ſeveral old Editions, and three Copies which I have conſulted, plainly altered for *Palumbo*. We may excuſe the received Lection of *Horace* by ſaying, that Ring-doves are comprehended under the Name *Columba*, and yet even then, the τὸ διὰ τριῶν, and alſo the Ambiguity, is by no means accounted for.

(*e*) *Nube candentes humeros amictus.*] So we read it in many modern Editions: but the famous *Venetian* and *Loſcherian* render it *Candenti*, and thus did the old Scholiaſt *Acron*; *Nube candenti*, ſays he, is better than *Candentis humeros*; Thus *Lambinus*, *Torrentius*, and others found it in ſome Copies; but they tread upon the Place a-tip-toe, and touch it ſo lightly, that you can't tell to which Lection they have moſt mind. As for me, I never met with this ſame *Candenti* in any Book of Credit; thy all plainly give it for *Candentis*: only in the *Gravian* Copy, the Letter *s* was heretofore ſcratcht a little by ſome malicious Hand: Yet ſo, that it is ſtill plain enough to be read. But let us examine the matter. Firſt, I beſeech you; what a terrible Gap is here made by *Candenti*, ſuch as has no fellow in all *Horace*? Conſider beſides, that our Author ſcarce ever ends the *Ablative Caſes* of ſuch kind of *Participles* in *Ti* but in *Te*, as in this very Ode, *Rubente*, *probante*, and elſewhere, *Fulgente*, *Candente* Turn forwards, and ſee what we ſhall ſay at Od. 1. 25. *v.* 17. But that which is the cream of the Jeſt, this *nube candenti* is not only beſides the Senſe of the Place, but directly ſpoils it. For *Apollo*'s deſign by putting on a Cloud was to hide himſelf, that no Mortal ſhould ſee him. Of this I am poſitive.

positive, and accordingly *Homer*, whence this Fancy is borrowed, *Iliad. E. v.* 186. and *v.* 344. makes *Apollo* put a Cloud over *Æneas*, that *Diomed* should not see him. Hence *Virgil* also took his hint, *Æn.* 12. 456. 1. 15. and *ib.* 520. But now how, I pray, does it hang together, or what had the Poet in his Head, to make a God, who had a mind to be in private, discover himself by the very brightness of the Cloud in which he was hid? Nothing can be more stupid and foolish than this. But not to use many words, we have carryed it for *Candentis humeros* out of the best Parchment Copies. The Epithets, *Bright*, *Shining*, *Splendid*, do always belong to the *Shoulder*. *Statius*, *Silv.* 3. 4. *Tibullus*, 1. 8. *Hor. Carm.* 1. 13. and 2. 5. And if Mortal Shoulders may be said to look bright, how much brighter must the Shoulders of *Apollo* look, who is all over Light and Brightness? *V.* 8. 720.

(*f*) *Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum vultus in hostem.*] That arch Fellow *Tanaquil Faber* says, *Mend this place, and write* Marsi, *for the Moors were no warlike People: I will hereafter make good this Alteration*; and the renowned *Dacier* very readily agrees with his Father-in-Law, but he does not make his other words good, only comes off coldly, *that some old Editions justifie this Lection.* But I should be glad to see 'em, or to know where they are. I have look't into several, and have a great many old ones by me, and yet could never luck upon this same Lection; therefore I am afraid, that this is one of honest *Tanaquil*'s Dreams, which was sent him through the Ivory Gate; and yet notwithstanding this, the Emendation is most certain, tho' all the Copies, Manuscripts, and Editions should offer to assert the contrary. For we have here a Description of a Soldier, *who is valiant*, who fights *a-foot*, and *faces* his Enemy bravely. These three things are plain from the words; and yet we will demonstrate, that nothing of this can be true of the *Moors*. First, they were never reckoned *Stout*: for the *Spaniards* and *Gauls* could beat them, much more the *Romans*. See *Hirtius de bello Afri. c.* 6. *Livy*, 23. 26. Neither did the *Moors* fight usually *on-foot*; They were indeed tolerable Horsemen. Nor yet would they *fight Hand to Hand*, but stood, like *Parthians*, at a distance, shot their Arrows, and then ran away. *Valer. Flaccus.* 3. 587. *Hirtius. c.* 7. *c.* 97. *Tacitus Hist.* 2. 58. *Claudian de Bell. Gildon.* 432. Thus the whole matter is decided, and it appears that the *Moors* were *Cowards*, fought on *Horseback*, and when they had flung their Darts at a *distance*, betook themselves to flight. Besides *Horace*'s Connexion is observable.

Quem

Quem juvat clamor galeaque leves,
Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem.

So that he plainly means such a *Foot-Soldier* as wore a *Helmet*: Whereas you find by the last Quotation, that the *Moors* always fought without one. *Silius.* 10. 605. Lastly, though we should pardon all these Blunders, and admit that the *Moors* were *Foot-Soldiers*, *valiant*, *armed* with *Helmets*, and such as fought *hand to hand*, all which is a horrid Lye: Yet *Horace* would be the greatest Blockhead in Nature, if he should run to the *Moors* for a Pattern of Warlike Virtue. For he says here, *that* Mars *took Pleasure in the stern Looks of the* Moors, *and that this very* Mars *was the Founder of the* Roman *State*; and is desired *to have some regard for his Nephews and Kinsfolks, the* Romans. What then? Would *Mars* speak his delight for *Moorish* Valour, in order to shew his Kindness for the *Romans*? And yet these very *Romans* were the greatest Enemies the *Moors* had; so that this *Cruentus hostis* here mentioned, who was so often wounded and maul'd by the *Moors*, must forsooth be a *Roman*. Prithee, *Horace*, don't talk at this rate! Nor would *Mars* suffer such an Affront upon his Nephews and Kinsfolks. Could he be taken with the Valour of any one Nation, so much as of the *Romans*? This is all wrong; the true Reading then is *Marsi*, who were the stoutest People in *Italy*. See *Strabo* 5. p. 241. *Appian. bell. civil.* 1. p. 639. *Virgil. Georg.* 8. *Horat.* Carm. 2. 20. & 3. 5.

(g) *Latus intersis populo Quirini.*] Three of *Lambin's* Books, and one of *Cruquius* read, *Quirino*. All other Books and Librarians read *Quirini*, and they have my Approbation into the Bargain. *Nick Heinsius*, a great Man, has a mind to the first Reading. *Ovid. Fast.* 4. 375. and so has the learned *Broukhusius*. *Propert.* 4. 10. and thus we read, *Gens Romula, Venena Colcha, Sulpicia horrea*, And yet our Author, *Ep.* 2. 2. v. 68.

——*Colle Quirini.*

Where *Heinsius* reads *Quirino*; but he does this without Book, nor will any Body lend an Ear to him, because of that Jingle, *Quirino, aventino*, which is very offensive. See *Ovid. Metam.* 14. 836. —— *Colle Quirino*. Where some Books, as *Heinsius* remarks, read *Quirini*, and yet he corrects it *Quirino*, tho' supported by a few Authorities. Perhaps this is right, because *Quirini* went just before. *Ovid. Fast.* 4. 375. *Colle Quirini*. So say all the Parchments, and 'tis to no purpose for *Heinsius* to foist in his *Quirino*. *Juven.* 2. 133. *Ovid. Trist.* 1. 3. v. 33. & 7. 37. *Alta Quirini.* —— Urbe *Quirini*.

Here

Here you shall never put your *Quirina* upon us, because we have the Epithets, *Alta* and *Placida*, on our side. *Pont.* 1. 5. v. 73. & *Fast.* 1. 69. *Metam.* 15. 572. 756. *Sidonius.* Ep. 19. 16. Thus all the Books agree, and therefore I can never consent to give any Disturbance to a Lection, that has slept quietly so many Years.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 2.

Arboribus raro aut nunquam Columbæ *insideant.*] This Observation is certainly most just, *that Pigeons do very seldom Perch upon Trees*; and therefore *Horace* did ill to call the Elm, *Nota sedes Columbis.* Whether the *English* Pidgeon be the full Translation of the *Latin Columba*, is not yet settled by the Learned: Neither do we fully know what sort of Perches were allow'd for Doves among the *Romans*; but I hear the celebrated and accurate *Bursmannus* will shortly oblige the World with a very curious Dissertation on the Rise and Improvement of *Roman* Pidgeon-Houses, which will set this matter in a clear Light.

Quo Poeta consilio factum, ut qui oculos fallere & latere conetur, nubis istius candore *se ipse manifestet?* The most curious Judges are afraid of every Nicety which may render an Author suspected of trifling; as here the Dr. is concern'd for *Horace*, least he should be thought to mean, *That* Apollo, *though he had a mind to be* Incog, *would yet dress himself in a bright Cloud, which Circumstance alone would discover him*; but I have sometimes known very bulky things, and things apparently obvious to the Sight, which for all that have served to conceal those who had a mind to get behind them, and not be seen; as for instance, I have often thought a Tree appear'd plain enough to my view, and yet I could not for my Blood discover an arch Fellow who skulk'd behind it. Nay, the Moon shines clear enough sometimes, and yet the Man in the Moon is as safe from being discovered, as if he wore the thickest Vizor: Neither could we ever yet obtain any tolerable Description of his Person.

Candens, nitens, fulgens, *perpetua sunt* humeri *epitheta.*] We must not take this in the strictest Sense, so as never to apply those fine Epithets, *Bright and splendid*, to any other part of the Body, but to the *Shoulder* only. *Horace* has several fine Ladies, to whose Cheeks, Breasts, and especially to their Eyes, he frequently gives the very same Names with great Propriety of Speech; nay, there are of his own Sex and Acquaintance, tho' perhaps not very intimate,

to

to whose Foreheads we may make the same Compliment, without breach of Justice.

Ei somnium hoc advolaverit per eburneam portam.] This Passage is remarkable; the Dr. affirms, *that a certain Manuscript appeared to* Tapaquil Faber *in a Dream.* Where we are to observe, that *Dreaming* is often and justly ascribed to Criticks and Commentators.

Emendatio ista certissima est, refragantibus licet omnibus libris, & scriptis & editis.] *This Emendation is most certain, let all Manuscripts and Editions say what they will to the contrary.* This is the true Meaning of the Dr's Words, and I come as near to them as possible. Nothing can be added to their Beauty, and the strictest Justice I could do them, was by a Litteral Translation: *Let Criticks and Carpers say what they will to the contrary.*

Fortis, & Peditis, & cominus Pugnantis.] Where *Horace* supposes *Mars* to delight in Cruelty, among other Circumstances, he makes him pleased with a stern Look and Visage, such as the *Moors* had then, and retain to this very Day. Now tho' it does not follow, that the Countenance of a *Moor* should be a natural Proof of his Valour, yet the Dr. is resolved, *that Valour is included in the Character*; and because the Face is mentioned, therefore he will have it, that the People here mentioned must be prov'd *to have usually fought hand to hand*: For which Reason, having discover'd from Antient Authors, that the *Moors* were no good Soldiers, to which the Moderns also agree, he routs them out of the Field, and rallies the *Marsians* in their stead. It is probable that his Readers might have been contented, that the *Moors* should have kept their Ground, notwithstanding their Countenances; but it seems *Mars* would have it otherwise: and the Dr. did not think it safe to deny a Person of his Character all reasonable Satisfaction.

A Mauro *confossus ac trucidatus* Romanus.] Here the Dr. supposes the *Moors* to be a very formidable Enemy to the *Romans*, by whom they had been often *slain and routed*; and yet just before, they were *Cowards, Pultroons*, that could *not look the* Romans *in the Face*, nay *thirty* Gauls *could put two thousand of them to flight.* Such is the Uncertainty, such the Vicissitudes of War! O happy Critick, whose Emendations do not only teach our *Grammar* and *Syntax*, but correct our very *Morals* and *Politicks!*

Apage tam indignam & in Nepotes *& in* auctorem *contumeliam*] *Mars* is here supposed to take part with his *Nephews* and *near* Relations the *Romans* against *Horace*, if he should offer to affront them; and therefore no wonder if the Dr. be so importu-

nate

nate with an Author, for whoſe Safety he had the leaſt regard, to take care of himſelf.

Alii omnes omnium, mei certe magno conſenſu.] All Criticks are ſuppos'd to have the Supreme Legiſlative Power reſiding in them; and therefore, when all other Tranſcribers, Scholiaſts, and Editors had given their Judgment, the Dr. according to form ſubſcribes, *We have ſeen and do approve, be it therefore enacted*, and ſo forth.

Verum nulli libri ſuffragantur.] Who this *Nick Heinſius* is, whom the Dr. cenſures for preſuming to inſert Emendations without Authority from Manuſcripts and Copies, is not ſo clear; but it is beſt for him to be in Obſcurity, ſince he has ſo juſtly incurr'd the Diſpleaſure of the Dr. and for ſo heinous a Crime.

Tinnitu aures offendantur.] Here our Author will by no means ſuffer *Horace* to be guilty of any thing like a Jingle, which may offend the Reader's Ears: For though Poets have large Privileges, they are not allowed to encroach upon the proper Province of their Commentators.

ODE III.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis præter Japyga;

Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum

Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristis Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
Quo non arbiter Hadriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

Quem mortis timuit gradum,
(a) *Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,*
(b) *Qui vidit mare turbidum, &*
(c) *Infamis scopulos Acroceraunia?*

(d) *Necquiquam Deus abscidit*
Prudens Oceano dissociabilis
Terras, si tamen impia
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.

Post ignem æthereâ domo
Subductum, macies & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors:
Semotique prius tarda necessitas

Leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aera
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus (e) *Naborill.*

ODE III.

SO may bright *Venus* glitter o'er the Deep,
And the fair *Twins* with double Luſtre ſhine.
Whilſt all the Winds within their Caverns ſleep,
But only thoſe which favour thy Deſign;

If thou, dear Ship! from Storms and Wracks defend,
And, as I wiſh and pray, betimes reſtore
Virgil, my better Half, my neareſt Friend;
And Land him ſafe on *Athens* longing Shore.

Hard was his Heart, inclos'd in Folds of Braſs,
Who in a feeble Bark firſt boldly try'd
The Watry Path and Region of the Seas,
And adverſe Winds and ſwelling Waves defy'd.

No raging Storms could ſhock his mighty Soul,
Nor craggy Rocks by forked Lightning ſplit,
Though *Northern* Blaſts along the Ocean howl,
To which the *Adriatick* Waves ſubmit.

Death in no form could ever move his Fear,
Who calmly with attentive Mind and Eyes
The Horrors of the Deep unmov'd could bear,
And view the Monſters of the low Abyſs.

The Earth by *Jove* was parted from the Main,
Who gave each Element its proper place:
But haughty Man obſtructs what Gods ordain,
Since impious Ships the Sacred Bounds o'erpaſs.

No Pow'rs the Pride of Mortals can controul,
Prone to new Crimes, by ſtrong Preſumption driv'n;
With Sacrilegious Hands *Prometheus* ſtole
Celeſtial Fire, and bore it down from Heav'n.

That fatal Preſent brought on Mortal Race
An Army of Diſeaſes: Death began
With Vigour then to mend his halting Pace,
And found a more compendious Way to Man.

With Human Wings, not form'd by Nature's Aid,
Whoſe nobleſt Works vain Art would oft excel,
Wiſe *Dædalus* the ſtarry Realms ſurvey'd,
Whilſt great *Alcides* forc'd the Gates of Hell.

(e) *Nil mortalibus arduì eſt.*
Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ: neque
Per noſtrum patimur ſcelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 3.

(a) *QUI ſiccis oculis monſtra natantia.*] Truly this is a very ſmart Paſſage, and the whole *Ode* is finely done, and with no vulgar Spirit and Judgment; but then, either I am quite beſide the Saddle, or elſe I ſhall plainly make it appear, that under this ſmooth Skin a very filthy Sore lies lurking. Let us look cloſer into the Buſineſs. The *Scholiaſt* very well interprets thoſe words (*Siccis oculis*, Dry Eyes) by *Sine Lacrymis*, i. e. *Free from Tears*, and calls *Lucan* to witneſs for him. *l.* 1044.

Qui ſicco lumine campos
Viderit Emathios.

And you may add, if you pleaſe, *Seneca de Tranquill.* 15. and *Propertius.* 1. 17. *Sicca Gena*, which is the ſame thing, is very frequent among the Poets. See *Ovid. Triſt.* 1. 2. *Martial.* 12. 3. 1. 79. Now put all this together, and then let us examine our Author's Meaning. *What a Stout Heart*, ſays he, *had that Man, What Pains and Method of Dying could he be afraid of, who truſting himſelf to Shipboard, firſt ſet Sail, and could without Tears behold the Monſtrous Beaſts, turbulent Waves, and horrible Rocks, all which are very terrible things?* Very pretty truly! But now I do poſitively affirm, that the moſt Chicken-hearted Fellow amongſt us, nay even a very Wench could do all this, and ſtand ſuch a Sight without Crying; For being in a very dreadful Conſternation, ſhe could not ſhed a Tear, tho' ſhe would never ſo fain, this being the Nature of us all. Pity, Paſſion, Deſire, Shame, ſudden Danger, a ſmall Fright, or the Remembrance of ſome great and narrow Eſcape, theſe will make a Man cry whether he will or no: but when we are ſurpris'd into ſome great and terrible Miſchief that popps upon us on the ſudden, there is no room for crying, no not for a little Girl, if that ſhould be her caſe. We all know this. Our great School-dame, Nature, and every Man's Experience teaches us as much. Now where is the Wonder or the Miracle, if a valiant Fellow ſhould look upon all this with *dry Eyes*, which the greateſt Cowards can behold without weeping? Nay more than this, the greater the Fright, the drier the Eyes; inſomuch that you ſhall have them ſtand ſtiff and immoveable in our Heads. See *Virgil* upon *Turnus.* 7. 446.

Nothing's ſo high, but what Mankind will dare,
Puſh'd to exceſs of Ill, and Crimes unknown:
Scarce will our Pride the Gods themſelves forbear,
Or ſuffer *Jove* to lay his Thunder down.

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446. *Dirigunre oculi.* And accordingly our Author in much ſuch another Fright, occaſioned by Storms and Monſters, does not ſet *Europa* a crying, though ſhe was a very young Girl at that time, but only makes her look Pale. *Carm.* 3. 23. Beſides, we never find in *Homer* and *Virgil*, whoſe Heroes were great Driv'lers, and much addicted to Whining and Sniv'ling; on which account they are cenſured by ſome Modern Block-heads, that *Ulyſſes* or *Æneas*, when they were at Sea, and in danger of being caſt away, did ever ſhed a Tear: But they would bawl or groan moſt grievouſly; Nature is apt to talk that ſort of Language, to let looſe the Voice, but ſhut up the Sluices of the Eyes. Throw a Man into the Fire, or into the Water, or hold a naked Sword to his Throat, do you think he would Cry for any ſuch Matter? You ſee then what an Abſurdity this is; and this ſame Expreſſion, *Dry Eyes*, muſt in your Eyes, if you have any, make but an odd ſort of a Figure. *He*, ſays *Horace*, *who can ſee all this with* Dry Eyes, *muſt have a hard Heart plated with Braſs, and could look any ſort of Death in the Face*; But not to Cry on thoſe Occaſions, where the reſt of Mankind are apt to Cry, is not Valour but Inſenſibility, and proves a Man to be Savage not Bold, Inhuman and not Magnanimous. See *Ovid. Heroid.* 11. 10. Other Writers have obſerved as much: and then *Horace* is ſtrangely out in this Place. We muſt therefore look out for ſomething elſe beſides *Dry-Eyes*, which may better expreſs an Heroick Mind. And behold I here preſent you with the very Lines, juſt as they came out of *Horace's* Scrutore!

Qui rectis oculis monſtra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turbidum.

You ſee the Alteration is a Trifle, nor does this differ ſo much from the vulgar Reading. So that I am amazed at the Impudence of thoſe ſawcy *Librarians*, who durſt venture upon ſuch a ſtrange piece of Preſumprion; eſpecially ſince this Lection is a Rarity, the other Trite and Vulgar. This makes it Senſe, and is of Authority ſufficient to annul the Act and Deed of at leaſt two Hundred *Tranſcribers*, if they ſhould offer to contradict it. See *Seneca.* Epiſt. 104. Id. *de Conſtant. c.* 5. *Suetonius Auguſt. c.* 16. Now what think you? Are you not

c'early of Opinion, that thoſe terrible Objects, thoſe frightful Hobgoblins, the Monſters, Waves, and Rocks, are no longer to be look'd upon *Siccis oculis*, with *Dry Eyes*, but *rectis oculis*, with *Steady Eyes*? For he is truly the brave Fellow, who in a time of Danger, will not ſo much as wink or turn away his Head. See *Tacitus de mor. Germ.* c. 33. and *Pliny* againſt *Winking*. *Hiſ.* 11. 37. Hence it is, that To have a *Steadfaſt Look* and to *Look a Man in the Face* (I have told you already what is *Greek* for it) are always prædicated of the Stouteſt Blades. See *Seneca* concerning *the beſt way of having one's Throat cut*. Epiſt. 76. and *Cicero de Rabirio. Part.* c. ult. I have corrected the Paſſage which others ſtruck at, and would have you ſtand to it boldly and bravely. See *Statius*, Theb. 10. 537. *Juvenal.* 6. 339. Where *Rectâ facie* is put for *Impudence*. *Boetius.* de Conſol. metro. 4. *Sophocles.* Ædip. Tyran. p. 205. Ed. Steph. *Theocritus.* Idyl. 5. 35. *Arrian* Epictæ. ſine libri 3. *Archidamas* orati. ad mili. *Xenoph.* Hellen. 7. p. 620. *Hierax* Stobæi 2. *Ariſtides* pro quatuor viris. Tom. 2. p. 299. de Themiſtocle. The *Latins* are for lifting up the Eyes to meet any Terrors or Menaces. See *Lucretius.* 1. 67.

—— *Tollere* contra
Eſt oculos auſus. ——

All the Copies of *Lucretius* read *Tollere*, and they are Coxcombs who would put *Tendere* out of *Nonius* in its room. See *Livy* 6. 16. touching looking *Tribunes* and *Dictators* in the Face. *Seneca.* Epiſt. 71. *Plutarch* περὶ εὐθυμ. p. 847. *Seneca de beneficiis.* 1. 3. *Auctor Octavia.* 5. 481. The *Greeks* have a nice Word for this, which is ἀντοφθαλμεῖν, for which *Polybius* the Hiſtorian had a very great fancy, as 1. 68. 2. 24. 3. 14. 64. and 4. 32. and 34. Beſides, they thought it a Mark of Valour to look foreright without winking. *Ariſtophanes* Equit. 5. 292. *Lucian* in Κατα p. 270. de Megapenth. Tyran. *Oppian.* Cyneg. 1. 208. de Equo.

Η πᾶς ἄντα δίδορκεν ΑΣΚΑΡΔΑΜΤΚΤΟΙΣΙΝ ὀπαῖς
Αἰζηοῖς λέχου πεπτηυίαισιν ἀλίτροις.

Which Paſſage the greateſt of Men, *Julius Scaliger* in Epinom. produces to ſhew, that the *Cretick Foot* (as here σκαρδάμυκτ) is ſometimes tolerated in *Hexameters*; but to no purpoſe; for ſo terſe a Poet would never claim ſo ſtrange a Privilege. Without doubt we muſt clap in ἀτραμύκτοισιν, for this Word ſignifies all one as ἀσκαρδάμυκτος, *i. e.* Not-winking. Whence *Euphorion apud Etymol. & Suid.* Alſo correct *Heſychius*, and for ἀτάρμυκτον write ἀτάρμυκτον, for ſo the run of the Words will have it. *Lycophron*, according to the preſent

sent Reading, v. 1177. has ταρβήσσουσαν. However, the Etymologist's Authority is good, and you must restore ταρμύσσουσαν, as is still extant in one written Copy. But to draw to a Conclusion, and to finish off our present Emendation. We have, I suppose, got over all Difficulties, and satisfied you, that either *Horace* did positively write *Rectis oculis*, or should have done it; if you deny one of these Points, I must tell you that you don't know what sort of a Blade *Horace* was, and if you deny both, we know what sort of a Blade you are.

(*b*) *Qui vidit mare turgidum.*] The *Venetian* Edition 1478, which I reckon the first, reads *turgidum*: The *German* of *Loscher*, *turbidum*; but the succeeding Editions stick close to *turgidum*. The better sort of Copies declare some for one, some for t'other; and truly I can very well away with either of those Readings. See *Prudentius* Peri. Steph. 5. 475. *Avienus* in Arateis. These are for *turgidum*. *Virgil* is for *Tumidum*. The *Greeks* write ἅλιον οἶδμα. Yet I have no manner of doubt, but that *Horace* wrote *turbidum*, which is an Epithet of more force, and more terrible. *Lucret.* 5. 998. *Ovid.* Tris. 1. 10. Leand. Her. *Seneca* Her. Oet. 456. *Avienus* in Arateis, these all make use of *turbidum*, especially in Sea Affairs. So that I begin to fear, since *turbidum* has so many Votes, whether *Prudentius* and *Avienus*, in the places just cited, are not to be altered accordingly.

(*c*) *Infames scopulos* Acroceraunia.) *Virgil*, Æneid 3. 506. mentions *Ceraunia*, where *Servius* confirms this reading in *Horace*, and tells us, *that the* Ceraunia *were Mountains in* Epirus, *which were call'd so, as being very high, and liable to be Thunder-struck.* *Horace* is more express, and hints both at the Thunder and Loftiness of these Rocks, by calling them *Acroceraunia*. *Lactantius* ad Statii Theb. 1. 133. *Infames scirone petras. Observe*, says he, *They are called* infames, *according to that in* Horace. Infames scopulos. This he repeats at the 3d 121, and 6. 156. But in the last of these Places, the old Books read *alta ceraunia*, as is observed by *Theod. Marcilius* and *Geor. Fabricius*, in their Notes on this very *Ode*. Whence *Will. Baxter*, a Fellow of a close Head, in a late Edition of *Horace*, has alter'd it to *Alta Ceraunia*. But I wish he had not done it; for the Authority of one suspected Place can never be good against two other Passages in *Lactantius*, and against *Servius*, who is much older, and all the Copies of *Horace* every where dispersed. Nor can I away with this double Epithet, *Infames*, *alta*, which no body will bear with, who has any taste for Poetry. Ἀκροκεραύνια is in imitation of ἀκροκόρινθος, being a long ridge of Mountains with a Promontary at the end of them called *Acroceraunia*. See *Ovid* Remed. am. 5. 739.

and

and *Pliny* Hist. 3. 23. and in four or five other Places mentions them as Mountains in *Epirus*. *Lucius Ampelius*, ca. 5. says, *Parnassus* Acroceraunia *in* Epiro. He would make *Acroceraunia* common, but that's a Mistake; for except the Places I have cited, I believe he will be at a loss to find *Acroceraunia* any where else: for *Ceraunia* is the common Word, both among the Poets and others.

(*d*) *Necquisquam Deus abscidit prudens oceano dissociabili terras.*] *Dissociabili* was always taken Passively (as the Grammarians call it) in this place; and they made these words bear this Sense, *It was well done of* Jupiter, *to separate the Earth from the Sea, which was therefore cut off and divided from it.* See *Ovid.* Metam. 1. 22. *Statius* Silv. 3. 2. v. 61. But some later Writers have taken upon them to give the words another turn, thus: *It was well done of* Jupiter *to separate one Country from another, by the Interposition of the Sea.* See *Lucretius.* And then the better to countenance their own Projects, they resolv'd to make *Dissociabili* Active, and not Passive, as the other Commentators had appointed, i. e. *Dissociabilis, qui terras dissociat*, much like *genetabilis aura, penetrabile frigus*, and the rest. And this Interpretation must, as I find, stand for good, and pass current. For once, I'll humour you, and suffer *Dissociabilis* to be receiv'd Actively, that is Analogically; and yet 'tis impossible to find it any where else in that Acception. But now see what foolish work you have made here? and what Sense this is? Jove *separated the Earth from the Sea, which was divided from it:* or as some explain the place, Jove *divided the Earth from the Sea, which was divided by the Sea*; will any one be persuaded, that this putid and tautological Stuff could come from *Horace?* Now do but add one Letter and write *Dissociabilis*, if you have any Sense in you, which is the very same with what we call *Dissociables*, according to the new Mode of Spelling, and then take it thus: *It was to no purpose*, says *Horace, that* Jupiter *so providentially divided one Country from another by the interposition of the Sea, since Mortals can so easily Skip over these Bounds, and pass in Ships from one Country to another, and join them by Commerce, though they were divided by* Jupiter. Now you see, the Words and Meaning hang together, and look something like. *Statius.* Sil. 3. 32. observes, that *Sicily* was thus divided from *Italy*. *Florus* 2. 8. & *Valer Flaccus.* 2. 615. Both make mention of other Countries, that were parted by the Seas. *Seneca* has much the same Notion with our Author, about the separation of Sea and Land, and makes sad Dogs of the *Argonauts* for pretending to Navigation, and to drive a forbidden Trade. *Medea* 335. I fancy by this time, I have said

ſaid enough to make out our own Emendation. There is ſomething behind, which will clearly refute the Whimſical Notions of others. For that firſt Interpretation, by which the Sea is ſuppoſed to be divided from the Land, and thereby guarded from the Attempts of Sailing, cannot conſiſt with the following Words,

——— *Si tamem impia*
Non tangenda rates tranſiliunt
vada,

For why *tranſiliunt*? this word implies, that not only the Seas ſhould be attempted, but alſo that ſeveral Foreign Countries ſhould be attempted by the Seas, and a Commerce ſet up in defiance of Nature. For it can never be made out, that the Ocean ſhould deſerve this Name *Diſſociabilis*, which is never uſed for things of a different Nature, or for one Thing aggregate and concrete of Things of a different Nature. See *Tacitus*. Agric. 3. *Claudian*. in Ruff. 2. 238. *Prudentius*. Pſycom. 763. There is no reaſon why the Sea ſhould be called *Diſſociabilis*, unleſs part of it be ſeparated, ſplit, or divided from t'other; but *Horace* never deſign'd any ſuch thing.

(e) *Nil mortalibus arduum eſt.*] The better ſort of Copies read *ardui*: ſo *Cruquius*, and the reſt, to which our oldeſt Books, the *Gravian* and *Leiden*, and that belonging to *Queen's-College*, with others, agree. Add to theſe the Copy of *Barthius*, which is of good repute. *Adverſ.* 35. 2. This Lection is therefore to be received, and the Spurious one to be rejected. *Epiſt.* 2. 3. All which is approved by that moſt elegant Gentleman, *Nich. Heinſius*, vi. *Ovid.* Heroid. 8. 104.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 3.

EGO vero meticuloſum quemvis, etiam feminam, id poſſe præſtare dico.] Our Commentator gives us in this Place a very learned Diſſertation upon *Crying*. The Directors of the *Ferula*, and they who manage the *Birchen* Scepter, are extreamly well qualified for ſuch a Subject; *Horace*, it ſeems, had ventured to ſay, *that he, who firſt ſail'd among Rocks, and Sea-monſters, was a hard-hearted Fellow, if he could with* dry Eyes *behold thoſe terrible Objects*; but the Dr. affirms, *that this is no wonder at all: ſince a young Girl can't cry, if ſhe would, at ſuch a Sight. For*, ſays he, *a ſudden Conſternation dries the Eyes more than any thing*. Indeed I was always of Opinion, that *Rowhead* and *Bloody-bones* were naughty Words, and that our *Engliſh* Nurſes did very ill, to uſe any ſuch Language to our Children, when an Onion might have done as well; and I am heartily glad, the Dr. has found a way to forbid theſe words having any Operation for the Future.

Suppose you cry, *Boh!* to a Young Girl, or run in and tell her, that the *Bull-beggar* is coming to fetch her; and I question whether these Attempts may not come under the Notion of a *sudden Consternation*; may it not so happen that such a Girl puts Finger in Eye, unless she be told that Dr. *B.* has given Orders to the contrary, and will certainly whip her if she does? There are Cradles, Rattles, and a good Collection of *Odes*, called *Lul-labyes*, which are much used to quiet Children on these Occasions: but never was a more dexterous Invention than to set all these aside, and prove by Demonstration to the Child's own Face, *that it cannot Cry if it would never so faign.* As for the valiant Sailor, if in a *sudden Consternation* he should hold out, and not leak at the Eyes, though it were the first time of his going to Sea, I own it would not be so great a Wonder; but then what does the Dr. mean here by a *sudden Consternation?* The first Man that ever went to Sea, most certainly expected to meet Storms and Winds there as well as at Land: And if ever he survey'd the Ocean from the Shore, he must also have Reason to believe, that he should now and then meet such a thing as a Rock, *which*, as the Dr. Observes, *being so much like a Mountain*, could not be so strange and terrible an Object; as for the Monsters, the Sharks, Whales, Dolphins, Sea-horses, *&c.* if they popp'd up their Heads all in a Body, just as our new Adventurer pass'd by, I own I believe he would be daunted; But take his Journal thus. *Ditto* 13. a shoal of *Pilchards*. Wind at E. The 14th *Ditto*. *Stormy*. Lost an Anchor. Two Sharks came up with us. *Ditto* 15. The *Bishop and Clarks*. Took a *Sturgeon*. The 16th *Ditto*. Stood in for *Kingroad*. Wind at S. W. Here we see the *Storm*, the Rock, the Pilchards, and the Sturgeons, do not all come upon a Man in a Moment, and therefore I see no reason, why the Dr. should put him into so *sudden* a Fright. But now when a young Sailor has time to reflect on all these Objects one after another, to consider, that perhaps worse is coming, and at the same time what he has left behind on Shore, if the Handkerchief should come out, *Horace* is right; but as far as I can find, the Dr. does not manage the Sea so well as *Neptune* did, but brings his Rocks, his Storms and Monsters, all upon the poor Mariner together, to fright him out of his Wits, on purpose to keep him from Crying. Indeed he is very right, where he says, *that throw a Creature into a Well, this fright shall not draw a Tear from its Eyes:* but if it does, you must impute it to *Passion, Desire, or some such Motive.* This may serve as an admirable *Comment* on that antient *Lyrick* Poem.

There

There was two Cats *sat on a Well,*
And one of them fell in;
The other Cat *that sat by,*
Wept bitterly:
Because that Cat *was t' other* Cat's *Confin-Germin.*

Where you see the surviving *Cat* takes no Notice of a Fright, but Weeps out of *Desire* and *Passion* for her Relation that was drowned, which confirms the Dr's Criticism.

VLYSSES & ÆNEAS ingemunt & vociferantur.] The Dr. is concerned for *Homer* and *Virgil's* Heroes, least they should be censured as *Driv'lers:* and therefore takes notice, that in a Storm, which he calls a *sudden Consternation*, they never *cry'd*, but only *groan'd* and *howl'd* most hideously. This is much for the Honour of those worthy Gentlemen, *Æneas* and *Ulysses*: for certainly if they would, they might have held their Tongues and not made such a Noise; But the Dr. says, *neither they, nor any other Milk-sop, could have cry'd if they would in such a case*: So that it seems they did their best to prove they were frighted, which was done like Men of Honour.

Atqui ficos ad rem aliquam venere oculos, ubi mortalium plerisque lacrimæ excuterentur, non tam roboris est, quam duritiæ.] *Horace* falls again under the Dr's Displeasure, for making *Dry Eyes* a Mark of a brave Mind on some Occasions; whereas, says he, it proves a Man to be *Savage and Inhuman*. And yet *Horace* is so far from describing a *truly brave* Man in this Place, that I think he sufficiently proves him to be Savage, by saying, that his Heart was plated with Brass. *Æs triplex circa pectus:* Which I take to be worse, than if he had given him the Heart of a Lion or a Bear. But I find the Dr. is of Opinion, that a Man may have Brass in his Constitution without prejudice to his Humanity.

Is demum intrepido & invicto est animo, qui neque connivent ad intentatum periculum, neque vultum avertat.] The Dr. produces many pertinent and learned Quotations from Antiquity, against that scandalous Custom of *Winking in times of danger*; but I wonder he omits the Moderns on this Occasion, who might afford him so much Additional Matter on the Subject, especially since the Invention of Guns: where great Enlargements might have been made upon *Prime* and *Touch-holes*.

Alterum si negas, qui Horatius *sit, omnino nescis: sin utrumque; vereor ne, qui tu sis, optimè sciamus.*]. Tho' the words *Fool* and *Blockhead* are not expressed here, yet they are most certainly to be understood, as being very familiar to our learned Commentator. For the Dr. here puts a very shrewd *Dilemma*, Whether *Horace* be not a *Fool*, or the Reader? but considering there is also a Third Person concerned in the Business,

fineſs, I am amazed to think he ſhould exempt him from the hazard of the very ſame Imputation.

TVRBIDVM fortius epitheton eſt, & majorem terrorem incutit.] There is a great Controverſie in this Place; the two *Candidates* are, *turgidum & turbidum*; the Dr. takes the Poll, ſummons the Authors to Vote, then caſts up the Books, and declares in favour of *turbidum*: *which*, ſays he, *is a more forcible and more terrible Epithet than* turgidum. Now all the difference lies between two Letters *B* and *G*: and the Dr. is for the firſt. As for *G*, I own there is much to be ſaid in its behalf; there are ſeveral ſorts of Oaths of great Force and Terror, in which it is of ſingular Uſe and Vertue: *Gog*, *Gorgon*, *Gun-powder*, and many other frightful things begin with this very Letter. As for *B*, I do not find, though it ſtands high in the *Alphabet*, that it is altogether ſo terrible; there is indeed a Conjurer or two, and ſome few Devils, whoſe Names ſet out with a *B*: but I had forgot, that our high and mighty *Scholiaſt* gives this for his *Mark*, and therefore let all Readers keep their Diſtance, and for the future approach this dreadful Letter with Fear and Reverence.

Initium Epiri, *montes* Acrocerauniæ.] Our Author takes great Pains to prove from Antiquity, that the Rocks, which, in *Horace*'s Opinion, might be ſo terrible to a young Sailor out at Sea, were Mountains in *Epirus*, and that *Parnaſſus* was was one of them. Indeed he does not give any account, how Mountains at Land ſhould be terrible to Men at Sea, who no Queſtion could not but be ſtrangely *frighted*, to meet in ſuch or ſuch a Latitude a Hill or two newly arrived from *Epirus*. But *Parnaſſus* being one of theſe Hills, has I ſuppoſe, learnt all the reſt the Trick of travelling up and down, and viſiting People; for who is there, that does not reckon *Parnaſſus* among his Lands and Tenements? And why ſhould not Dr. *B.* remove a Mountain into a Sea, ſince the learned Author of a Diſſertation on *Phalaris* has remov'd the Sea over Mountains, and made Agrigentum *a Sea-port Town in the middle of* Sicily?

The End of the Firſt Part.

THE
ODES
OF
HORACE

In *Latin* and *Engliſh*;

With a Tranſlation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the *Bentleian* Stile and Manner.

Humano capiti cervicem jungit equinam. Hor.

PART II.

To be Continued.

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Q. Horatii Flacci

ODARUM.

LIB. I.

ODE IV. Ad SESTIUM.

Olvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris & Favoni:
Trahuntq; siccas machinæ carinas.
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni;
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
(a) Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ:
Junctaque Nymphis Gratia decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede; (b) dum gravis Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens visit officinas.

Nunc

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE IV. *To* SESTIUS.

THE Winter melts away, the Spring takes place:
Warm Winds the Icy Streams releaſe,
And Ships reviſit the neglected Seas.
The Cattle range afar, from Stalls let looſe:
No more the Hearth with Aſhes glows,
And ſnowy Meads their hoary Fleeces loſe.
Venus in Pairs now calls again
Her Nymphs and Graces, lovely Train,
To dance by Moon-ſhine on the verdant Plain;
There hand in hand they ply their nimble Feet:
Whilſt *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* ſweat,
And with loud Stroaks their maſſy Anvils beat.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc & in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
(c) *Seu poscat agnâ, sive malit hædo.*
Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turris. O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
(d) *Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,*
(e) *Et domus exilis Plutonia: quo simul meâris,*
(f) *Nec regna vini sortiere talis,*
(g) *Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juventus*
Nunc omnis, & mox virgines tepebunt.

Now is the proper time to deck the Head,
And Myrtle round the Temples ſpread,
Or Flow'rs new ſpringing from the Froſty Bed.

Now is the time, the Swains have ſo decreed,
A bleating Lamb or tender Kid
To *Faunus* in the ſacred Grove muſt bleed.

Intruding Death with equal Freedom greets
The low built Hutt, and ſtately Gates
Of lofty Palaces and Royal Seats.

Be wiſe, O *Sextius!* to prolong forbear,
Since Life is ſhort, thy Hopes and Care:
The Fabled Shades and gloomy State draw near.

Thou muſt e'er long, without Redemption, go
To *Pluto*'s dusky Realm below:
Thy Revels and thy drunken Joys forgoe.

Then *Lycidas* no longer ſhall be thine,
Whoſe Charms our Sex at preſent win,
For whom a thouſand Virgins ſoon ſhall pine.

(*a*) JAM Cytherea *choros ducit* Venus.] Observe that this same *Venus* is a very Idle word in this place: for neither our *Horace* nor any other *Latin* Author ever said *Cytherea Venus*, but only plain *Cytherea*. Od. 3. 12. *Virgil* Æne. 4. 128. Thus say all the rest of them, or else my Memory fails me. Not a Greek Poet ever said Κυθέρεια Ἀφρόδιτη, no not *Homer* himself, who so often calls upon Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων, which only *Virgil* has imitated, and that but once. Æneid. 3. 251. And this may serve to justify our Author, since none of our Books pretend to amend the place. Add to this, what *Marius Plotius* says, *de metris*. *Jam* Cytherea *choros verius dat*. Where the Metre requires it should be *Venus dat*, for this is quoted out of our Author, and confirms the vulgar Lection.

(*b*) *Dum graves* Cyclopum Vulcanus *ardens urit officinas.*] *Julius Scaliger*, a great Man, in his *de Poeti.* lib. 6. cannot digest this. *Vulcan*, says he, *does not burn his own Hovel, for then it would be consumed: whereas it is supposed to remain.* Urget *is therefore better, for it is the Business of a Master to forward his Work.* Thus far *Scaliger*, whom the rest of his Fraternity, the Commentators, though at other times they are apt enough to tickle him, do not think fit to meddle with in this place; but neither will they mind what he says, nor yet try to mend the matter. *Scaliger*'s Notion is right and sharp enough, but it was not so well done of him, to say *camines*: for why should not Chimneys burn? See for proof *Juvenal.* 14. 118. *Ovid. Fast.* 4. 473. But to burn a Hovel is quite another thing: for by that means the *Smith* might also set Fire to his whole Shop, and all his Tools: and it would be pleasant enough to charge the God *Vulcan* with such a Frolick. Nor will that in *Propertius* Eleg. 11. 1.

Colchis Jolciacis urit abena focis,

mend the matter, though *Passeratius* mentions it, as being foreign to the Purpose: for Kettles may burn without danger to the Hovel or Chimney. Besides, I wonder *Scaliger* should take no notice how ridiculous those two words *ardens & urit* look so near together; Might we not cry out in Greek, Δὶς ταυτὸν εἶπας, *You said that before?* This Fire upon Fire is enough to freeze us. I agree therefore to *Scaliger*'s *urget officinas*, since from a Boy I remember those Lines in *Virgil.* 8. 439.

Tollite cuncta, inquit, &c.

Here, I suppose, you hear a Master

Master urging and forwarding his Servants to Work. In the mean time, we have some old Parchments that help us out here at a dead lift. The *Leiden* Copy, aged 80 and upwards, most truly reads *Visit officinas*. So do some of *Lambin's*, so *Colbert's* in the various Lections, and the *Bodleian*, where the Word is *visit*. *Plotius* the Grammarian, *p.* 2663, who exceeds all these in Years, writes *usit*, and so we now read it; but doubtless, this is a Blunder in those Puppies the Librarians, who should have made it *visit*, for there is not a word in the World which we can wish or fancy more to *Horace's* mind than this. See where he speaks of *Venus* visiting *Paphos*. Ode 3. 28. and *Virgil*. Æne. 4. 143, where *Apollo* makes a Visit. *Ovid* sends *Vulcan* on much such another Errand. *Arte*. 2. 519. See also *Apollonius Rhodius*. 3. 40, where *Venus* is represented, not as in this place, dancing by Moon-shine, but like a good Housewife staying at Home, and minding her Family; whilst her Good Man *Vulcan* was at his Forge at *Lipara*. Take notice, that I had first penn'd this Comment, before it came to my Ears, that the most ingenious *Rutgersius* had already determined for *visit*, and also cited this Passage of *Apollonius*.

(c) *Seu poscat agnam sive malit hædum.*] Thus we read it in three of *Lambin's* Books: so says one of *Cruquius*, and another of *Burmannus*; two of ours, the *Zulichemian*, and that of the *Royal Society*, make it *agnam & hædos*, which comes nearest to the right Lection, and is best supported by the Credit of most Copies and the oldest.

Seu poscat agnâ, sive malit hædo.

Servius upon *Virgil*, Eclog. 3. *Cum faciam vitulâ*, quotes this very place. So we read in *Marius Victorinus*, p. 2575. and *Plotius*, 2659. The *Gravian* Copy says in the Margent, that *immolari sibi* is understood: Which is very right; for if you only read *agnam & hædos*, all that need to be understood is only *immolari sibi*. But 'tis as good Latin to say, *poscit agna sibi immolari*, as to say, *poscit agnam sibi immolari*. See *Macrobius Saturn*. 3. 10. The Grammarians therefore do in this place look for a Knot in a Bull-rush. And yet perhaps they may contend, that we ought to render it *poscat agnam*, as in *Epod*. 17.

——— *Popiscit*
Centum juvencos.

But then my *Batelian* Copy, which is a creditable Book, writes it down very plainly *centum juvencis*, which is all right, and corroborates the present Passage: in truth

they corroborate one another.

(*d*) *Jam te premet nox fabulæq; manes.*] It may be doubted here, whether *Fabulæ* be the *Nominative Plural*, or the *Genitive Singular*. That Spark, whoever he was, thought the latter best, who in the Margent of the *Grævian* Copy entered this *Scholion*, *Fabulæ genit. singul. pro Fabularum. Prudentius*, who always mimicks our Author, had this Passage in his Eye, *Con. Symmach.* 1. 190. *Persius* trod in the same Track, when he said, —*Cinis & manes & fabula fies.* Chuse which you will, 'tis all one to me.

(*e*) *Et domus exilis Plutonia.*] *Daniel Heinsius* and *Barthius*, adver. 30. 13. item Statii Theba. 1. 56. reads it thus, *Et domus exilii.* I never saw a greater Blunder. *Exilis domus*, or a *thin House*, is the same as a poor mean House, without Furniture and Provisions. See Epist. 1. 6. See *Seneca* in Hippol. v. 209. and *Apuleius* in Apolog. concerning your poorer sort of Houshold Gods. What follows proves this, *Nec regna vini*, &c. that is, you'll find no good Cheer in Hell, no Feasting, no Wenching, no good Rooms or Company; And let no Body take Offence at this double Epithet, *Exilis Plutonia*, which indeed is not common: And yet you find much the same Expression, *Epist.* 2. 1. So *Virgil.* Æneï. 10. 408. and *Seneca.* OEdip. v. 228.

(*f*) *Nec regnà vini sortiere talis.*] The *Queen's College* Copy says, *Nec regna talis sorciere vini.* Which form of words sufficiently prove *talis* to signify Dice. There are some Blockheads, who would fain spirit up, and give us in their way of Cookery, *talis vini*, that is, *such Wine*, so good, so generous, as if there were a bad sort of Wine in *Pluto's* Cellar. *To Lord it in one's Wine*, is well said: but to *Lord it in good Wine* very silly. Custom and Good Sense are against it.

(*g*) *Nec tenerum* Lycidam.] One of my best Books, *the Queen's-College* Copy, and two of *Torrentius*, write *Lycidan*, after the *Greek* manner. Which is right. See *Sermo.* 2. 4. So *Virgil*, and the rest.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 4.

QUOD *de* Vulcano, *taberna domino, suspicari festivum sane esset.*] The Dr. thinks it a merry Story to suppose, *that* Vulcan *should burn his own Shop*; he owns indeed, *that Kettles may burn without consuming*; and yet *Homer* tells us, that *Vulcan's* Shop was made of Brass, and Kettles were heretofore made of the very same Metal. Not that I am for burning *Vulcan's* Shop, any more than the Dr, but since all Masters do in a particular manner exert themselves in their Shops, if *Vulcan* should do so too,

too, he must certainly burn every thing that comes near him; for I think I have read in some odd Book or other, that this *Vulcan* is the God of Fire.

Ubi habes Venerem, *non ut hic ad lunam choros celebrantem, sed ut frugi.*] Several of the *Latin* Poets, so far as I can find, have given a very indifferent Character of *Venus*, whom they represent as a sort of a light Hussy, that took no Care of her Family, but when her Good-man, who was by Trade a Smith, and had a Shop at *Lipara*, was hard at Work on his Anvil, would gad abroad to Revels and dancing Bouts, where she kept such very ill Hours, that as *Horace* observes, *she would Dance by the Light of the Moon.* Some go further, and do not stick to say, that she made her Husband a Cuckold; but our learned Commentator, who is concerned for her Reputation, endeavours to silence these Reports, and produces one *Apollonius Rhodius* to prove, *that she was as frugal a Housewife as any in the Parish: that she kept home, minded her Family, and did not make that ill Use of her Husband's being gone to* Liparæ, *as was suggested.* So extraordinary a Piece of Charity could not but engage the Dr. to write what follows, and to assure the World, *that tho' a certain very ingenious Fellow, called* Burgersius, *had found out this bright Passage in* Apollonius; *Yet the Dr. was the more ingenious Man of the two, and had discovered it before him.*

Quasi vero vel vilissimi vini copia esset in domo Plutonis.] The Dr. gives us a very melancholy Account of *Pluto's* House-keeping, and particularly describes his Cellar as in a very bad Condition, *not having so much as* a Pint of Plain Port, *or any sort of Wine though never so bad.* This he does, not so much as a *Commentator*, as a Divine, for he could not have said any thing more discouraging to those, who had any Inclination to make this old Gentleman a Visit.

Magisterium vini, regnum vini, rectè dixeris: *Regnum vini boni, regnum vini talis*, necquaquam.] It was a Custom among the *Romans*, in their Clubs and Frolicks over a Glass of Wine, to throw Dice who should be *Major domo*, or *Master of the Revels*; this Office *Horace* calls *Regnum vini*; The Dr. approves of it, and seems to like that sort of Authority well enough; but then he will by no means allow a *regnum vini boni*, to any of those Vicegerents of *Bacchus*, and with good Reason: for who knows, what sort of a *regnum* or Empire such a *Major-domo* might claim? Perhaps he might make it *Absolute*, and so keep all the *Good Wine* to himself.

ODE

ODE V. Ad PYRRHAM.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, & aspera
Nigris aquora ventis
(a) Emirabitur insolens?

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aurae
Fallacis. miseri, quibus

Intentata nites. me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

ODE V. *To* PYRRHA.

WHAT well-ſhap'd Lover in the Roſie Shade,
With fragrant Limbs and ſweet Addreſs,
Shall to thy warm Embraces preſs,
In all thy looſe Attire and wanton Airs diſplay'd?

Bright Charmer, nicely clean tho' Plain!
How ſhall the Youth with ſad Surpriſe,
See angry Storms and Tempeſts riſe,
And all this Calm of Love break into fierce Diſdain?

He doats, he raves with Bliſs, whilſt thou art kind;
Ah Wretch! undone by Amorous Smiles,
Who ſees thy Charms and not thy Wiles;
For thou art light as Air, inconſtant as the Wind.

Learn from my Fate; by Tides and Whirlwinds toſt,
I reach'd the Shore, half-drown'd in Brine;
My Tablet hangs on *Neptune*'s Shrine,
To warn all other Sailors from the dangerous Coaſt.

(a) *Emi-*

(u) *Mirabitur insolens.*] Our Books do wonderfully concur to have it so; thus *Donatus*, who in the *Eunuch* of *Terence*. V. 19, produces this very Passage of *Horace*; and yet I cannot but be amaz'd, that no body should use this Word but only our Author, and he too only once. What is the great Vertue and Valour of this same *Emirari*, that it must be hammer'd out, and forg'd on purpose? Why, say Expositors, it signifies to *wonder exceedingly* or very much; and yet there is a common Word, *Demirari*, which signifies all this. See *Donatus* on *Terent.* Hecyra. 4. 1. Was it worth *Horace*'s while to make a Word on purpose, which after all is nothing to his purpose? He might easily have clapt in *Demirabitur*; and yet if this was *Horace*'s Hand-writing, how is it to be believ'd, that a Word so well known should be falsify'd in so many Books, and another, that does not mend the Sense, and never was heard of before, slip into its room? But after all, neither of these will do; for still there is an Absurdity and Contradiction in the Words. For thus, *How often shall he wonder at so unusual*——but why *so often* wonder if it be *unusual*? Indeed it may be *unusual* the *first* time: After that he will find it more Customary. So that we are still in the Mire. The *Queen's College* Copy, a most invaluable piece, is the only Book that makes us suspect a Blunder, which plainly reads *& mirabitur*, some second Hand having markt the Letter *s* with such a Stroak as is usual for *Librarians* to make on their *Delenda*; for they had a mind to correct the place by other Copies. But why should we not read with no great Variation, but such as is very commodious, *Ut mirabitur insolens!* We know what *Virgil* says, *ut vidi! ut perii!* See *Catul.* 67. *Et* might easily giggle it self into the place of *ut*; for the first Letter of every Verse was heretofore writ in Vermilion, which the *Librarians* often omitted, and left to be inserted afterwards. Add to this, that in an old Edition of *Donatus*, Argen. MDHI instead of *Emirabitur*, you find *& mutabitur*, which is a plain footstep of the Ancient Lection.

NOTES

QUOTIES, inquit *emirabitur insolens!* atqui *toties* emirabitur, quamodo, quæso, insolens? *Horace* makes a young Fellow, who was ſuppoſed to be handſomly jilted *wonder very much at it, as at a thing he was not us'd to.* This is all he means, and perhaps the Fellow being Young, might not be us'd to ſuch Matters, and ſo wonder the more, which is natural enough. But the Dr. comes and ſpoils all, by asking this ſtrewed Queſtion: *If he wonders ſo much, and ſo often, how comes it to be ſo unuſual for him at laſt to wonder at all?* Suppoſe this were the Caſe, the thing is not ſo very ſtrange in the Buſineſs of Love: For Lovers will wonder, and wonder, and go on wondering ſtill, as if they had never wonder'd before; And therefore the Dr. needed not to reſort to the *Queen's College Copy* for a ſolution of this Matter: for *Caſſandra, Cleopatra*, or any of the *Love-Claſſicks*, would have ſupply'd him with Quotations enough to juſtifie the Inconſiſtency.

ODE

ODE VI. *Ad* AGRIPPAM.

Scriberis Vario fortis & hostium
Victor, Maonii carminis alite,
(a) *Quæ rem cumque ferox, navibus aut equis,*
Miles te duce gesserit.

Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,
(b) *Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei,*
Nec sævam Pelopis domum

Conamur, tenues grandia: dum pudor,
Imbellisque lyræ Musa potens vetat
Laudes egregii Cæsaris & tuas
Culpa deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ
Digne scripserit? aut (c) *pulvere Troico*
Nigrum Merionem? aut ope Palladis
Tydidem superis parem?

Nos convivia, nos (d) *prælia virginum,*
Strictis in juvenes unguibus acrium,
Cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.

ODE VI. *To* AGRIPPA.

VARIUS in never-dying Verſe,
Equal to *Homer's* Vein,
Thy Deeds, *Agrippa*, ſhall rehearſe:
Thy Triumphs on the Land and Main.

Whilſt I no warlike Subject chuſe,
Too lofty for the Lyre:
Nor tell of *Pelops'* bloody Houſe,
Ulyſſes' Toils, *Achilles'* Ire.

How ſhould I raiſe my flagging Wing
Above the middle Skies,
Of Heroes or of Gods to ſing?
Or how to Thee or *Cæſar* riſe?

Who can *Mars* in Armour dreſs?
Who *Merion's* duſty Stains?
Who mighty *Diomed* expreſs,
Mateing the Gods on *Trojan* Plains?

Let me deſcribe, in humble Strains,
The Feats that Love has done,
The Battles, Revels, Joys, and Pains,
Th' Amours of others, and my own.

(a) *Quam*

(a) QUAM rem cumque ferox navibus aut equis miles te duce gesserit.] I am afraid this *Lection* will never stand upright upon its Legs; and yet at first sight it has a wholesom Look enough, and thus we find it in all and most of the Books, and also in *Victorinus*, p. 2614. But now let me ask: If *Agrippa* had done a *Mean* or a *Middle-siz'd* Action, or a thing of *no great Moment*, must this presently deserve the *Maonian Quill?* Can he be supposed to come off *scurvily*, and yet to remain *Conqueror?* No Body will say this. He who says, *Quamcumque rem gesseris* (*do what you will*) to *Agrippa*, does not commend him, but banters and puts upon him, and is far from giving us any hopeful Account of him. See *Cicero* ad *Lentul.* Epis. 1. 9. where *Quascunque res* (*any sort of Actions*) is opposed to *Great Victories*, just as *great things* are opposed to *little*, or a *Lucky Hitt* to a *Foolish Business*. This is as plain as the Nose in ones Face; and therefore I readily come into the *reading* produc'd by *Muretus* in his Books, *var. Lect.* 9. 7, *Quacunque*, that is, *wheresoever*, whether *by Sea or Land*, for so *Navibus* aut *Equis*, *Ships* or *Horses*, signifie. See *Florus* 2. 2. where he proves Virtue to be the same a-foot or a Horse back. [illegible]*vy*, 23. 40. 28. 23. *Nepos* in *Hamilcar*. As for *Res gerere*, it signifies *to do Business*, when it is without an *Adjective* or *Adverb*. See *Valerius Max.* 2. 7. 10. *Pliny*, 12. 31. *Seneca* de Constant. 19. *Walter Chaliot*, a nice Critick, reads *Qua res cumque* πληθυντικῶς: *because*, says he, *REM GERERE, TO DO BUSINESS* ἑνικῶς, is always spoken of *private Affairs*, and not of *Publick*, unless it has *prosperè*, *malè*, or some such *Epithet*, along with it; But he is out, according to my Quotations; and I could give him a great many more if I pleased. And yet if our Books would bate us a Difference or two, we might very well read *ut rem cumque*, that is *quandoque*, sive *quandocumque* (*whenever.*) See our Author *Carm.* 4. 2. where there is much such another Expression. Besides this, we stick yet closer to the Vulgar *reading*, and the present Sense, if we say *Quum rem cumque ferox*; For why should not *Quumcumque* do as well as *Quandocumque? But*, say you, *It is not extant.* Why, consider we have lost a great many Books: but they would certainly have this very Word, if they were not corrupted. In *Seneca*'s OEdip. v. 648.

—— Quodcumque *funesto gradu.*
Solum relinquet, ——

Our Parchments have *quocumque*,

cumque, quodcumque, quacumque; but only *Quumcumque* could be *Seneca's Hand-writing*; For the Sense is, *Whenever he shall leave this Soil*, By which he means *Thebes*, where there was a Famine and Pestilence at that time.

(*b*) *Nec cursûs duplicis per mare* Ulyssei.] The old *Scholiast* calls this Lection *Amphibolous*: for by *dulplicis Ulyssei* may be meant *callidi*, or *Cunning*, and *duplicis cursûs* may be the *Accusative* Case *Plural*, and signifie both *Going* and *Coming*. This is an old Scruple concerning the Sense of this Place, and this was the Occasion of it, because the Antients made *Is* to be the *Accusative Case Plural*, where the *Genitive* ended in *Ium*. Hence the old Books write *duplicis*, and the New ones *duplices*. But now *Priscian*, p. 562. says thus, *Ulyxes* pro Ὀδυσσεὺς, *which appears from the* Genitive Case *Ulyxei, as in Horace*, 1 Carm. So say three other Books, which I have consulted. And yet *p.* 723. where the very same Words are repeated, *duplicis* is now extant, tho' those very Books do make it *duplices*. Since therefore we are so much in the Dark as to the *Lection*, let us try what we can make of it by the *Sense*. Without doubt, our Author means here the Argument of the *Odissey*, as *Pelida Stomachum*, Μῆνιν Πηλειάδεω Ἀχιλῆος signifies that of the *Iliad*; You may therefore call the *Odissey*, the *Voyage of Crafty* Ulysses, supposing *duplici* bears that Signification. *Statius* calls *Ulysses, varius*, Achill. 2. 174. Others call him other Names, as *fallax, pellax; furtis aptus*, which in *English* are, *Rogue* and *Rascal*; διπλοῦς ἀνὴρ in *Greek* is, a *Fellow who speaks one thing and means another*; but none of the *Latins*, except our *Horace* ever call such a sort of a Spark *duplex*. *Muretus* indeed cites *Catullus*, Epig. 69. for *duplex Amathusia*; but this is nothing to the purpose: for *duplex* there is apply'd to the Sex, because *Venus Amathusia* was both Male and Female, as *Vossius*, and before him *Meursius* in *Cypro*, l. 1. c. 8 observe upon *Catullus*. So in *Statius*, *Theb.* 4. 140. *Hylaus* the Centaur is called *duplex*. Let us try now what we can make of *cursus duplices*? where we shall presently see, that the *Scholiast* Blunders, by making *duplices cursus* to signifie *Ulysses's Going and Coming*; For there it not a Word in the *Odyssey* of *Ulysses's* Voyage to *Ilium*, Neither did he meet with any extraordinary Adventures more than the other Commanders. They seem to be more in the right, who by *duplices cursus*, mean his Voyage through *both* Seas, the *Hellespontick* and *Atlantick*. Among these is *Isaac Vossius* upon the Place, where he produces that of *Manilius*, 2. 4. *de Ulixe*;

Erroremque ducis totidem, quot vicerat, annis
Inſtantem bello, geminata per æquora *ponti*:

And he explains *Geminata æquora* juſt as he conſtrues *duplices curſus*; but tho' he is a pretty ſmart Fellow, I muſt tell him by his leave, that nothing can be gathered from ſo many Blunders. For what can you make of *errorem inſtantem bello*? And what was that Ten-Years War which *Ulyſſes* engaged in, after *Troy* was taken? All the Manuſcripts, even the *Voſſian*, read *Ponto*: and let him look to it by what Authority he makes it to be *Ponti*; And yet as bad as the Place is, I could venture a Touch with it; as thus,

Erroremque ducis totidem, quot fecerat annis
Inſtantem bello, & *geminata pericula ponto.*

The *Voſſian* with three others, and the *Gemblacen* with two other Books, read *per æquora & per agmina*; So that I ſuſpect both thoſe *Librarians* of a Forgery. *Fecerat* is eſtabliſhed by four Copies and the old Editions; as thus, *Ulyſſes*, ſays he, *was as many Years at Sea, as* Homer *had engaged him in War at Land.* See *Tibullus* 2. 3. But let the *Reading* be what it will, I poſitively affirm, that *Manilius* deſigned to ſay, *that* Ulyſſes *was as long at Sea, as he had been at* Troy. See *Claudian* in Lau. Seren. v. 26. *Ovid*, Art. 3. 15. & *Amor.* 2. 1. After all, what we have produced from *Manilius* and the reſt, will never do in this Buſineſs of *duplices curſus*: and therefore I fancy there are but few who can ſuppoſe, that *Voſſius* has hit the Nail on the Head: For according to this, it ſhould be *curſus per duplex mare* (*a Voyage over two Seas*) and not *duplices per mare curſus* (*two Voyages over one Sea*). As for theſe Interpretations therefore, as well that of *duplicis Ulyxei*, as that of *duplices curſus*, let us ſet them both aſide, and try if we can mend the Matter by a Conjecture of our own. It is my Opinion, that our *Horace* either wrote, or at leaſt it would have been much better for him if he had wrote ——

—— *Curſus* reducis *per mare* Ulixei,

which is no great Variation from the preſent *reading*. This is the Subject of the *Odyſſey*. See our Author, *Epiſ.* 1. 2. 'Tis not enough to ſay *curſus Ulixei, the Voyage of* ULISSES, in order to ſhew us what was the Argument of the *Odyſſey*, unleſs you add, *reducis* (*returning*); For how can you find by theſe Words, unleſs there be ſomething beſides, whether you mean *Ulyſſes*'s Voyage from *Ithaca* to *Troy*, or from *Troy* home again? If *Horace* had called it, as *Manilius* and *Ovid* do, *errorem*, (*his wandering Voyage*)

Voyage) that had ended the Diſpute; for *Ulyſſes* did not wander in his Paſſage to *Troy*, but in his Return to *Ithaca*; But now ſince he calls it barely *his Voyage*, and not *wandering Voyage*, he has left us at a ſtand, whether he means his Voyage to *Troy*, or back to *Ithaca*; And this makes me almoſt believe, that *Horace* penn'd it *reducis*. See *Statius*, Silv. 4. 2. Sil. 2. 7. where *Ulyſſes*'s Return is mentioned.

(*c*) *Pulvere* Troico.] That very bright Fellow, *Nick. Heinſius*, in a Corner of his Book, ſays, *Perhaps* TROIO. See what we ſay at *Ode* 3. l. 3. v. 32.

(*d*) *Pralia virginum ſectis in juvenes unguibus acrium.*] Here again *Nick. Heinſius* puts in and ſays, that *Gronovius* reads *Sectos*. However I find no ſuch thing in any of the *Gronovian* Editions: and yet *Gronovius* might tell him as much, or ſend it him in a Letter. But certainly that very acute Man could never away with the Vulgar Reading. For why, I beſeech you, *ſectis unguibus* (*Pared Nails?*) Perhaps ſome Interpreters may tell you, this is prettily ſaid, and ſhews us that the Girls here were not really Angry, but only made a mock Fight of it; and therefore they cut their Nails, that they might not ſcratch the young Fellows Faces. But can this be right? and did *Horace* add the Epithet, (*fierce*) *acrium*, on purpoſe to introduce this pretty Piece of Gallantry, and to make us underſtand it thus? If they were ſo very fierce as he deſcribes them, I ſhould look to my Eyes, and fancy they were coming at me Tooth and Nail. See *Propertius*, 3. 6. *Ovid.* Ænone Par. Art. 2. 451. *Claudian* in Epithal. Pall. & Celler. Where you will find a very good account of Scratching, Clawing, and ſuch kind of *Cotterwawling*: by which you will ſee, that theſe Girls were in earneſt, and made ſome Impreſſion with their Nails on the Cheeks of their Lovers. As for *Gronovius*, his uſual good luck forſakes him here. *Sectos juvenes*, and *Acres unguibus in juvenes*, as he reads it, is not elegant enough for *Horace*. Beſides, if he had a mind to talk at this rate, he ſhould have ſaid, *Secandos* and not *Sectos*. To be ſhort: the moſt infallible Reading, and that which *Gronovius* himſelf would come into, if he were alive, is this,

Strictis *in juvenes unguibus acrium.*

for *ſtrictis* being written heretofore in ſhort-hand thus *ſtis*, the Letter *i* being ſeated on the top of *t*, which is well known to all Dealers in *Manuſcripts*, thoſe ſtupid Rogues, the *Librarians*, might very eaſily ſuffer *ſtrictis* to degenerate into *ſectis*: for the Senſe is not, *acrium in juvenes*,

venes, but *strictis in juvenes*, (*Drawn upon young men.*) See *Ovid*, Amor. 1. 6. Tris. v. 2. *Statius*, Theb. 3. 536. concerning the Method of drawing or unsheathing the Hands, Nails, or Tallons, for Battle.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 6.

AN quamcumque rem *gesserit Agrippa, sive mediocrem; sive leviculam & nullius momenti, dignum Maonio carmine argumentum est?*] Our Annotator is extreamly concerned in this Place, both for the Honour of *Horace* and *Agrippa*, for fear, lest the General do what he would, *Horace* would be sure to commend him, and therefore he will not suffer *Quamcumque rem gesserit* to stand in this *Ode*; but he need not tumble over Copies and Manuscripts to find out another sort of *Reading*, for it was not the Custom in *Horace*'s Time, to commend a Great Man for his Faults.

Aut dixit aut dicere potuit Nostes.] *He either said it, or might have said it.* This is an excellent Comment upon *Horace*, and the more excellent, because it may serve without Alteration for any other Great Author (Dr. *B*, himself not excepted) whetever we meet with any difficult or knotty Point in their Writings.

Neque in eo alios casus passus est Ulixes *quam quivis alius Danum.*] The Dr. is positive, *that* Ulisses *had a good Voyage, and met with nothing extraordinary in his Passage from* Ithaca *to* Troy. This was a Secret before, because, as the Dr. himself observes, neither *Homer*, nor any other Author, *ever said any thing about it*; but he has discovered it by that excellent Rule which he seems to have kept close to in reading the *Classicks*, that *no Hero or General in those Days did or suffered any thing remarkable, but there was always a Poet at Hand to take notice of it.*

An idea addidit ACRIVM, ut tam festivum hoc deprenderemus?] *Horace* was speaking of some young Girls, who stood a sort of an Amorous Battle with their Lovers, but fought with their Nails pared, that they might not spoil their Faces: this was thought pretty enough; But the *Doctor* will not allow their Nails to be pared, because they are called *Acres*, which he translates *fierce, raging*, &c. a Lover might have called such a Romp only *Brisk, Bonny, Jolly* or so forth, though her Nails had been pared; the Dr. indeed makes a bloody Business of it, and imagines, that Slaughter might ensue; but he forgets that there was also a *bloody biting* Kiss used in *Horace*'s Time, which might very well denominate the Girl who

who gave it, *Acer*: and yet this was not then look'd upon as a Sign of Anger.

Secandos, potius quam *sectos*, oportuit.] Speaking still of these Romps and their Nails, the Dr. affirms, *that if their Nails were not actually cut, they should have been cut*; which is right enough: and I am glad to find, as severe a Critick as he is, that he does not wholly discourage the Sport.

Certissimum habeo, Manilium *voluisse*. *Certissima emendatio est, quam & ipse* Gronovius, *si in vivis esset, amplecteretur.*] When a Learned Commentator says of an Author, as the Dr. here does of *Manilius*, that *whatever his Words were, this was his Meaning*; or as he speaks of *Gronovius*, that *if such a Scholar were alive, he would come into my Sentiments*: We must in Charity believe, that all this is with design to do Honour to the Authors, and not to himself, who is only their Commentator.

ODE

ODE VII. Ad MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

Laudabunt alii (a) *claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,*
Aut Ephesum, bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos
Insignis, aut Thessala Tempe;
Sunt quibus unum opus est (b) *intacta Palladis arces*
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, &
(c) *Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam.*
Plurimus in Junonis honorem
(d) *Aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenas.*
Me neque tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
(e) *Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, & uda*
(f) *Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo
Sæpe Notus, (g) *neque parturit imbres*
Perpetuo: sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero; seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent, seu densa
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
Cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populeâ fertur vinxisse coronâ,
Sic tristis adfatus amicos:
Quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
Ibimus, o socii comitesque.
Nil desperandum, (h) *Teucro duce, & auspice Teucro.*
Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguam tellure novâ Salamina futuram.
O Fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

ODE VII. *To* MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

WHILST ſome praiſe *Corinth*, *Epheſus*, or *Rhodes*,
Or *Mitylene*, or *Theſſalia*'s Plains,
Or *Thebes*, or *Delphos*, both the Seats of Gods,
For *Bacchus* there, and here *Apollo* reigns;

By others rich *Mycene* is preferr'd,
Or *Argian* Tow'rs, that yield to *Juno*'s Sway,
Or thoſe where *Pallas* rules, and every Bard
Bears his own Native Olive Crown away;

Not *Sparta* hits ſo much my Humour's Bent,
Nor fair *Lariſſa* in her proudeſt Dreſs,
As *Anio* rowling from his high Deſcent,
Or ſweet *Albunea*'s ſhady calm Receſs.

Here Eccho in the Walks repeats my Song:
Or when *Tiburnus*' gloomy Shades I trace,
The Streams in Murmurs gently glide along,
And greet the fragrant Orchats as they paſs.

O *Plancus*, let the juicy Grape allay
The Toils of Life, and deep corroding Cares,
Whether in *Tibur*'s pleaſant Woods you ſtray,
Or in bright Armour follow Camps and Wars.

Sometimes the boiſtrous *South* it ſelf grows mild,
Forgets to rage in Blaſts, and Storms, and Rain,
Clears the black Air, with Clouds and Horror fill'd,
Diſpels the Gloom, and brings back Day again.

When *Teucer* from his Native Country fled,
To eaſe his Grief the ſparkling Bowl he took:
Amidſt the Feaſt, with Poplar crown'd his Head,
And thus his faithful drinking Friends beſpoke.

We follow Fortune, Fortune is our Guide:
Let none deſpair, whilſt *Teucer* leads you on;
Phabus another Country will provide,
A ſecond *Salamis* ſhall riſe our own.

Courage, my Mates, in Dangers try'd before:
In generous Wine your Cares and Sorrows ſteep;
To Day be merry and carouſe aſhore,
To-Morrow launch once more into the Deep.

(a) *Claram* Rhodon.] *Martial.* l. 4. 55. and again, 10. 68. has imitated this place.

(b) *Intacta Palladis urbem.*] Call this *Athens* if you please, no Body hinders you. See *Homer*, Iliad. B. 546. But since there is a Book of *Berſmannus* which has *Arcem*, not *urbem*, and since ſome of *Lambin's* and my excellent *Queen's-College* Copy write *arces*, it is eaſier to turn the figurative word *Arces* into that melancholly word *Urbem*, than to bring back *Urbem* into *Arces*. *Arce* is mentioned in *Statius* Theb. 7. 184. *Ovid.* Pont. 4. 1. & Metam. 6. 70. But yet by a ſtronger Figure the Poets uſed to ſay *Arces*, though they were only ſpeaking of a *ſingle Tower*. See *Valerius Flac.* 5. 647. *Virgil*, Culix. 29. & Æneï. 11. 447. & Eclo. 2. *Statius*. Theb. 5. 100. and therefore I am much out, if you had not better read *arces* here, than *urbem*; For there were many Gods in the *City*, but only *Pallas* in the *Tower*. See *Livy*. 31. 30. However if any Body has more mind to the other *Lection*, let him take it, and much good may it do him.

(c) *Undiq; decerpta frondi praponere olivam.*] This *Reading*, which now keeps its ground in moſt of our Editions, was, as they ſay, firſt brought up by *Eraſmus*, againſt the Teſtimonies of all Copies; for thus it ſtands in the Manuſcripts,

Undiq; decerptam fronti proponere olivam.

Turnebus and *Torrentius*, with a ſmall Party, appear for the old Copies: *Lambin*, *Marcilius*, *Dan. Heinſius*, *Dacier*, and others, fight it out Tooth and Nail for *Eraſmus*; As for me, who being Lifted, cannot therefore ſtand by and not ſtrike a ſtroak, I am clearly for reſtoring the old *Lection* to its Place and Poſt, from whence it cannot juſtly be remov'd, having done nothing to deſerve ſuch Uſage. *There are*, ſays our Author, *ſome Poets, who have written compleat Poems in Praiſe of Athens, or have made it their ſole Buſineſs to extoll that City, in a continued recital of its Praiſes, from its firſt Foundation down to their own Times*, and on this account,

Undiq; decerptam fronti proponere olivam,

That is, *having exhauſted the Subject, to lay claim to the Olive Crown.* I deſire to know, what harm there is in all this? It may ſtand the acuteſt and moroſeſt Critick's Cenſures. Nothing is more agreeable, and more decent. *Lucretius* has made the moſt of it, and like a great Poet, dwells upon it, as if it pleas'd him more particularly. See *Lucret.* 1. 926. and 4. 3. You ſee he has nickt it: the whole Paſſage anſwers to *Horace.*

vacet. Lucretius *decerpit flores*, (*crops the Flowers*) and makes them into a Garland; Horace *præponit decerptam*, (*puts on the Garland which was thus compos'd of various Flowers.*) See *Cicero pro Scst*, concerning Flowers of Rhetorick. But they object, and say: that the Poets Crown was of *Ivy*, or *Lawrel*, and not of *Olive*. This is a Trifle; For the Poets chose their Garlands according to their Subject: *Ovid* in his Book *De Amoribus*, demands the *Myrtle Crown*, because the *Myrtle* was *Venus*'s Tree. Amor. 1. 1. & 1. 15. Art. 2. 733. Why therefore should not those Poets challenge the *Olive Crown* who wrote of *Pallas*, to whom that Tree is sacred, and of *Athens*, where it was in high Esteem? It is also very probable, that those Poets were Natives of *Athens*, who wrote so many Operose Verses in its Commendation: Why then should they be envied if they desired to be crowned with a Garland that grew in their own Country? It was decent in *Hercules*, as *Seneca* relates it, to bespeak a *Poplar* Crown, when he was going upon an extraordinary Adventure, and in *Theseus*, who was an *Athenian* to ask for one of *Olive*. *Herc. Fur. v.* 913. To as little purpose is it for them to ask the Question, What Mortal ever us'd those words, *præponere olivam fronti*, to signifie, *the Crowning of the Head with Olive?* and yet *imponere coronam, imponere diadema*, (*to put on a Crown or Diadem*) is common in *Cicero*, and other Writers. *Virgil* Geo. 1. 304. Æn. 4. 418. *Propertius* 4. 2. And why is it not as good *Latin* to say, *præponere olivam fronti*; as *imponere olivam fronti*? Is not *præponere* (*to put before*) as good as *imponere* (*to put on?*) Where is the difference? Show us how they disagree. Consider the thing well, and you'll find, that no Garland can be *put on*, but it must first be *put before*. See *Valerius Flaccus*. 3. 436.

——— *Glaucasq; comis* prætexere *frondes.*

Tell me, how does this same *prætexere*, which is spoken of *Yellow Bows*, differ from *prætendere*, when spoken of *Olive*? *Præcingere* is used after the same manner by *Seneca*, Medea. 5. 75. The *Greek* Lyricks talk at the same rate, upon whom our *Horace* pinns himself through all his *Odes*, παραθέσθαι στέφανον τᾶις κόμαις, is word for word the *Greek* of *præponere coronam capillis*. *Sappho ap* Athenæum. l. 15. p. 674. Thus much of the old *Lection*. Let us now see, what *Erasmus* and his Followers can say for themselves, which is worth our Notice: and why we should reject this *Reading*, and admit with Patience a new one of their own forging;

Undique decerpta frondi præponere olivam.

That is, as they explain it, *to prefer the Olive to all other Greens wherever they grew:* Very well; but now I desire to know, if this be the Sense, as they would have it, what *decerpta* belongs to? I fancy we all know what we mean when we say, *To pluck* an Olive, a Fig, a Flower. Then I ask, why the Olive should not be preferr'd to a Tree *standing and untouch't?* What signifies it to say the Tree must first have some of its Bows *pluckt off*, before it must come in competition with the Olive? Nothing can be more invenuft, I will not say silly, and foolish. *Lucretius*, as I cited him, says,

——— *Juvatq; novos decerpere flores.*

Now why *decerpere*, I pray, unless it were to make a Garland of the Flowers so crop't? So in the old *Reading.*

Undiq; decerptam fronti præponere olivam.

If you ask why this *decerptam*? the Answer is ready: to make a Garland for the Head; for Bows are first gathered, before they are made into Garlands. But now let those, who fickle for the *new Lection*, invent, if they can, any Reason, though never so silly and foolish, to what purpose it is, in all comparisons between Trees, why either of them should be *crept* in order to get the pre-eminence. I fancy these Fellows are sick of their Notions by this time; but I have something behind still, which will make them yet sicker. For thus they say, *that he who undertakes to commend* Athens, *is to prefer the Olive to all other Trees, as being the Plant of* Pallas, *and sacred to her in her own Citadel at* Athens. Grant this, and it is true enough, that a great many fine things have been said of the *Athenian Olive*, by Poets, Rhetoricians, and Historians; but now the pinch is, what this signifies to *Horace*'s Meaning, and what Connexion it carries with that which went before? Our Author had said, *that some Poets made it their Business to praise* Athens *in their Verses*: To which these Notemongers add, and you must take it along with you, *and to prefer the Olive to all other Trees*; Will they never be weary of these Fooleries? Or was the Olive to be the sole Continual Subject of the Poem? What, were all the other Rarities at *Athens* to be forgotten, and only the Olive, which was not the hundredth part of them, to be mentioned? See a few words of *Cicero*'s pro Flacc. c. 26. he makes *Humanity, Learning, Religion, Justice, and Law, of the Growth of* Athens, *as well as Fruit and Olives*; What a Field

Field is here open'd in a narrow ſpace, for a Poet to ſhew his Gambols in? Here is inexhauſtible Matter for a great many Books; Add to theſe their Hiſtories, and Romances of the better ſort: All theſe forſooth muſt be paſs'd by in Silence, that the Olive might be the only Diſh, which, like Cabbage twice heated, muſt be ſerved up continually, and ſo turn the Stomach. Without doubt, the Olive of *Minerva* might have a Principal Part in ſuch a Poem, and if you pleaſe, it ſhall have the firſt and chiefeſt Place. But what will you have next? For if it were ſo, yet ſtill our Author would never ſay, *There are Poets, who would chuſe no other Subject for a whole Book, than to cry up* Athens *to the Stars, and to commend the* Olive *before all other Trees*; For this would be the ſame thing as if a Man ſhould ſay, *that* Titus Livius *wrote* 140 *Books, in which he extolled the great Actions of the* Romans, *and the* Wolf *that Nurs'd* Romulus. *Horace* is no ſuch ſnotty Author, as to have this putid Stuff put upon him. The moſt Renowned *Thomas Gale*, ὁ μαιαπίτης, has luckt upon another Interpretation, which that Hoarder of Letters has taken from an old Fable that came to his Hands. He writes the Verſe thus,

Undique decerptam fonti *praponere olivam.*

The Story as we have it in the *Greek* Ballads is this. That heretofore when *Neptune* and *Minerva* contended for the Preſidency of *Athens*, the Gods ordered that the City ſhould be given to that Deity, which could produce the moſt beneficial Preſent to Mankind; upon which *Gale* will have it, that *Neptune* made a Fountain, *Minerva* an Olive-Tree, which in the Opinion of the Gods was preferr'd to the Fountain. This is the Story which this well-bred Man will have *Horace* to hint at in this Place; and as I find by his Book, he commends *Herodotus*, *Himerius* the Sophiſt, and *Lucius Ampelius*, who firſt told this Story. But I have many things to ſay, which will render this Conjecture very improbable, if not wholly overturn it. For this Story has been told after another manner, eſpecially by the *Romans*; who ſaid, that not a *Fountain*, but a *Horſe*, was produced. See *Virgil*, Geor. 1. 12. *Ovid*, Meta. 6. 75. where the Horſe is not mention'd; and it is not likely, that our Author would contradict his Friends in telling this Story. This is my firſt Reaſon; now take another along with you; that no Author ever ſaid, that *Neptune* created a *Fountain*, but a *Sea* or only a *Wave*; *Herodotus*, who is *Gale*'s own Witneſs, and has his good Word, calls it θάλασσαν or a *Sea*, Lib. 8. 55. So *Apollodorus*, 3. 13. *Himerius* apud

Photi calls it κῦμα a *Wave*, so *Pausanias* in Atticis. ca. 22. His third Witness, *Ampulius*, tho' he has been cited, says not a Word in the Cause, for there is not a Syllable about it in that *Ampulius*, whom *Salmasius* has Published, and for my part I know no body else of the Name. Now who can be Fool enough to believe, that our Author would call the *Sea* or the *Salt Waves* of *Neptune* by the Name of *Fountain*? Then observe, that whatever I have before brought against *Erasmus*, will be as serviceable, or almost as serviceable against *Thomas Gale*; For why *decerpta*? Why must the Olive be *plucks*, in order to be compar'd with the *Fountain*? And why *undique* (*from all parts*)? Since only the *Athenian* Olives, in *Greek* Μορίαι, were here brought in Competition? And why lastly *perpetuo carmine*? How could only the Olive be mentioned throughout the Poem, since the other remarkable things at *Athens* were to come in for a share? To finish all in a Word: all the great Scholars have lost their Labour in mending this Passage: For the vulgar Reading is the best and truest, most worthy our Author, and a thousand times better than all their Comments.

(*d*) *Altum dicet equis* Argos.] *Servius* reads *dicet* twice, apud Æn. 1. 28. & 11. 246. So *Fulmannus*'s two best Books, one of *Berfmannus* and mine, the *Gravi. Zulich. Bat. Magd.* add to these *Laurentianus Torrentius*, who makes it *ducet*. Let it therefore be *dicet Argos*, as it was *Laudabunt Rhodon*, which is keeping to the *future Tense*. *Torrentius* can never do any good here, though he finds *ducet* in his Copy, for that is but a scurvy Interpretation. For me, if I were to defend that *Lection*, I would do it out of those Lines of *Propertius*,

Dum tibi Cadmea ducuntur, *Pontice, Thebæ,*
Armaque fraterna tristia militia;

For you may as well say *ducet Argos*, as *ducuntur Thebæ*. But then this very Place in *Propertius* is faulty, and I can never allow the most elegant *Broukhusius* to publish it thus, in spite of all his Copies, as he himself confesses. The old Reading *dicuntur, Pontice, Thebæ*, ought certainly to be call'd back; for *dicuntur* is a solemn Word among the Poets: See *Horace*, *Virgil*, and an innumerable Company besides. 'Tis not likely, that *Ponticus* should begin his *Thebais* after the manner of the *Cyclian* Poets, from the Building of *Thebes* and *Amphion*'s Harp, but only from the time of *OEdipus*, and then *ducuntur Thebæ* would be intolerable, unless he had treated of the very Original, the Κτίσις, and Building of *Thebes*.

(*e*) *Et*

(*e*) *Et præceps* Anio *&* Tiburni *lucus.*] 'Tis but a Trifle that I am going to mention, if any thing can be call'd a Trifle in the neateſt of all Poets; but all the Books write *Anio ac*, and not *Anio &*; this is much cleaner than to have *&* repeated three times in the ſame Verſe. See *Priſcian.* p. 684. who reads

Ac *Tiburti lucus*:

But by his Favour, a Manuſcript Copy, aged 600 Years, has,

Ac *Tiburni*,

which is the true *Lection*, and has been ſufficiently vindicated by other Writers.

(*f*) *Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*] *Pomaria* is in the *Gravian*, the *Queens College*, *Galean* and *Battelian Copies*, and at ſecond Hand in the *Magdalen*, and at firſt Hand in the *Bodleian*, ſo in the old *Venetian* Edition, and in one of *Cruquius*'s Books; but as for *Cruquius*, 'tis a hard matter to meet with Judgment and Learning in him, and he has no ſuch thing as Modeſty or Honeſty. *Marcilius* reads it, *Nobilibus pomeria rivis.* This is wrong, and *Pomaria* is right; for as *Varro* de R. R. 1. 2. witneſſes, Orchats were frequent in *Italy*, and the beſt Orchats were to be ſeen about *Piſa* and *Tibur*. See *Statius*'s Deſcription of *Tibur*. Silv. 1. 3. *Columella* 10. 407. *Hor.* Serm. 1. 4. *Symmachus*, Epiſ. 7. 18. & 7. 12. *Propertius*, 4. 7.

Pomoſit Anio *qua ſpumifer incubat arvis*,

For ſo *Bronkhuſius* has truly and ingeniouſly mended the Place, whereas the old blundering Paſſage ran thus,

Ramoſis *Anio qua pomifer incubat arvis.*

For what is the Senſe of *ramoſa arva*, (Branching Rivers?) or of *pomifer fluvius*, (a River that bears Apples?) Certainly that moſt accurate Judge, *Nic. Heinſius*, had not his Wits about him, when he thus refitted up that place in *Ovid*, Amor. 3. 6. de Aviene,

Nec te prætereo, qui per cava ſaxa volutans,
Tiburis Argei *pomifer arva rigas.*

Here again I demand, how comes *Anio* to bear Apples? And yet I cannot Countenance the moſt celebrated *Bronkhuſius* neither, who contends to no purpoſe that *Spumifer*, the old received *Lection*, is right; for a double Epithet is very ſquallid, and eſpecially here, where both ſignifie the ſame thing, *per cava ſaxa volutans* (*rolling along the hollow Stones*) and *Spumifer*, (frothy.) He might have eaſily added the Letter *a* to *Spumifer*, which was

ſwallow'd up, and devoured by the following Word,

Tiburis Argei pomifera arva *rigas.*

See *Pomifera arva* in *Silius*, li. 4. Neither be afraid to cut off a Vowel in the latter part of a Pentameter. *Ovid* is indeed ſhy enough of it, and never uſes it but in *Faſt.* 2. 216.

(*g*) *Neque parturit imbres perpetuos.*] *Servius* upon *claro Aquilone* in *Virgil*, Georg. 1. 460. calls it a *cloudy Wind*, and a *clear Wind*, as all other Winds are, and then quotes *Horace*,

——*Neque parturit imbres Perpetuos.* ——

So ſay the Editions of *Servius*; but I queſtion whether the Manuſcripts are on his ſide. The oldeſt *Horaces*, the two *Blandinian* Copies of *Cruquius*, and the beſt of mine, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, *Queen's College*, with two more, do plainly write *perpetuo*, which is the beſt Reading of the two. *The* South, ſays *Horace*, *often clears the Sky, and does not always occaſion Rain*; where you ſee the *Antitheſis* between *ſæpe* and *perpetuo*: Which is quite loſt in the other *Lection*. Add to this, that *perpetuus* is abſurd: For where is the Nicety of the Obſervation, that the *South* does not always bring Rain? That's impoſſible: we can never conceive it; for if it alway rain'd, then the *South* would be ſaid to cauſe Rain, even when he did not blow, that is, even when there was no ſuch Wind: Unleſs you make the *South* perpetual, as well as the Wind, which is an intolerable Abſurdity.

(*h*) Teucro *duce & auſpice* Teucro.] It is againſt my will, that I trouble this Verſe, which has been ſo handſomly turn'd into a *Parody* by our *Chriſtian* Poets,

Nil deſperandum Chriſto *duce, & auſpice* Chriſto.

And yet this *Parody* is much better than what *Horace* has ſaid according to the preſent *Reading*; for *Chriſt* is truly our *General* and *Soothſayer*, and *Teucer* was indeed a General over his Men, but I much queſtion if he were their *Soothſayer*; For why a *Soothſayer*? Is it becauſe he conſulted the Oracle of *Apollo*? Was this enough to deſerve the Name of *Auſpex*? Or is it becauſe he was the Prophet and Interpreter of *Apollo*? Where do we read any ſuch thing of *Teucer*? Or ſhall we take the *Roman* Expoſition, and ſay, that *duce & auſpice* Teucro, is the ſame thing as to ſay, *ductu & auſpicio* Teucri, (*under the Leading and Auſpices of* Teucer) So the *Latin* Writers commonly ſay, *ductu atque auſpiciis* Auguſti, Tiberii, &c. And yet you ſhall never find among the *Romans*

mus any one, who had ſaid, that ſuch or ſuch things were done *Auguſti auſpiciis*, who would ſay of theſe things, that they were done *Auguſto auſpice*; I affirm no body ever ſaid *Auſpice Cæſare*. For *Auſpex*, when ſpoken of a Man, is always taken properly and ſignifies the proper Officer; but where it is taken *metaphorically*, in *Greek* μεταφορικῶς, it denotes ſome God, and not a Man. See *Virgil* Æn. 3. 20. & 6. 45. *Hor.* Epiſ. 1. 3. *Ovid* Faſt. 1. 615. *Prudentius* con. *Symmach.* 2. 707. *Avienus* in Arateis. And I am very much out, if the *Latins* ever ſpeak otherwiſe. *Lucan* indeed calls *Brutus* an *Auſpex*, where he deſcribes the Wedding of *Cato* and *Marcia*. l. 2. 370. and *Seneca* in Troad. 662, calls *Helen* by the ſame Name. But here the Word ſtands in its proper Senſe, and it is well known, that *Soothſayers* were always made uſe of at Weddings. There was certainly a great Rout heretofore among the Books about this Paſſage, as appears from an old Scholiaſt, *Auſpice*, ſays he, *that is, by his Favour and Promiſe; he ſpeaks of* Apollo, *whoſe Oracle and Promiſes he follow'd.* So ſays the Manuſcript *Acron* in the Library of the *Royal Society*, and ſo the Commentator upon *Cruquius*; and yet the *Annotation* can never be reconciled with the preſent *Reading*; hence two of *Lambin's*, with many of my Books, prefer *Auſpice Teucri*. Which Reading, though it be foolish enough, makes it out clearly, that they who inſerted it, put the τὸ *Auſpex* not upon *Teucer*, but *Apollo*. Not to detain you longer, he who mends the Verſe thus —— *Auſpice* Phœbo, will certainly tranſcribe the very Hand-writing of *Horace*. Is it not much better for *Teucer* to make uſe of theſe Words in order to encourage them, and put them in hope? This is better than to make them depend only upon himſelf; but by adding *Apollo* to his own Authority, he cures them effectually of Deſpair. What follows ſeems to demand this Emendation

——— *Certus enim promiſit* Apollo ——— For what can *enim* belong to, if nothing went before relating to *Apollo?* How nice and fine is the Connexion, if you read it as I would have you, *Auſpice Phœbo?* See *Statius*. Sil. 3. 5. & 2. 2. where *Phœbus* is called *Auſpex*. Nor be frighted at all, becauſe he repeats *Apollo* in the next Line,

Certus enim promiſit Apollo,

As if *Phœbus* that went before had been ſufficient; for ſo in another place he names *Romulus*, though juſt before he had nam'd him by *Periphraſis*, *Ilia Mavortiſque puer*. See *Od.* 4. 8. This is uſual among the other Poets.

Rectius

Rectius itaq; ni fallar, arces hic legeris, quam urbem] *Horace* ſpeaking of *Athens*, calls it *Palladis Urbem*; but the Dr. will ſcratch out *Urbem* and put in, firſt *Arces*, and after that *Arcem*: Whereby he thinks he does a particular favour to *Pallas* the Goddeſs of War: it being a more honourable Poſt to command in the *Citadel* than in the *Town*.

Veteres quidem libros tuentur Turnebus, & Torrentius *cum paucis*: *pro* Eraſmo *acerrimè pugnant* Lambinus, Marcilius, Dan. Heinſius, Dacierus *alii*; *Mihi vero*] The Dr. here makes a pitcht Battle of it, and after *Eraſmus* and his confederate Criticks on one ſide, *Turnebus*, *Torrentius* and their Party on the other, had fought it very ſtrenuouſly, the Dr. declares himſelf: upon which the Fortune of the Day is decided, and Victory immediately determines her Choice. There is a Ballance of Power in Books as well as Kingdoms, but it all turns upon the Dr; He makes Peace and War among the Criticks, as he thinks fit.

Nulla corona imponatur *frontı. quin & eadem* præponatur.] *All Crowns are put on before, and not behind.* This is a noble Maxim in Government. It gives us to underſtand, that every Perſon is to put himſelf forward, and meet his Preferment boldly; to have one come behind one's Back, and ſlip a Crown or a Garland upon one's Head, looks ſo fooliſh and awkward! the very ſame Ceremony is us'd in clapping a Fools-Cap upon another.

Quid? an reliqua Athenarum *miracula, quorum ne centeſſima pars erat oliva, ſilentio erant præterennda.*] The Dr. is angry, that *Horace* ſhould only mention *Pallas* and the *Olive-Tree*, as fit to be recorded in a Poem made in Praiſe of *Athens*, when, as he obſerves, there were ſo many Miracles beſides in *Athens* worth Notice; now ſuppoſing an *Olive-Tree* to be a miraculous thing, yet what would have become of *Horace* here, where he mentions ſeveral Cities fit to be made the Subjects of a Poem, if he had told us all the Rarities and Miracles that belong'd to them? This *Ode* would ſoon have ſwell'd into a Book. He calls *Argos* apram *equis*; What, was there nothing remarkable at *Argos*, but Horſes? A ſtrange blunder this! Nay he mentions *Albunea*, which was a very pleaſant Seat, as having nothing valuable in it but only a good Eccho.

In reſingendo hoc loco perdiderunt plane operam tot viri eruditi.] Here the Dr. having called

called together an Assembly of Criticks, by the Names and Titles of *most Learned*, *most Acurate*, *most Ingenious*, *most Judicious*, *most Illustrious*, and so forth, tells them when they are met, that they are a company of *Blunderers* and *Blockheads*, and that there is a Commentator in the World, one Dr. *B*, more *Learned*, *Acurate*, *Ingenious*, *Judicious*, and *Illustrious* than all of them put together.

Omnes fere Codices habent Anio ac, *non* Anio &c.] This grand Dispute between *&* and *ac* is very maturely decided by the Dr. upon the Testimony of a Copy 600 Years Old; and accordingly *ac* is suffered to take place; every Body sees, they are both little Gentlemen, and very equally match'd, and it is whisper'd, that they never fell out before, therefore no Body knows what might have been the consequence, had not the Dr. stept in so seasonably, and parted them. It seems the Dr. finding *&* twice in the Verse before, would not give him a third place, but puts *ac* in his room; the truth of it is, *&* is an intruding Particle, and much oftner in company than the rest of his Brethren.

Quid autem, fluvius pomifer?] A shrewd Question this which is here put by our *Scholiast*! as How comes it to pass, *that a River is said to bear Apples?* And yet such is the strange Power of Poetry, that if Apples grow upon a Tree, and that Tree grows upon a Bank-side, and is watered by a River, that River shall be called *Pomifer*. The Dr. owns *Pomifera arva* to be good in *Silius*, and yet *Fields* do no more bear Apples than *Rivers*, because *Apples* grow only upon *Trees*.

Si ipsi imbres perpetui essent; tum Notus *crearet imbres, cum non flaret, hoc est, cum ipse omnino non esset. Nisi forte velis* Notum *queq; perpetuum esse, perinde ac imbres: quo nihil absurdius.*] These two extraordinary Discoveries, *that there are other Winds belonging to the* Compass, *besides the* South, and, *that no Wind can cause Rain, when it does not blow*, make so considerable an Addition to the Modern improvements of Navigation, that I must in a particular manner recommend them to the curious Reader: and do hope, that by this time they have been carefully transmitted to all the *Marine* Criticks in *Lap-land*.

Christus *enim vere &* dux *noster, &* auspex, Teucer *hic* dux *quidem suis erat*, auspex *an fuerit, dubito.*] The Dr. seems very much to lay to Heart here, the Honour of

Chris-

Christian Poetry, of which he gives us a Specimen in,

Christo *duce & auspice* Christo.

But I do not know, whether it may not be very safe in the Choice of Poetical Religions, to turn Heathen; and therefore I am most concerned for *Horace* in this place: and desire the Dr. to be as good a *Christian* in Poetry as he pleases; Only I do not know by what Authority he draws a Parallel between *Teucer* and the *other great Person*. He has already told us, that *auspex* does not signify a *Favourer* or *Promoter* of any Work or Undertaking, but a *Soothsayer*, a *Consulter* of *Omens*, a *Bird-watcher*, whenever it is applied to Person: and then how he can offer to call his Saviour by this Name is Matter of great Astonishment. I wish the Dr. may not go about to rid himself of *Christianity*, for the Improvement of his *Poetry*.

Auspex *enim numquam de Homine usurpatur, nisi de eo qui propriè eo verbo significatur.*] Here we are told, that the Name *Auspex* is never given to a Man, but only to him to whom that Office properly appertains, that is to the *Soothsayer*; which Office, says he, never belong'd to *Teucer*; and yet he afterwards owns that this Name belong'd to *Brutus* and to *Helen*. As for *Brutus*, whether he were a *Soothsayer* or no, may be a Question; I believe he was not quite mad enough for the Business. But as for *Helen*, she certainly never arriv'd at that Dignity: and the Dr. assures us that if *auspex* be taken *metaphorically*, it is then apply'd only to the Gods, and I dare be positive, *Helen* is, upon no account, to be numbred among them.

Profecto longe meliores animas & certiorem spem suis sociis addidisset Teucer, *si his verbis eos compellasset; quam si ad suam unius auctoritatem omnia retulisset.*] This is a very good Reason, why we should blot out *Teucro*, and put in *Phabo* in this Line,

Nil desperandum Teucro *duce, & auspice* Teucro,

for says the Dr. *PHOEBUS joined to TEUCER, is much better than TEUCER alone, and will serve more effectually to keep TEUCER's Companions and Followers from Despair.* Who can doubt of this? and if he had added *Jupiter, Mars, Bacchus*, and all the rest of the Gods and Goddesses, the Security would have been so much the stronger.

Neq; vero illud te deterreat, quod continuo repetit Apollo, *tanquam satis fuisset in priore versu* Phœbum *nominasse.*] The Dr. is graciously pleas'd to

to allow, that *Horace* should in this place set *Phœbus and Apollo* together, and yet in his *Notes* upon the 4th *Ode*, he gives out, that φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων belongs only to *Homer*, and was never imitated by any other Poet, but only *Virgil*, and by him *only once*. However it is reasonable, that *Horace* should sometimes go out of the way to help his Commentator, after so many Favours received at his Hands.

The End of the Second Part.

July 15, 1712.

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PART III.

To be Continued.

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Q. Horatii Flacci

ODARUM.

LIB. I.

ODE VIII. *Ad* LYDIAM.

Lydia, dic per omnis

(a) *Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando*

Perdere; cur apricum [*que Solis?*

Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atCur neque militaris

(b) *Inter æquales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis*

Temperat ora frenis?

Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum

Sanguine viperino

Cautius vitat? neque jam livida gestat armis

Brachia, sæpe disco,

Sæpe

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE VIII. *To* LYDIA.

WILL you perſiſt, fair *Lydia*! to love on,
On *Sybaris* exhauſt your Charms?
Now by the Gods, he's ruin'd and undone:
For Fame no more his Courage warms;
He hates the duſty Field and ſcorching Sun,
Though once ſo well approv'd for Feats of Arms.

No more his Arms the manag'd Steed reſtrain,
Nor ſtem with nervous *Strokes* the Flood,
Suppled with Oil no more his Limbs ſuſtain
The maſſy Armour's weighty Load.

Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?
Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Trojæ
Funera; ne virilis
Cultus in cædem & Lycias proriperet catervas.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 8.

(*a*) *TE deos oro, Sybarin cur properas.*] Some of *Pulmannus*'s Copies, some of *Berſmannus*, and my own, the *Gravian*, *Galean*, *Queen's-College*, *Royal Society*, and *Peter-Houſe* Copy, as alſo *Marius Victorinus*, p. 2533, 2614, 2621, read this Place, *Hoc Deos oro*. But there are more Books, which with *Diomedes*, p. 509, and *Fortunatianus*, p. 2683, 2703, prefer *Te* before *Hoc*. Both theſe *Lections* are good: but *te* is more nice and fine. See *Serm.* 1. 8.

Per magnos, Brute, *deos te Oro.*

(*b*) *Inter æquales equitet,—temperet.*] The old Parchments of *Gravius* read it as plain as can be, *equitat* and *temperat*. Why ſhould not this be Right? by this Trick the whole Sentence is made more Pathetick, in *Greek* καθυπτιοτικῶς, if you toſs it off by way of Interrogation: otherwiſe, you only bid *Lydia* tell the Story to her ſelf. But the *Librarians* made the Alteration, becauſe *properas* and *oderit* went before; and truly there had been no end, if they had gone on at that rate; for then they muſt have popp'd in *vitet* and *aptet* in the tenth *Verſe*: only perhaps *timet* in the eighth Verſe would have put a ſtop to their Proceedings, which could never have been chang'd into *timeas*, without ſpoiling and laming *Horace*'s Feet. Nay, I am verily perſuaded, that this ſame *properes* is the natural Iſſue of *oderit*; and yet *oderit*, if *Priſcian*'s Teſtimony may be allowed, is put here *Interrogatively*, p. 1059, and as he afterwards ſays, p. 1146, is as well the *Future* of the *Indicative Mood* as of the *Subjunctive*. We may therefore read *properas* in the firſt Verſe, and accordingly we find it ſo extant in *Diomedes*, p. 509. in *Victorinus*, p. 2533. and in *Fortunatianus*, p. 2683, and 2703.

He's ſpoil'd, he's loſt to Glory and Renown,
Unmann'd, and made a Woman's Toy:
So *Thetis* heretofore diſguis'd her Son;
Leaſt the rough Habit of a Boy
Should call him forth, and urge the Hero on
Eager for War and Blood, and puſh the Fate of *Troy*.

ODE IX. *Ad* THALIARCHUM.

(c) *Vides ut altâ ſtet nive candidum*
Soracte, nec jam ſuſtinent onus
Silvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina conſtiterint acuto.

Diſſolve frigus, ligna ſuper foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum (d) Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Permitte Divis cætera: qui ſimul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Deproeliantes, nec cupreſſi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid ſit futurum cras fuge quærere; & (e)
Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Adpone: nec duleis amores
Sperne puer, (e) neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abeſt
Moroſa; nunc & campus, & areæ,
Leneſque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſitâ repetantur horâ:

Nunc & latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ riſus ab angulo,
Pignuſque dereptum lacertis,
(f) *Aut digito male pertinax.*

ODE IX. *To* THALIARCHUS.

SEE how *Soracte*'s Mountain scarce sustains
Her hoary Load! what Frosts congeal the Woods,
Bind fast the waving Seas in Icy Chains,
And stop the rapid Current of the Floods!

Now let your Hearth with Piles of Billets glow,
The *Sabine* Casks their mellow Charge diffuse:
Dissolve the crystal Ice, melt down the Snow
With never-ceasing Fires and sparkling Juice.

Leave all the rest to *Jove*, at whose Command
The warring Winds their rough Contentions end,
No more the Waves in curling Ridges stand,
Nor Ash, nor Cypress to the Tempest bend.

Nought Future, no To-morrows Thee employ,
The present Hour is thine, and this improve,
Now in thy Youth the Gift of Heaven enjoy,
In sportive Dance, in Revels, and in Love.

Remove far off Old-age and late Decay,
Now to the Walks and to the Ring repair:
At Night the lucky Moment calls away,
The gentle Whisper, and the yielding Fair.

In vain she flies to Hides, but laughing Shows
How you may find her out, and hold her fast:
And when you snatch some Favour, clasps it close,
Struggles awhile, but —— lets it go at last.

(c) *Vides ut alta.*] These Words come upon us in all the Editions with an *Interrogation*; but it is a much greater piece of Elegance to omit it. So in Carm. 3. 28.

Inclinare meridiem
Sentis; ac veluti ſtet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Caſſantem Bibuli *conſulis amphoram.*

So we find it in the *Greek* of *Alcæus*, to which our Author refers in this place, almoſt Word for Word.

Τὸν μὲν ὁ Σεὺς, ἐν δ' ὁμαρῶ μίγας
Χειμὼν πυκάζειν δ' ὑδάτων ῥοάς.

(d) Sabina *diota.*] That moſt learned Man *Thomas Gale* had much rather read *Sabino*; and here I fancy is the whim of it: becauſe, he thinks, it comes from the *Greek* διώτης; and I muſt not diſſemble with him, but fairly let him know, that in the oldeſt Copies, the *Gravian* and *Queens College*, but eſpecially in the *Gravian*, the *final* Letter *a* does ſeem as if it had been made out of the Letter *o*. But be that as it will, the *Greek* ſhould have been διώτου, or διωτὶς, and not διώτης, or διώτη; for no Words compounded of οὖς do admit of thoſe Terminations. Μυοσώτη, a Herb ſo called, is cited out of *Ægineta*; But 'tis a Blunder: For it ſhould be μυοσωτὶς, or μυὸς ὦτα; and yet our *Heſychius* ſays' Βυόσωτες, ἰσωτίλωτες. τὸ σμῆγμα δία, ἢ φιλόωτες. Σοφοκλῆς Λίχμαλώτιον. Which Place if it were as it ſhould be, yet we could never tell from thence, whether the *Nominative Caſe* were ἰνώτης or ἰνώτη. But as for *Heſychius*, he plainly ſhams, and puts upon us in this Caſe, and his Eyes were ſtrangely out of order when he read the Books, whence he collected that Paſſage; for the Books ſay, ἰνώτας and not ἰνώτας' Accordingly the Author of the great *Etymologicon* has this Sentence, Ἐνωταῖς, τοῖς ἰσωτίλοις, ἀπὸ τῆς ταῖς τῶν ἄστρων ὠσὶ κείδε. Σοφοκλῆς. You ſee this Man commends this ἰνώτας out of the ſame *Sophocles*, and in the very ſame Signification as the other did ἰνώτας. Nor can you have any Scruple but that it muſt be ἰνώτας, and that this is right upon two Accounts: becauſe it comes from ἰνὶ, and is pronounced juſt like φιλόωτας. See *Gloſſ. Philoxeni. Diota, ἀμφόρευ, ἰσιοφόρευ.* And yet you can never learn by this whether it be *Maſculine* or *Faminine*. So that in a thing of ſo much Uncertainty the beſt way is to take the moſt *Copies*, and let their Number decide the Controverſie.

(e) *Neque*

(*e*) *Neque tu choreas.*] The Pronoun *tu* intrudes it self in this place very much against the good Will and Pleasure of that mighty Man *Julius Scaliger*. He says, *That the* Verification *or* Scanning part *put him under a necessity of suffering* tu *to pop in here.* The truth of it is, there is no such thing as *tu* in the *Galean* and *Peter-house* Copies; and I fancy, those lazie Rogues the *Librarians* put it in, when they had nothing else to do. And yet how comes it about, that they will suffer *Virgil* to talk at this rate, even where his Discourse is much after the same manner? See Æn. 5. 456.

Præcipitemque Daren *ardens agit æquore toto,*
Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille *sinistrâ.*

Seneca Her. Fur. 1246.
Per sanctæ generis sacra, per jus nominis
Utrumque nostri, sive me alterum vocas,
Seu tu *parentem.*

(*f*) *Aut digito male pertinaci.*] *Prudentius* in Præfat. Cathem. has notoriously imitated this Passage of our Author.

——*Exin jurgia turbidos*
Armarunt animos, & male pertinax
Vincendi studium subjacit castibus asperis.

But in *Prudentius, male pertinax*, signifies *stubborn, refractory, and pertinacious to the last*: Whereas it has quite another Meaning in our Author; for here it does not signifie, as some expound it, *parum pertinax*, (*not very obstinate*) but it signifies one, *who really is obstinate, but yet so, as to be content after some Struggle to submit. Petronius* has much such another Thought. *I stole in*, says he, *and snatcht the Favour from her*, male repugnanti, that is, *though she resisted me, yet so resisted as at last to yield.* See also our Author. Carm. 2. 12.

Et facili sævitiâ *negat,*
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 9.

VIdes ut alta.] *Hæc per interrogationem proferuntur in omnibus editionibus: quæ tamen elegantius omittitur.* Sic in *Carm.* 3. 28.

Inclinare meridiem; &c.] *Horace* in this *Ode*, addresses himself to one *Thaliarchus*, and in the first Line, bids him take notice, and *see how the Snow lies upon the Mountains.* The Dr. is in some Perplexity whether it should run thus, or whether there should be an *Interrogation Point* at the end of it, as thus, *Do you see*

See how the Snow ſtands upon the Mountains? Not that the Senſe is the worſt for it, or ſuffers any manner of Alteration: All the Diſpute is about *Pointing*. But he decides it wonderfully, and is reſolv'd, that the *Interrogation Point* ſhall not ſtand here, becauſe in another place *Horace* does not uſe an *Interrogation Point*, where he is ſpeaking about the Times and Seaſons, as he does here, and yet the Senſe would have been the ſame if he had uſed it. What a nice Diſcernment in Criticiſm is this! How richly does the Dr. deſerve thoſe glorious Epithets of *Limatiſſimus, Sagaciſſimus, Vir Recenditæ eruditionis*, and the like, which he ſo often beſtows upon his Brethren the Commentators? Suppoſe ſome great Author ſhould ariſe, and oblige the World with a new *Edition* of that noble Claſſick *Quæ Genus*, which is only ſecond to *Propria Quæ maribus*, Publiſhed with Notes, Emendations, Various Lections, and all other Accoutrements; how many curious Scruples might he raiſe at that Line *Cornu tibi curva ſiniſtri*, and thereupon go to work upon Manuſcripts, Copies and Editions, only to prove that here ought to be no *Interrogation Point*? Notwithſtanding the meaneſt Boy in the *Claſs* might probably Conſtrue it with that Mark; and could he do better than make out, that the very ſame judicious Poet had given us a Precedent, and did not make uſe of an *Interrogation Point* upon the like occaſion. Vide, *Nec vult Panthera domari*

Addantur Thebæ & Athenæ. Such a Remark could not come off more nobly, than by concluding with ſome ſuch elegant *Quotation*,

'Put it in, 'tis very well done:
But if you won't, you may let
it alone:
'Tis all one, 'Tis all one.

Sed omnino fallit nos Heſychius, *& lippientibus oculis inſpexit ſuos codices, unde iſta deſcripſit.*] As all Authors, and eſpecially Criticks, take particular care to beſpeak Candour in their Readers, they ſhould be as ready to ſet us an Example of it in themſelves. Our Learned *Scholiaſt*, agreeable to this Rule, gives us here a remarkable Inſtance how Candid he is in his own Nature; for though he had Convicted *Heſychius* of a Blunder, yet ſo far is he from ſuppoſing it to be a wilful one, that he actually charges the Fault upon *Heſychius*'s Eye-ſight. He takes it for granted *he was blear-eyed*, or had at that time a Rheum and Defluxion, which hinder'd him in the clear View of a *Greek* Word, about which the Dr. is here diſputing. If I am not miſtaken, *Horace* himſelf complains of the very ſame Imperfection in one part of his Book, and tells us, that it hindred him from playing at *Tennis* (for ſo I interpret *Pila*, in Oppoſition to ſome Cri-

ticks

ticks who contend for *Trap*) Indeed since the Invention of Spectacles there is less to be said for Criticks in this Case; only I observe, there is one sort of Men, whom the Dr. will never forgive for a Slip of this Nature, I mean those Blundering Rogues, *The Librarians*.

Neque dissimulandum est, in vetustissimis codicibus Graviano & Regiensi, *in illo versu tertio, posteriorem a formosum vidisse ova.*] Here we meet with a remarkable Instance upon how slender a Thread the Fate and Fortune of the greatest Authors depend. The dash of a Pen, the streak of a Hair, a drop of bad Ink, an ill-contriv'd Abreviation, a small stain from a Transcriber's hand not well wash'd, or a sudden fit of Oscitation in one of those Rascally *Librarians*, shall spoil a good Expression or a fine Thought: and at the same time raise such a Contest between Scholiasts, Commentators, and Interpreters, as shall not be laid again without a great Effusion of Ink, though the only thing contended for be an *A*, an *O*, or *P*, or a *Comma*, or an *Interrogation* point. On the other Hand, some such trifling Casualty shall give the hint to such a learned Critick above Day to broach up a heavy Sermon, and turn that into a brisk flight of Wit and Fancy, which the Author himself never dreamt on. I could give you a very remarkable Story to this purpose. A certain Retainer to Letters, who by serving as *Amanuensis* to a great Scholar had pick'd up a good set of *Latin* and *Greek* Scraps, sufficient for a Note-monger, This Gentleman having unhappily lost his Patron, thought he could not do better than transmit his Memory as well as his own to Posterity, in a very Learned and Acurate *Epitaph*. The nature of this *Epitaph* was such, that tho' it was compounded of *Latin* and *Greek* handsomely put together, yet the Design of it was, that it should not be understood till the Third or Fourth Generation, when Riddles and Enigmatical Inscriptions begin to be suspected of having some Meaning, contrary to the first Intention of their Authors, purely for the sake of their Antiquity: and then this *Epitaph* was to have all its Letters, Sylables, and Commas drawn'd, and come into Competition with the *Marmor Arundelianum*. Accordingly, it was set out in Columns, with *Greek* and *Latin* Compounds, drawn up after a Military manner. As thus,

Philobiblius.	*Misopapismus.*
Philomusus.	*Misosannitus.*
Philarchaion.	*Misodulus.*
Philologus.	*Misobarbarus.*

Not a word of which was to be comprehended by any Body within fifty Days Journey of the Country Church, in

in which this *Epitaph* was to shine. But so it happened, that the Waggoner, to whose Care this Noble Piece was committed in order to be carry'd down to the Repository for which it was intended, made an Unfortunate Blunder, threw down his Load, and broke it in several pieces, to the great Disappointment, as was then supposed, of the Learned Author. And yet in the Event, Fortune prov'd a better Critick than a thousand Commentators, and in the Overthrow took care so to separate the *Greek* Compounds from the *Latin*, that by laying aside the *Miso's*, *Philo's*, and the rest of those hard Words, the whole became Easie, Bright, and Intelligible, which was never designed to have any Meaning, till at least five hundred Years after.

Neque tamen est parum pertinax; *ut vulgò exponunt; sed qui* simulat se pertinacem esse, *& tamen pertinaciam suam expugnari cupit.*] *Horace* was here speaking of the little Toying and Gallantries of some easie agreeable Girls in his time, and he calls them *male pertinaces*, for they pretended Resistance, and would stand a small Struggle, but after that yield and give up the Favour. The Dr. is extreamly concern'd for some sowr Morose Criticks, who, as he says, would make *male pertinaces* signifie an *utter refusal* and a *resolute holding out against all Attacks*, and he will by no means allow of that severe Interpretation. He is resolv'd the Girls shall yield: and I verily believe *Horace* was of his Mind. The truth of it is, *Horace* describes the Pleasure in so luscious and alluring a manner, that it is a very hard matter to peruse him with a feeling Intimacy, as the Dr. does, without being insensibly drawn into the same soft and tender Sentiments.

Ubi obiter mendum occultissimum *abolere potuit: quem miror equidem sagacissimum* Heinsium *non advertisse.*] Our Learned Commentator cites a Place in *Ovid*, and tells us, *there is a horrid Fault in the Reading*; but at the same time he calls it, *occultissimum mendum*, (*a very occult Fault*) and one would think it should not therefore be easily discovered, that being commonly the case with occult Cases; And yet the Dr. professes *his great wonder*, that his Friend *Heinsius*, with his usual Sagacity, should not discover it. Such is the honourable Opinion that great Criticks have of one another, since they think it matter of Surprize, that any thing, though never so occult, should escape their penetration.

Quid enim est Pleias una? *An periculum erat, ne dubitaret matribus genitum esse* Mercurium *suspicarentur?*] *Ovid* speaking of *Mercury* had unfortunately said,

Quam

——*Quem montibus olim*
Edidit Arcadiis Pleïas una *Jovi.*

Which in plain *English* amounts to thus much, *that one of the* Pleiades *brought forth* Mercury *to* Jupiter *in the Mountains of* Arcadia. I ſuppoſe, ſo it has been taken in all the *Grammar Schools* of *Great Britain*; and I preſume no great Difficulty ſtarted in explaining the Text, either by the Boys or their Maſter. But now comes the Dr, and he thinks it ſtrange, that ſuch Nonſence as this ſhould paſs upon Scholars. *For*, ſays he, *why* Una, *why* One *of the* Pleiades? *Would any body imagine that* Mercury *ſhould have two Mothers?* This no doubt is an Objection that none of *Horace*'s Readers foreſaw; but though among the Writers of *Horace*'s Age, there is a very odd Account of the Generation of ſeveral of their Gods, yet ſince there does not appear any thing of what the Dr. mentions in the Production of *Mercury*, as ſlippery a God as he was, the Queſtion will be, whether the Words cannot otherwiſe be accounted for. Now we are to underſtand, that there were ſeveral Ladies, ſome ſay, *ſeven*, who went by the Name of *Pleïas*; and therefore, though it may not be good Senſe to ſuſpect *Mercury* for having two Mothers, and conſequently, that *mater una*, had that been the Expreſſion, would have been bad enough; yet ſince the Words are *Pleïas una*, it can never be bad Senſe to ſay, *that though he had but one Mother, yet that one Mother was one of the* Pleiades. Suppoſe the Dr. were the Father of *ſeven* Daughters; to ſay, that either of thoſe Siſters, or all of them together, had more than one Father, would be bad enough; and to ſay, that they had more than one Mother, much worſe; but to ſay, *that one of thoſe Siſters, or one of the B's, was made a Mother by ſuch a one*; or that, *ſuch a one was the Son of one of thoſe*, is no more, I conceive, than what *Priſcian*, *Burſmannus*, *Billibaldus*, and even *Heinſius* himſelf, or any one but Dr. *B*, the Father, might diſcover and allow of, notwithſtanding he has pronounced it to be ſo very occult and myſterious. And though the Epithet *uda* (moiſt) which the Dr. places in the room of *Una*, does indeed agree very well with either of the *Pleiades*, who in the Accounts of the Ancients are repreſented as *watry Wenches*; yet I queſtion whether it agrees with *Mercury*'s Mother in her preſent Circumſtances, where we find her removed from her proper Sphere to the Mountains of *Arcadia*, which I conceive to be no very wet or watry Situation; unleſs the Dr. hints at another ſort of *moiſture*, which I do not think fit to take Notice of.

ODE

ODE X. *Ad* MERCURIUM.

(g) *Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,*
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formasti catus, (h) & decora
More palæstræ:

Te canam, magni Jovis & Deorum
Nuntium, curvaque lyræ parentem;
Callidum, quicquid placuit, jocoso
Condere furto.

Te boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrâ
Risit Apollo.

Quin & Atridas, duce te, superbos,
Ilio dives Priamus relicto,
Thessalosque ignis, & iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgâque levem coerces
Aureâ turbam, (i) superis Deorum
Gratus, & imis.

ODE X. *To* MERCURY.

GReat God of Wit, from *Atlas* ſprung,
For Eloquence renown'd;
The Muſick of whoſe Charming Tongue
Refin'd Mankind, and Science found;

Of Thee upon the Lyre I ſing:
To Thee the Lyre owes its Birth,
Ambaſſador of Heav'n's great King,
Admir'd for Witty Theſts on Earth.

For his ſtol'n Cows *Thee Maia*'s Son
With Threats attackt a Child;
But when he found his Quiver gone,
Pleas'd with the Cheat, *Apollo* ſmil'd.

Old *Priam*, by thy Conduct led
To great *Achilles*' Tent,
Unſeen unhurt to *Ilium* fled
Through *Grecian* Fires and Guards he went.

Thou ſway'ſt the Regions of the Bleſt,
The Ghoſts thy Scepter know,
A Favourite by all confeſs't
The Gods above, and thoſe below.

(*a*) MErcuri *facunde, nepos* Atlantis.] This little Verſe is very much commended by *Priſcian*, p. 739, and by *Servius*, Vir. Æn. 1. 527. it. 4. 558, and yet in all the Editions that ever I ſaw, it is horribly ill Pointed; for thus the *Comma* ſhould ſtand,

Mercuri, *facunde nepos* Atlantis.

The very Elegance of the Expreſſion might teach us as much; and we may learn the very ſame from an Expreſſion in *Ovid*, which was manifeſtly taken from this Paſſage of our Author. Vide *Faſtor.* 5. 663.

Clare nepos Atlantis, *ades*; *quem montibus olim*
Edidit Arcadiis Pleïas *alma* Jovi.

Where, if you think fit, you may ſcratch out an occult Fault, which I wonder how that ſagacious Fellow *Heinſius* could paſs by without Animadverting. For how comes it to be *Pleïas alma*? was there any danger of a Suſpicion, that *Mercury* was born of Two Mothers? I therefore order you to read, and will if any Damage happens, take it upon my ſelf,

Edidit Arcadiis Pleïas uda *Jovi.*

For the *Pleiades* are every where among the Poets called, *aquoſa, madida, imbrifera, wet, moiſt, rainy.* Nay their very Perſons are called *uda* or moiſt. See *Ovid.* Faſt. 2. 597.

Dixerat, annuerunt omnes Tiberinides udæ.

And *Sappho* ſays to *Phaon.*

Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas uda *meos.*

(*b*) *Et decora more Paleſtræ.*] All the Books conſpire to make good this Lection, and we have beſides the Teſtimony of *Servius*, who cites this Paſſage, juſt as we find it, Æn. 4. 559. And ſo *Lactantius ad* Stat. Theb. 6. 830. And yet *Daniel Heinſius*, according to his uſual way of *Supererrogation*, in *Greek* περιεργία, will draw a Cruſt over this Paſſage, and commit a Blunder, which I take to be a very Unhappy one. He corrects it thus.

Cætus & decora heu———
———*more Paleſtræ.*

Mos Paleſtræ, (*the manner of Wreſtling*) is no more than *lex & inſtitutum Paleſtræ* (*the Law and Cuſtom of wreſtling*) as the Place is very well explained by that immenſe Peruſer of Books *Barthius*, Adverſ. 28, 1. *Torentianus Mauro* in Præfat.

Mos

Mos certaminis & modus,
Sudor dum solitus cadit
Nulla mole palastricâ.

Silius Italic. 16.

Quo ruis? aut quinam hic rabidi certaminis est mos?
Et nobis & equis letum commune laboras.

Lactantius Placidus ad *Ovid.* Metam. 10. Fab. 11. *Cum Hippomenes* morem certaminis *non expavesceret.* These Proofs are brought by *Barthius*, who is by no means to be depriv'd of the Glory he has thereby gained, notwithstanding we our selves had luck'd upon the very same Places. Add to these, that Place in *Lucan*, which of all others is most pertinent to our present purpose, *Lib.* 4. 613.

—— *Perfudit membra liquore*
Hospes, Olympiaca servato more *palastra.*

So *Pindar* tells us, *Olymp.* 6. that *Hercules* invented the *Method* of Wrestling at the *Olympick* Games.

ΤΕΘΜΟΝ μέγιστον ἀέθλων

Morem *maximum certaminum.*

And again *Olym.* 13. He calls the *Isthmian* Games, the *Method* invented by *Neptune*, Neptuni *Morem.*

Ἐν ἀμφιάλοισι Ποτειδᾶνος ΤΕΘΜΟΙΣΙ.

And elsewhere he again calls the *Olympick* Games, the *Method* inven ed by *Hercules*, Herculis *Morem.*

Ὕστατον δ' ἔχει Πίσα Ἡρακλέος ΤΕΘΜΟΝ.

I verily believe that honest *Heinsius* unfortunately fell into that *Pruriginous* Blunder, by having too much regard for *Julius Scaliger*, who could never relish the jingle of those two Words, *Decora*, *more.* But the Lection is without doubt Right and Good, and has no Occasion to trouble it self over much, either with the Nicety of *Scaliger*'s Ears, or the Acuteness of *Heinsius*'s Judgment.

(*i*) *Superis deorum gratus & imis.*] It is very notorious, that *Ovid* borrowed that Passage concerning *Mercury*, Fast. 5. 665, from our Author.

Pacis & armorum, superis imisque *deorum*,
Arbiter, alato qui pede carpis iter.

DAniel tamen *Heinsius, pro solitâ suâ περιεργία, incrustare vult locum sincerum.*] Here is another fault usual among Scholiasts and Commentators, which the Dr. with great Judgment Points at; which is *Over-doing* or *Supererrogation*, and which in the more agreeable Stile of Criticks, the Dr. here calls *Incrustation*, by a Metaphor taken from *Pastry-Cooks*. I am so much of the Dr's Mind in declaring against this horrid Vice of *Supererrogation* in the Criticks and Commentators, that I could not pass it by without a Censure, notwithstanding it has given an Occasion of furnishing the World with an immense Quantity of *Folio's*, *Quarto's*, and *Octavo's*, besides a prodigious Pile of lesser Books, which we should otherwise probably have wanted.

Atque hac quidem attulit Barthius, *qui laude suâ minimè fraudandus erat, etsi eadem loca per nos quoque videremus.*] *Horace* among other Inventions of *Mercury*, mentions *Wrestling*, which he calls *morem Palæstræ*: now it seems *Barthius* had discovered where the word *Mos* was used in the same Sense in *Silius*, *Lactantius*, and *Ovid*. On the other Hand our Learned Dr. says, *he too had found out all this, and a great deal more*: But yet professes, *that BARTHIUS ought by no means to be depriv'd of the Glory of his Discoveries.* What a noble Art is Criticism, where an Excursion into a *Vocabulary*, or a tolerable Progress made in an *Index*, shall be deem'd an Atchievement, an Adventure, and accordingly entitle a Man to everlasting Honour and Glory!

Julio Scaligero *resonatio illa infuavis visa est*, Decoræ more. *Sed recta sine dubio lectio est, & neque hujus aures, nec illius acumen metuere debet.*] The Dr. here comes very seasonably to the Relief of *Horace*, for he was in the utmost Peril from *Julius Scaliger*, who had declared against the *Jingle* of those two words, *Decora more*. But the Dr. utterly confutes him by this ingenious Argument, *that these two words need not stand in awe of* Julius Scaliger's *Ears, any more than of* Daniel Heinsius's *acute Judgment*. It is very true, that in a Comment upon those words, Ode 2. *Populo Quirini*, the Dr. cites a Passage from the second Book of the *Epist.* 2. *v.* 68.

——— *Cubat hic in colle* Quirino,
Hic extremo in Aventino.----

and declares, *that his Ears were very much against that* Jingle *of* Quirino & Aventino, *and grievously offended with it*; His words are these. *Ipsa aures repugnant*, tinnituque *iste*, Quirino & Aventino,

no, *graviter offenduntur*; and yet in this Paſſage, with which the Dr's Ears are offended, the *Jingle* is parted by three whole words (*Hic extremo in*) whereas in *Heinſius*'s Jingle, the words have nothing at all between them,

——— Decoræ
More *Palæſtræ*.

But I am perſuaded, according to the Dr's Advice, *Horace* will ſtand in awe of neither *Heinſius*' Ears nor Dr. *B*'s; till he is firſt ſatisfied, which of the two are Longeſt

ODE XI. *Ad* LEUCONOEN.

(k) *TU ne quaeſieris (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi*
Finem (l) *Di dederint, Leuconoë; nec Babylonios*
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati;
Seu pluris hiemes, ſeu tribuit Jupiter *ultimam,*
Quae nunc oppoſitis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. ſapias, vina liques, & ſpatio brevi
Spem longam reſeces. dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula poſtero.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE II.

(k) *TU ne quaſieris.*] The *Editions* vary very much in this Place: ſome of them write it thus,

Tu ne quaſieris (ſcire nefas) quem &c.

Others thus,

Tu ne quaſieris ſcire (nefas) quem;

And *Interpreters* are ſtrangely divided about it. In truth, it is a Matter of no great Moment: and whether you Point it this way or t'other way, it will do very well; For there is no harm in ſaying, *Ne quaſieris ſcire, quem finem dederint,* (*Seek not to know what will be the End.*) See our Author, Epiſt. 1. 3.

Juli Flore, *quibus terrarum militet ora,*
Claudius Auguſti *privignus,* ſcire laboro.

Neither on the other hand is there any great harm in ſaying, *Ne quaſieris, quem finem dederint,* (*Make no Enquiry, what End,* &c.) See *Ovid* Amor. 22.

Nec tu, limigeram ſieri quid poſſit ad Iſin,
Quaeſieris: *nec te curva theatra time.*

And

ODE XI. *To* LEUCONOE.

SEEK not to know, what fated End
The Gods for you or me intend,
Nor lend to Magick Arts an Ear,
But ſtill againſt the worſt prepare:
With Unconcern let Life glide on:
'Tis full of Toil, and quickly done.
See, Winter rages on the Sea,
And 'tis perhaps the Laſt you'll ſee.
Be wiſe, enjoy the preſent Hour:
Briſk Wine from ſmiling Goblets pour:
Improve the Moments whilſt they laſt,
And ſnatch the Hours that fly ſo faſt;
To Day, let Hope prevent Deſpair,
To Morrow is not worth your Care.

And yet that way of *Pointing* and *Marking* this Paſſage, ſeems to be the beſt, which ſhuts up thoſe two Words (*ſcire nefas*) in a *Parentheſis*. See *Ovid* Faſt. 3. 325.

Quaque trahant ſuperis ſedibus arte Jovem.
Scire nefas *homini*: *nobis conceſſa canentur*.

Lucan. 1. 26.
——— *Quis juſtius induit arma*,
Scire nefas. ———

Statius *Theb.* 3. 562.
——— *Quid craſtina volveret ætas*,
Scire nefas *homini*.

Prudentius *Cathem.* 3. 116.
Corpora mutua (noſſe nefas)
Poſt epulas inoperta vident.

See our *Author*. Epod. 16.
Quaque carent ventis & ſolibus oſſa Quirini
(Nefas *videre*) *diſſipabit inſolens*.

(*l*) *Di dederint*.] The *Zulichemian* Copy, and at firſt Hand the *Queen's College* Copy, write *dederunt*: and it is not wrong. For according to the Conjurers and Gipſies, with whom *Leuconoe* had been to aſk Advice, it was already decreed by Fate how many Years ſhe ſhould live. And yet for all that, here muſt be no Alteration made.

CODEX

CODEX Zuichemianus, & a prima manu Reginensis, dederunt: *Non multa. Nam secundum Astrologos Babylonias, quas* Leuconoe *consultum ibat, jam fato fixum erat, quot annos victura esset.*] *Horace* adviſes a Lady, *not to go to a Conjurer:* which is to very little Purpoſe, for the Dr. ſays, *ſhe had been there already*: but does not ſay, from what Manuſcripts, Copies, or old Books he had this Secret: Antiquity being very reſerved upon the Affairs of this Lady. He therefore, who would know more of this matter, muſt do as the Dr. ſays *Leuconoe* did.

Scire nefas. Ovid, Lucan, Statius, Prudentius.] Nothing is more common among Critics, than to hear them comparing great Authors with one another; and if they can but find two or three Words in one, which upon the ſame or the like Occaſion they find in another (a thing eaſie to be accounted for) preſently they cry out; This is *ſtolen*, this is *borrowed*, this is *imitated*; or the like, and then they run on with a Collection of Scraps and Fragments of Proſe and Poetry, with a long Catalogue of bright Names, on purpoſe to convince the Reader, that they have peruſed thoſe Claſſicks, at leaſt their *Indexes*; by which Stratagem it often comes to paſs, that they make one Author filch from another, who was not born till perhaps a Century after. One Learned Commentator has diſplay'd his Parts this way; how often does he ſhew us, where *Virgil*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Martial*, and forty more, have uſed an *&* or a *tu*, or ſome very inconſiderable *Particle*, in the ſame Senſe that *Horace* does, and then given us a long Liſt for Proof of it? which, according to the Party-colour'd way of Printing *Quotations*, makes a very glaring Figure in his Book; and then it follows, O the Schollar! What a well-read Man! What a Treaſure, an Immenſe Treaſure of Learning! In the preſent Inſtance he has coupled *Scire nefas* together, and told us, in how many others they are to be found; and in how many more they might have been found, by him or any Body elſe, I dare not ſay. Suppoſe one were to Criticize upon the *Engliſh* Poets after the ſame manner, and ſhould find in one of them——

Oh ye Gods! ——— and then juſtifie the Paſſage by Authorities, what a Noiſe might he make with our *Miltons*, *Drydens*, *Lees*, *Otways*, *Congreves*, *Addiſons*, and the reſt? Indeed I cannot quite ſo uncharitable as to ſuppoſe, that whenever I find two Words together in two ſeveral Authors, the Youngeſt of the two muſt ſteal from the other. In a Col-

Collection of Poetical *Fragments*, now extant at *Cambridge*, and to be seen there, I find these two Lines,

Non moreris, Gulielme! vola; sed vivus ad astra,
Æthereis qualis vectus Enochus equis.

Which Distich, as it appears not to be quite so old as the Age of *Augustus*, I undertake to amend thus,

Æthereis qualis vectus Elisha rotis;

It being impossible, that any thing so putid, so senseless, so contrary to Fact and History, which gives us no Account of *Enoch's Chariot*, could come from so Terse an Author. He said *Elisha rotis*; or should have said it. The other I believe was foisted in by some stupid *Librarian*. Now in commenting upon these words, tho' it might be very easie to find *ad astra* or *vectus rotis* in *Virgil*, *Horace*, or some other great *Author*, yet it would be Injustice to say, that this Writer stole from them, or even so much as imitated them. It is no doubt an Original.

ODE

ODE XII. *Ad* AUGUSTUM.

QUEM virum aut heroa lyrâ vel acri
(a) *Tibiâ sumis celebrare, Clio?*
Quem Deum? Cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen Imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temerè insecutæ
Orphea sylvæ,

Arte Maternâ rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

(b) *Quid prius dicam solitis parentis*
Laudibus; (c) qui res hominum, ac Deorum,
Qui mare ac terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso;
Nec viget quicquam simile, aut secundum:
(d) *Proximos illi tamen occupavit*
Pallas honores.

(c) *Prælio-*

ODE XII. *To* AUGUSTUS.

WHAT Man? What Hero wilt thou claim?
What God-head, *Muſe*? For whom inſpire
Thy warbling Pipe or Lyre,
While ſportful *Eccho* ſounds thy dancing Name?

Whether in *Pindus'* Shades I rove,
Or near the *Muſes* ſacred Spring,
Or on cold *Hæmus* ſing,
Whence tuneful *Orpheus* drew the liſt'ning Grove.

He knew to charm or Earth, or Sky;
Soon as his Mother's Harp he ſtrung,
The Trees with Ears were hung;
The Streams forgot to flow, the Winds to fly.

What nobler Theme than he, who ſteers
The World, obedient to his Sway,
Whom Gods and Men obey:
Who guides the Earth, and Sea, and fleeting Years?

He claims the firſt and higheſt Place:
Nothing ſo great, ſo wiſe, above,
None Second is to *Jove*.
But *Pallas* next to him deſerves our Praiſe.

(e) *Præliis audax, neque te ſilebo,*
Liber, & ſævis inimica virgo
Belluis: Nec te metuende certâ,
Phœbe, Sagittâ.

Dicam & Alciden puerosque Ledæ;
Hunc equis, illum ſuperare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum ſimul alba nautis
Stella refulſit,

Defluit ſaxis agitatus humor;
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
(f) *Et minax (quod ſic voluere) ponto*
Unda recumbit.

Romulum poſt hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an ſuperbos
Tarquini faſces, dubito, an (g) *Catonis*
Nobile lethum.

Regulum, & Scauros; animæque magnæ
(h) *Prodigum Paulum, ſuperante Pœno,*
Gratus inſigni referam Camenâ,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc & incomptis Curium capillis
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
(i) *Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto*
Cum lare fundus.

(k) *Creſcit*

I'll *Bacchus'* Fights exalt on high,
And fierce *Diana's* Sylvan Arts,
And great *Apollo's* Darts
That from the fatal Bow unerring fly.

I'll ſing *Alcides* and the *Twins*,
Renown'd on Horſe-back or on Foot,
To puſh the Martial Rout:
Whoſe Star propitious to the Sailor ſhines;

The Clouds diſperſe when they ariſe,
The warring Winds are huſh'd aſleep,
Serenely ſmiles the Deep,
And ſmooth the Surface of old Ocean lyes.

Shall I rehearſe wiſe *Numa's* State,
Or *Romulus* th' immortal Man:
Or *Tarquin's* haughty Reign
And pompous Life, or *Cato's* nobler Fate?

The *Scauri* laviſh of their Blood,
Or brave *Frabricius* fond of Fame
Or *Regulus*, bright Name!
Or *Paulus*, ever glorious, though ſubdu'd?

A homely Cott and private State
Produc'd *Camillus*, fam'd in War,
In Rules of Life ſevere,
And *Curius*, in his manly Roughneſs great.

(k) *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo*
Fama Marcelli. Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
(l) *Egerit justo domitos triumpho,*
(m) *Sive subjectos Orientis oris*
Seras & Indos:

Te minor (n) *latum reget æquus orbem;*
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

Marcellus, like a Tree, aſpires
To Glory, free from Noiſe and Care:
Whilſt the gay *Julian* Star,
Like the round *Moon*, out-ſhines the leſſer Fires.

Lord of Mankind! the World's wide Sway,
And *Caſar*'s Life, are in thy Pow'r:
The *Fates* could give no more;
O truly great, whom *Caſar* muſt obey!

Let *Caſar* tame the diſtant *Eaſt*,
And chace with juſt vindictive Arms
Terror and dread Alarms,
When *Parthian* Foes the *Roman* Coaſts infeſt.

Caſar and *Jove* ſhall rule the World;
Jove on *Olympus* rides conſeſt,
In Pow'r and Glory dreſt,
Whilſt at polluted Groves his angry Bolts are hurl'd.

(a) *Tibia sumes celebrare.*] The *Leiden* and *Gravian* Copies write, *sumes*. The other Copies, and at first hand the *Queens-College*, *sumis*. So say the rest of the Books which others have perused; and it is very well. So says our *Horace* elsewhere, *Epist.* 1. 3.

Quis sibi res gestas Augusti *scribere* sumit?

Sumis celebrare (you undertake to celebrate) has the force and significancy of the *Future Tense*, and is the same thing as if he had said, *Celebrabis* (you will celebrate.)

(b) *Quid prius dicam solitis parentum laudibus.*] Here we have a mighty Squabble both about the *Reading* and the *Construing*. Some Books have *Parentum*, among these are my eldest Copies, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, and *Queens-College*; and if any Body thinks this Genuine, then in my Judgment we are to understand the Place thus,

Quem *prius dicam solitis parentum*
Laudibus? qui res hominum, &c.

For observe the Order in which it lies; *what Man, or Hero, or God, will't thou, O* Muse, *celebrate? Whom shall I begin with? With* Jupiter? *Who is*, &c. For as for *dicere laudibus*, you may find those two Words together, *Carm.* 1. 21. *Seneca*, Troad. 294. *Virgil*, Georg. 2. 95. As for *Parentum laudibus*, or *the Praises which our Fathers gave* Jupiter, they are to be met with in *Virgil*, Georg. 3. 185. And *solitis laudibus* may be seen in our *Horace*, Car. 4, 15. This reading therefore is upon all Accounts very commodious, and is favoured by *Statius*, Theb. 1, 48. where *Quem Prius* are very lovingly set together. But there is another Lection proposed by *Muretus* by Guess-work, which is countenanc'd by *Codex Gemblacensis* formerly used by *Pulmannus*; it is this,

Quid prius dicam solitis parentem
Laudibus, qui res, &c.

But 'tis not worth our while to stay to confute this, for the Connexion is rough and intricate. We will therefore proceed to a third *Reading*, with which the *Vatican* Book of *Lambin*, and the old *Blandinian* Copy of *Cruquius*, one of *Berssmannus*, and the *Zulichemian* in our Hands, and lastly *Lactantius*, are pleased to furnish us, *Theb.* 1. 48. This smells strong of Probability, and agrees very well with what follows,

Parentis, *Unde nil majus generatur ipso.*

We can afford to be contented

ted with this; but then I should like the first *Reading* better, if our Conjecture concerning *Quem* were countenanced by any Copies. And yet let the Copies and Parchments say what they will, it is true notwithstanding.

(*c*) *Qui res hominum ac deorum.*] In some of *Lambin*'s it is,

Qui Rex *hominum ac Deorum.*

Which Reading he is not pleased to damn, neither do I; For *Jupiter*'s common Titles among the Poets are, *Deûm Rex*, *Superûm Rex*; *Divum pater atque hominum Rex*; and it is the same in the *Greek*. Βασιλεὺς θεῶν τε καὶ ἀνθρώπων, and the like. But for all this the other *Lection* is most certain, and fits the Place best, and agrees with the Sense. See *Virgil*, *Æn.* 1, 230.

——— *O Qui res hominumque deumque*
Æternis regis imperiis, & fulmine terres.

Where by the way take notice, that I say *Virgil* should have writ,

O qui res hominumque deumque.

As it is *Æn.* 2. 745. *Auctor ad Liviam*, v. 61. De Augusto. *Statius*, Theb. 6. 48. There you will find *res hominum*, and *que* tack'd to *Deorum*. In the following line many of my Books read *qui mare* ac *terras* and not *& terres*, which therefore we have conform'd our selves to.

(*d*) *Proximos illi tamen occupavit* Pallas *honores.*] Some *Interpreters* pretend to argue here, how *Pallas* comes to stand next *Jupiter*, and to take place of *Neptune* the God of the Sea, nay even of *Jupiter*'s Wife *Juno*?

But they do not riggle themselves out of the difficulty, and therefore those most learned Gentlemen, *Claudius Puteanus*, *Daniel Heinsius*, *Janus Rutgersius*, and *Dacier*, were downright for cutting the Knot when they could not untye it. For they resolve to read it against all the Books thus,

Proximos illi tamen occupabit
Pallas honores.

Occupabit, shall *seize upon*, that is to say in this *Ode*. But these otherwise very sharp Fellows did not smoak *Horace*'s Meaning, though the old *Scholiast* had fairly shew'd them the way,

Unde nil majus generatur ipse.

Where *unde* does not signifie as usual *whence* or *on which account*, but *from whom*, from *which Jove*, from *which Father* (that is if you like the *Lection* which makes it *Parentis*) *nothing is descended greater than himself*; For the word *unde*, does not only belong to Things but to Persons.

See

See *Virgil*, Æn. 5. 123. and 568. See our *Author*, Serm. 2. 2. where *unde* belongs to Persons. Here now you see, if I do not blunder, the Sentence begins to brighten. *From this* Jupiter *nothing comes greater than himself, or like him or second to him, yet among all his Children* Minerva *is most Honourable*. You find then the Interpreters have lost their Labour, for *Pallas* is not compared here with *Juno* or her Uncle *Neptune*, but only with *Jupiter*'s Issue, her Brothers and Sisters; and therefore in the following List we find none but the Children of *Jupiter*, *Bacchus*, *Diana*, *Apollo*, *Hercules*, *Castor* and *Pollux*; and certainly *Pallas* deserved more Honour than either of these. It remains, that we should let you know on what account the Poet commends *Jupiter*, as greater than any of his Children. This is done upon two Accounts, for he was the Son of *Saturn*, and was greater than *Saturn*, because he drove him out of his Kingdom: but none of his own Sons durst serve him the same sawce: Whence he has *Maximus*, *Invictus*, and several such big Titles heaped upon him. See *Ovid* Meta. 15. 855. where *Augustus Cæsar* is preferr'd to *Julius*. Besides this, the Fates had decreed, that if *Jupiter*, who was in Love with *Thetis*, had lain with her, he should have got a Son greater than himself, and who would have thrust him out of the Kingdoms both of Heaven and Earth, just as he had served his own Father *Saturn*. *Prometheus* in *Æschylus* often threaten *Jupiter* with this. Vide *Æschyl*. But *Jove* being aware of this, marry'd *Thetis* to *Peleus*. Vide *Ovid* Metam. 5. 221. where we have an account of this Match. Thus, if I am not very much out, you see *Horace*'s Design, and that tho' nothing equal or like to *Jupiter* or greater than he should be descended from him, yet of all his Children *Pallas* deserved most Honour.

(*e*) *Praliis audax neque te silebo, Liber.*] There never was any Body since *Acron* the Scholiast's Time, who did not *Point* this Verse in such a manner, as that *Horace* should call *Liber* or *Bacchus*, *Praliis audax*; which raises my Spleen to think of the Supineness and *Oscitation* of such Fellows. For though it must be own'd, that *Bacchus* being arm'd after the manner of his *Satyrs* and *Bacchanals*, penetrated as far as *India*, and came off Conqueror, whence *Valerius Flaccus* gives him the Name of *Audax*, v. 498. and though he is supposed to have torn *Rhacus* to Pieces in the form of a Lyon, when Gods and Giants were at War: Yet we must not give *Bacchus* an Epithet from one or two of his best Actions, but from his Life and Character. But now the Poets make *Bacchus* the most effeminate Drivler

of

of all the *Gods*; see the Frogs of *Aristophanes*, where that most facetious Fellow makes very good sport with his Stupidity and Cowardice. In short, this Epithet belongs to *Pallas*, and not to *Bacchus*; for thus you must correct the *pointing*,

Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores
Præliis audax. Neque te silebo,——— Liber.

A Man must be stone-blind, who cannot see how finely this agrees to *Minerva*'s Character. All the Poets set her out as a Warlike, Martial, Fighting, Valiant Goddess, *bellatrix*, *bellica*, *bellipotens*, *belligera*, &c. See both *Greek* and *Latin*. *Virgil*, *Æn.* 11. *Statius*, Sylv. 4, 5. It would be needless to heap up more Quotations. Now observe how prettily *neque* begins the Sentence ——— Neque *te silebo*, *Liber*: which is much better than according to the vulgar *Reading* to crowd *neque* into the middle of the Sentence ——— Præliis audax *neque* te. Perhaps somebody may object that, if *Præliis audax* should be separated from *Liber*, then *Bacchus* has nothing said of him here, we own it; and so in the next lines *Hercules* has the same fare, and stands without a *Predicate*, only his Name is call'd over and that's all.

(*f*) *Et minaci* (*quod sic volucres*) Here we have a strange Rout and Clutter among the *Books*. Most of the old ones say, *quia sic*: the Moderns, *quod sic*: the two *Gemblacen*, of *Rutmannus*, and one of *Lambin*'s, *nam sic*; the *Venetian* Edition, 1478, *quod si*: the *Lascherian* 1498, *quod sic di*: the *Queens-College* at second hand, *qua sic*: the *Peter-house*, *quia volucres*: the *Laurentian* of *Torrentius*, *dii sic vel*: some *Editions*, *sic dii vel*; but that same *dii* seems to have crept in from the *Glosse*, as in the *Lascherian*, for the *Queens-College* Copy puts *dii* between the Verses, not as a *Lection*, but as an *Explication*. So says *Acron*, *volucres*) *dii vel pueri Ledæ*. Here I smell a Rat. In the mean time take the *Lection* as *Mink*, *Heinsius* would have it, till a better can be found. *Sic di volucres*. See *Ovid*. Met. 4. 660. *Virgil Æn.* 5. 50. Where *Dii* and *sic* stand as close together as may be.

(*g*) *An Caninis nobile lectum.*] Here our *Interpreters* are silent; but for my part, I wonder how our Author, after having mentioned *Romulus*, *Numa*, and *Torquinius Priscus*, should thrust in *Cato*, who lived long after them, and then return to his old *Rocks* again, the *Scauri*, *Reguli*, *Paulus* and the rest? On my word, honest *Horace*! you do not time your things well. In the other great Names he has kept the Series of the *Roman* Almanack well enough, but here he brings

brings in *Cato*, who was almoſt his Contemporary, among his old *Blades*, which is wrong. This is the firſt Blunder, that I would have you take notice of; but there is another in which *Horace*'s Wit fails him a ſecond time. For ſince it is plain from the very thing, that he wrote this *Ode* to ſerve himſelf into favour with *Caſar* and the *Houſehold*, where was the cunning in paſſing ſuch a Compliment upon *Cato*, one of *Caſar*'s mortal Enemies? I wonder how *Cato* and *Caſar* come to be cry'd up together in one and the ſame Poem to the Skies? For why did *Cato* kill himſelf, but becauſe he hated Life after *Caſar* became *Emperor*? Then pray? did not *Caſar* write two *Pamphlets* called *Anticatones*, in which he very ſcurrilouſly libelled the Reputation and Credit of *Cato*? And was not *Brutus*, who ſtabb'd *Julius Caſar*, and violently oppoſed *Auguſtus*, the Son-in-Law of *Cato*? Certainly to place *Cato* among the Gloties of the *Roman* Nation, was a ſign of Averſion to *Auguſtus*'s Government, and a *Republican* Principle. Let who will believe that ſuch ſtuff could come from *Horace*, I have nothing to ſay, but that this is an old Trick of thoſe wicked Rogues *the Librarians*, who being uſed in their *Tasks* and *Declamations* to make ſuch a ſing-ſong of *Cato*'s Death, were reſolved to bring it in here by the Neck and Shoulders, and at the ſame time ſtruck out the right Name, leaving us to find out if we can. But now behold! does not the place ſeem to run thus?

——— *An ſuperbos*
Tarquini faſces, dubito, an Curti
Nobile letum.

Underſtand this of *Marcus Curtius*, who did indeed die bravely for his Country, riding compleatly armed down a ſteep Gulph which opened on the ſudden in the *Roman* Forum. Hence the *Curtian* Lake took its Name. See *Val. Maximus*. Hence *Virgil* reciting the *Roman* Heroes, juſt as *Horace* does here, places *Curtius* among the firſt, in *Gulice*, v. 360. Now you ſee the Senſe will ſtand Buff: For *Curtius* is placed in his proper Station, between thoſe who liv'd before him, and thoſe who followed after him. *Anne* is right enough. See *Virgil*, Geor. 1. 25. Geor. 2. 158. *Auſonius* Profeſſ. 8. where he Mimicks *Horace*. In theſe places *Anne* follows *An*.

(*b*) *Prodigium* Paullum, *ſuperante* Pæno.] The *Queens-College* Copy, which is of good Credit, reads plainly and without any blot,

Prodigium, Pæno ſuperante, Paullum.

We have followed this *Lection* as the ſweeter of the two

two, and more Poetical, the *Greeks* say ποιητικωτέραν. See *Virgil* Æn. 2. 311. and yet *Priscian* commending this place, *p.* 1123, says,

——— *Animaque magna*
Prodigum Paullum.

But of the four Copies of *Priscian*, which I looked over on purpose, three do not own τὸ *Paullum*, which proves that the old Reading was according to the *Queens-College* Copy; though *Lactantius* ad Thebaid. 3 and 8, cites *Prodigum Paullum.*

(*i*) *Sava paupertas & avitus apto cum lare fundus.*] So say all the Books that I have seen, nor do I alter it. But if the Copies would let me, I would willingly read it thus,

Sancta *paupertas & avitus*
arto
Cum lare functus.

Sancta, Holy, is paralell to *Casta* in *Silius Italicus*, which is much the same with what he says of the old Senate, *Lib.* 1. Let Expositors murmur as they please, no Body can delight in *Sava*. As for *arto lare*, see *Aur.* Commentat. *Epis.* 1. 7. v. 58. *Claudian*, Ruffi. 1. 203. *Horace* Od. 1. 38. Where 'tis used in the same Sense.

(*k*) *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.*] *Nick. Heinsius* in the Margent of his Book writes, *T' ortè Arvo.* O arch Fellow! So *Ovid* in Nuce, v. 87. *Lucretius*, 1. 314.

Occultè decrescit vomer in arvis.

But still here is nothing to be altered, and the best *Lection* is *Ævo*. See *Q. Curtius*, 7, 33. *Prudentius* Hamartag. v. 177. And perhaps the Verse just now cited out of *Lucretius* ought to be amended; For *Servius* upon Geor. 1. 46. quotes it thus,

Occulto decrescit vomer in arvo.

Thus *Servius*. But we must correct him. How can a *Plowshare* be more worn out in an *Unknown* Ground than in a Ground that's *Obivious* and well *Exercised*? If the Ground be *unknown*, it must be *Untill'd*, and cannot wear out a *Plowshare* at all. See *Lucretius*, *Ovid.* Amor. 1. 15. De Arte, 1. 474.

(*l*) *Egerit justo domitos triumpho.*] The most renowned *Thomas Gale* says, Read *Dominus vel Domitor*. But this must not be altered. See our *Author*, Car. 3. 8.

(*m*) *Sive subjectos orientis oris seras & Indos.*] That *Invenust* word, *Oris*, has brought a stain upon almost all the *Editions*, whence we are forced to *Hiss* in the Pronunciation for five Syllables together, which is a very odious Hearing, when at the same time the *Manuscripts* and the *Venetian* Edition do all read *Ora.*

Qva. Let this word therefore be intreated to take its place again. See our *Horace*, Car. 1. 26.

(*n*) *Latum reget æquus orbem.*] Three Books of *Torrentius*, One of *Pulmannus*, some of *Lambin*'s, and of mine, the *Battelian*, *Bodleian*, *Magdalen College*, and *Colbertine* Copy in the various Readings, make it *Latum*, and this pleases *Torrentius* and *Dacier*. Both Readings are Tolerable. See *Virgil*, Geor. 4. 560. where he is upon the very same *Augustus*. But *latum reget*, according to the old Books is better. See *Hor.* Car. 2. 2. *Virgil*, Æn. 4. 199. and 1. 25. *Seneca*, Tread. 879.

NOTES *upon* NOTES.

ERAT *in fatis, ne si* Jupiter *cum* Thetide, *cujus amore flagrabat, concubuisset, nasceretur ipso* Jove *major.*] Criticism is the most abstruse Science in the World. An ordinary Reader might have imagined that *Jupiter* had no Equal nor Superior, because he was by the Antients worshipped as the Supreme God. But Dr. *B.* will have it, that his Supremacy was owing to a Piece of Continency, and that he had lost his Power and Godhead, if ever he had lain with *Thetis*.

Bacchus *omnium Deorum mollissimus & mansuetissimus.*] Our Commentator will not suffer *Horace* to put the Epithet *Audax* upon *Bacchus*, tho' he owns, that God had done several Gallant Actions, but he rears it off, and affixes it to the Name of *Minerva*, and then tells us, that *Bacchus* was a *Coward* and a *Driveler*: and yet *Horace* had no other design in this *Ode* but only to mention those Gods and Heroes, who were particularly famous for feats of Arms, which according to the Dr's Character of him, makes *Bacchus* no very agreeable Company in such a Catalogue.

Qua quæso, judicio atrocissimum Catonem, tanto hic elogio ornatum voluit? The Dr. will not suffer *Horace* to Commend *Cato* in the Presence of *Augustus Cæsar*, even after he was dead, for he supposes *Cæsar* to be so far from a *Hero*, as to hate even a dead Enemy. Does the Dr. forget, that *Julius Cæsar* own'd himself conquered by *Cato* at his *Death*, and could there be a Handsomer Complement, than for *Horace* to recite an *Elogium*, which put *Augustus* in mind both of the good Sense and noble Spirit of his Predecessor?

The End of the Third Part.

THE ODES OF HORACE

In *Latin* and *Engliſh*;

With a Tranſlation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the *Bentleian* Stile and Manner.

Rideat, & pulſet laſciva decentius ætas. Hor.

PART IV.

To be Continued.

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Q. Horatii Flacci
ODARUM.

LIB. I.

ODE XIII. *Ad* LYDIAM.

CUM tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, (a) cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, va, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur;

(b) Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manet: humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

Uror ſeu tibi candidos
Turparunt humeros immodica mero
Rixa: ſive puer furens
Impreſſit memorem dente labris notam:

Non,

THE ODES OF *HORACE.*

BOOK I.

ODD XIII. *To* LYDIA.

HILE *Telaphus's* blooming Charms
My *Lydia* praiſes to the Skie,
His roſie Neck, and waxen Arms,
With Spleen I burſt, with Paſſion die.

'Tis then I rave, look pale, and pine:
Then gentle Tears exhaling prove
The ſecret Fire that lurks within,
The ſecret waſting Fires of Love.

With Jealouſie I rave and burn,
To ſee you ſhow your livid Scars:
Your Lips with biting Kiſſes torn,
In Revels and nocturnal Wars.

Non si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbarè
Ladentem oscula, quæ Venus
(c) *Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.*

Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.

Dr. B—'s Notes. Ode 13.

(a) CEREA *Telephi laudas brachia.*] All the Parchments extant do, as I suppose, agree in this *Reading*, which is confirm'd by *Servius* upon *Virgil*, Eclogue the second; where he explains those words of *Virgil*, *Addam* cerea *pruna*, by saying, *That is, of the colour of Wax, or soft as Wax*, See *Horace*; Cerea *Telephi laudas brachia*. And yet *Julius Scaliger* had good reason to take offence here. His words are these; *When* Horace *had said*, roseam cervicem, *one would suspect, that his* cerea brachia *signify'd the colour, as in Virgil* cerea *pruna: I think the Epistles* Lactea *will do better.* As for Expositors, they are divided this way and that way, and they turn and mold the word *Cerea*, as if it were really made of *Wax*, into as many Shapes as they please, in order either to defend or excuse their Author. But all this is washing the Blackamoor; For why would they understand *cerea* of the Colour? Yellow is no good Colour for the Hands; they who labour with the *Jaundice*, have their Hands of this Colour; thus *Ovid*'s look'd in that Distemper. See *de Pont.* l. 1. 10 Now whether *cerea* signifies such a sort of Beauty as is found in waxen Images, like that which is seen in Statues of Marble, see *Virgil*, Geor. 4. 523. and *Martial*, 8. 16, who make both *Neck* and *Hands* of *Marble*. But then *marmorea* in these Places is tynonimous to *candida*, and respects the Colour not the Shape. See our Author, *Carm.* 1. 19. *Lascivius* 2. 764. suppose we say,

Believe me, *Lydia*, charming Maid,
You'll never find thoſe Lovers true,
Who could your balmy Lips invade,
Where Love diſtils his ſweeteſt Dew.

Thrice happy they, whoſe Hearts are ty'd
In Love's myſterious Knot ſo cloſe,
No Strife, no Quarrels e'er divide,
And only Death fell Death can looſe.

ſay, that *cerea* ſignifies *ſoft* and *ſupple*, as *Horace*, Epod. 15? but then this is no better than t'other: for tho' Wax be ſoft and yielding to the Preſſure, yet it retains the Impreſſion like the Fleſh of Men in a Dropſie, which is little better than Carrion. However let *cerea brachia* be admitted in any manner of Senſe, yet, as *Scaliger* obſerves, *Horace* muſt be guilty of a Blunder in placing *cerea brachia* next to *roſeam cervicem*, to cheat the Reader, and make him think that both *Epithets* denoted the Colour, and imagine that this handſome Fellow *Telephus* had no better a Complexion than a Duck's Foot. What ſhall we do next? We ſhould be at a loſs, but Bleſſings on the Heart of that old Grammarian *Flavius Caper*, who without any help has clear'd up this matter, and acquitted *Horace* of all that could be laid to his Charge. He gives us, *page* 2242, the difference between *lactans*, *lactens*, *lacteus*. *Lactans*, ſays he, is a *Sparrow*, *lacteus* any thing that is *milky*, as a Fig, See *Lucilius*, For ſo we read it, *lacteus* and *lacteas ficus*, and not according to the Vulgar. See *Ovid*, Faſt. 2. 263. But *lacteus* is *White*, and then he quotes *Horace*, Lactea *laudat brachia*. Here honeſt *Caper* talks to the purpoſe, only he ſhould have wrote *laudas* and not *laudat*: for without doubt he had an Eye to this very Paſſage in *Horace*, which we are now upon; nor is there any Suſpicion of a Blunder, for he quotes it for this very purpoſe, to prove that *Lactea* ſignifies *White*. Is there any reaſon why we ſhould not reſtore the genuine Lection upon the Credit of ſo good an Author?

Cervicem roſeam, lactea *Telephi*.

Laudas brachia.——— Nothing can be Finer and more Commodious! Both the Epithets denote the Colour; *Venus*'s Neck is called *roſea* by *Virgil*, Æn. 1. 406. He calls the Hands *lactea*, ſpeaking of *Aſcanius*, Æn. 10. 137. and again de *Gal.* 8. 660. See *Nemeſ.* 2. 80. *Whiteneſs* is a common Elogium for the *Hands*. Vide Ovid. Amor. 3. 7.

(*b*) *Tunc 'nec mens mihi nec color certâ ſede manent.*] Some of *Lambin*'s and *Pulmannus*'s Books write it *manet*, and ſo ſays the *Venetian* Edition 1478, which is very right. He who would talk good *Latin*, muſt expreſs himſelf thus; See *Terent.* Eunuch. 4. 5. Where two *Singulars* are in *Conjunction*, they agree with a Verb of either number, whether *Singular* or *Plural*; But where two *Singulars* are in *Disjunction*, as it is here, Reaſon and Cuſtom require that the *Verb* ſhould be *Singular*. This Alteration was made by ſome little Pretenders to Erudition, who knew not that a *ſhort* Syllable, in the cutting off of a Verſe, aſſumes the Power of a *Long* one, ſee our Author. *Car.* 2. 13.

Caca timet alienæ fata.

(*c*) *Quinta parte ſui nectaris imbuit.*] A moſt renowned Man, one *James Talbot*, who ſome Years ago put out a very bright *Edition* of *Horace* at *Cambridge*, imagines, that a certain Fellow whom he does not Name, deſerved very well of our Author, who put *Quanta* into the Room of *Quinta*. Now this deſerving Fellow is no other than *Ramirez de Prado* in Pentecontarcho, c. 50. See *Perſius* Sat. 5. 21. where you will find *Quanta Pars*. As for the meaning of *Quinta*, you may, if you pleaſe, conſult the Interpreters: For us, we have paſs'd a Reſolution, not to give the *Reader* any manner of Light in theſe ſmutty Matters.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 13.

ILlud cerea, *quaſi reverâ cereum eſſet, in quaſcunque volunt ſenſus flectunt fingunt-que.*] Our *Commentator* is very merry here with the *Interpreters*, for turning and moulding the word *cerea*, which ſignifies *Wax*, into ſo many Shapes and Figures, as if it were really made of *Wax*. This Remark is ſo extraordinary, that the *Chronology* of it ought to be *ſettled*. It was made upon the firſt of *April*, Anno 1710. within three paces of *Trinity-College* Buttery, the little Bell ringing at the ſame time, which

which occasioned that noble Exclamation from a *Westminster* Fresh-man,

Punnica *fe quantis attollit gloria rebus!*

Quid enim? an cerea *de colore interpretabantur? at fada res eſt color flavus in brachiis.*] *Horace* is here commending the Beauty of a young Fellow, one *Telephus*; and he compares his Hands to *Wax-work*, and calls them *cerea*; the Dr. will not allow of this: *for*, ſays he, *Wax is of a yellow Colour, ſo it is no Compliment to ſuppoſe any part of the Body like Wax.* This had paſs'd Current, but a great Critick in theſe Affairs interpoſes, the Famous Mrs. *Salmon* at the *Salmon* near *Chancery-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, who gives out that ſhe has now the greateſt Beauties, not only of the *Britiſh* Court, but of all *Europe*, to be ſeen in Wax-work at her Houſe: all which are particularly remarkable for their Complexions; and ſhe further adds, that it is no mean Piece of Gallantry to tell a fine Lady, that ſhe is ſo exquiſitely handſome, that nothing in *Wax-work* can be more Beautiful.

Brachia autem Lactea, ut iterum *Virgilius* de *Aſcanio*, Æn. 1. 137.

Fuſos cervix cui lactea *crines.*

Accipit ———] This is an intolerable Blunder in ſome of thoſe ſad Dogs the *Librarians*, who in the preſent *Cambridge* Edition of *Horace*, have made Dr. *B.* quote *Virgil* to prove, *that* Aſcanius *had white Hands*; when in the Place cited, he only mentions his Neck, and ſays not a word of his Hands; which every Body knows may be tann'd, eſpecially in Boys, though the Neck be never ſo Fair. O Intolerable *Librarians*! would they make us believe, ſuch ſtuffs as this could come from the Acurate Dr. *B*?

Tu vero quid quinta *hic ſibi velit, vide, ſi libet apud Interpretes: nobis ſemel eſt conſtitutum, nullam his rebus turpiculis lucem affundere.*] *Horace*, ſpeaking of *kiſſing*, calls it the *Quinteſſence* of *Nectar*. The Dr. will not explain this, becauſe 'tis Smut; *but*, ſays he, *you may, if you pleaſe, reſort to ſuch Interpreters as will furniſh you with a Comment upon the place.* Here it is plain the *Comedian* copyed from our Author, where he makes an old Grave *Don* tell a young *Rake* ——— *Can you think a Perſon of my Gravity would go with you to a Bawdy Houſe? But if you are a Stranger in this place, I'll give you Directions.*

ODE XIV.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? o quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum. nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus?

Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennaque gemant? ac sine funibus
(a) Vix durare carina
Possint imperiosius,

Æquor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
(b) Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,

Jactes & genus & nomen inutile.
(c) Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium cave.

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

ODE XIV.

ILL-fated Ship! to quit the Shores,
And launch into the Main,
On a new Voyage, without Oars,
Thence never to return again!

The Winds have rent your Yard and Maſt:
Your Sail and Tackle's gone;
A ſtormy Sea or ſudden Blaſt
Will ſoon your foundring Keel o'erturn.

No more the Gods will calm the Floods;
Tho' thy Deſcent lay Claim
To ancient venerable Woods,
A boaſted Birth, and uſeleſs Name.

The painted Forms that grace the Stern,
Can't eaſe the Sailors Minds;
Take heed, leaſt you too in your Turn
Give new Diverſion to the Winds.

For you I wiſh, for you I fear,
Inur'd to endleſs Toils:
Thoſe Shelves and narrow Straights beware,
That lye between the *Grecian* Iſles.

(a) *VIX durare carina possint*] *We must take Notice,* says *Julius Scaliger, whether there be any Precedent for an Author to make one* Ship *carry several Keels.* Here *Scaliger* is in the right; no antient Author ever talkt at this rate: For one Ship can have but one Keel. Now what say the Interpreters to this, who are often smart upon *Scaliger*, as if he were a mortal Critick to *Horace*? Why truly they would craftily come off by saying nothing; but still they persist in affixing *two Keels* to *one Ship.* In order therefore to clear our most accurate Author from so shameful a Blunder, we will be more large in explaining the whole Passage.

O navis referent in mare te novi fluctus?

So you must read it with an *Interrogation Point*; and so says the *Venetian* Edition 1478. All other *Editions* I adjudge to be in the wrong

O quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum: nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus?

That is, *Be courageous, and bravely Skulk into the furthest Creek of the Harbour, least the Waves drive you out to Sea: which, unless you take care, will certainly happen, since you have no Oars by your side, which are the only Safeguard against the Winds. Nudum remigio* signifies, either *that she had lost her Oars in a Storm,* see *Virgil* and *Horace,* Epod. 10, where we read of broken Oars: Or else it signifies, *that the Mariners, upon their Arrival in the Port, took in their Oars, and stow'd them up and down in the Ship.* It follows,

——— *Nonne vides ut*
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antennaque gemant & fine funibus
Vix durare carina
Possint imperiosius ———
Æquor?

So the *Editions* read it, *Gemant* and *possint*; whence the Sense must run thus: *See how your Side, your Mast, and your Sail-yard groan?* What think you now? Can you relish this, *see how they groan?* But can *Groans* be *seen*? I should fancy the Ear a much properer Organ in this Case. Here we must advertise, that *Servius* in quoting this Place twice, *Æne.* 1, 211, & 8, 577, reads *Possunt* and not *possint.* This is also plainly to be seen in the most excellent *Queens-College* Copy, and also in the *Zulichemian* and *Loscherian* Edition, 1498. There is no doubt but the same *Lection* stood in other *Editions*; for I often find, that our Interpreters make no Bones of

of suppressing those *Lessions*, which they do not like. But now if upon the Strength of this Evidence we are able to restore *possunt*, then by the very same Trick we must also fetch back *gemunt* to its old Place. To be short, that old Book, the *Peter-house* copy, retains both *gemunt* and *possunt* without any the least Scratch or Blot. Thus therefore you must set out and point the whole Passage.

Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus
Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antennaque gemunt? & sine funibus
Vix durare carina
Possunt imperiosius
Æquor?

In which Words, first we must observe, that *Scaliger* and his *Story-tellers* are very much out in supposing, that *Carinæ* (Keels) do not belong to more than one Ship; for thus says *Horace*, *so great a Tempest is arisen, that thy Mast and Sail-yard, O Ship, groan; and the other Ships that are in the same Harbour cannot keep their Stations but by casting Anchor.* Let us explain the whole by Parcels. A School-boy can tell, that *carina* stands for the *whole Ship*; *funis* signifies the *Anchor*, which I wonder so many Interpreters should never luck upon. See *Lucan.* 2. 261. and 5, 514. *Virgil Æneid.* 4, 575. Nothing is more common; and we cannot omit, that the very *plural* Number, *funibus*, seems to imply, that there were more Ships than one: for if there had been only one, it would have been only *funis*, Rope, and not *funes* Ropes. Then it is a shrewd Sign of a very sore Tempest, when, as we find it was here, the Ships cannot keep their Stations even in the Harbour without casting Anchor. It used to be otherwise; for *Virgil*, Æneid. 1, 272, describes so safe and calm a Port, that there was no need of Cable or Anchor. *Take heed then, O Ship,* says *Horace, least the Waves drive thee out into the Main; for since the Storm is so great even in the Harbour, what will it be when you are many Leagues out at Sea?* Now all that remains for us to do, is to try what Precedents we can bring, to justifie *durare æquor*, which indeed is an uncommon Expression, as it stands for *perferre* and *sustinere*. *Torrentius* was so puzzled with this, that he had recourse to a very foolish Distinction, rather than he would *durare* or *stand* this same *durare*. And yet *Servius* cites it twice to prove that *durare* is the same with *sustinere*. *Virg.* 8, 577. Add to him *Statius*, Sylv. 5, 2. and *Valerius Flaccus*, 8, 338. In all which Places *durare* signifies to *Hold out*.

(b) Non-

(b) *Non di quos iterum pressa voces malo*] All the *Books* read it thus; I am sure, all that I have seen, do, and so I believe do those which I have not seen. And yet the most excellent *Nick Heinsius* has a Mind to another *Lection*, which forsooth is *prensa*; nay even we had an Itching after this long before we saw *Nick Heinsius*'s *Book*. See our *Author* Carm. 2, 16.

—— *In patenti*
Prensus Ægae.

Here the Parchments blunder and write *pressus*. which is wrong. See *Catullus*. 25 *Lucret*. 6. *Virgil* in Cir. 5, 60. *Georg*. 1. and *Æneid*. 5, 52. *Ovid* Metam. 11, 63. Idem *Dido Ænea*. *Satius* Theb. 1, 37[illegible]. *Seneca* de vitâ Beatâ, Cap. 14. Upon these Authorities I suppose it was that the illustrious *Heinsius* had a Mind to pop in *Prensa*, but I would not have you go rashly to Work in making any Alteration here. Indeed if the Books had mentioned *Salo* or *Vado*, then I should have fallen in with *Heinsius*, and have thought *prensa* a very commodious Word: and yet even then *pressa* would have been as good a Word as *prensa*. But now when all the Books prefer *malo*, I must stick by the vulgar *Reading*, and *pressa* is more agreeable than *prensa*. See *Minucius Fel*. p. 258. *Ovid* Amor. 2, 11. Et *fast*. 4. Et *Metam*. 11, 557. Auctor *Octav*. 347. *Digesta*. li. 14. tit. 2. leg. 6. Navis adversâ tempestate *depressa*. Where you cannot doubt but it must be amended, and *deprensa* put in; the thing speaks it self. But at *Law* the 7, of the same *Book*, *depressa* is allow'd to be right. Thus you see, we have remov'd all Scruples, and restor'd the sound *Reading* in all the Books.

Non di quos iterum pressa *voces malo*. *Pressa* here signifies *mersa* or *drowned*; and the Gods here meant are *Castor* and *Pollux*, called by a hard Name *Dioscuri*, who saved Vessels from Shipwrack, even after they were lost and sunk See *Hor*. Car. 4, 8. *Theocritus* in Διοσκάροις vers. 17. where very handsome things are said in behalf of these two *Boys* of *Jupiter*.

(c) *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus fidit*] *Gale*'s Book, which is a good one, wrote *Tumidus*, and *Scaliger* was pleas'd with the Alteration. *For*, says he, Brutus *had a good deal of Confidence, but no Fear*: *Wherefore read* tumidus, *not* timidus, *and* fidat *not* fidit. This would do, if we could suppose, that *Horace* had dreamt of *Brutus* in this Place. But 'tis plain *Scaliger*, like some others, was trickt by *Quintilian* and the old *Scholiasts*, who always supposed, there was an *Allegory* in this *Ode*, and that the *Ship* signify'd the *Common-wealth*, the *Storm* the

the *Civil Wars*, and the *Harbour Peace*. But that sharp Fellow *Tanaquil Faber*, and before him, the most elegant *Mureetus*, easily saw through this pitiful Whim.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 14.

Oculisne percipi poterit genitus?] The Dr. will not suffer *Horace* to say, *Viden ut Gemant*: and yet the Orator says, *Loquere ut videam*; certainly *Poetry* may make more free with the Senses of Mankind than *Prose*.

Illud funibus satis nos admonet, non de nudâ, sed detortis navigiis verba hic fieri] Suppose *funis* to signifie a Rope, why *one Ship* should not have *many Ropes*, must remain a Secret in Navigation.

Dii isti etiam versas et obrutas naves eripiebant periculo] The Gods here mentioned our *Commentator* calls *Jupiter's* Boys; but if this be true, which the Dr. here asserts, *Jupiter* would have been but a Boy to them: For certainly to save a Ship after it is lost and sunk, is a greater Enterprize than any related of *Jupiter*, by all the ancient Poets put together.

ODE

ODE XV.

Paſtor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idais Helenam perfidus hoſpitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata. Malâ ducis avi domum
Quam multo repetit Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.

(a) *Eheu quantus equis quantus adeſt viris*
Sudor: quanta moves funera Dardana
Genti! jam galeam Pallas & ægida
Currûſque & rabiem parat.

Necquiquam Veneris præſidio ferox
Pectes Cæſariem: grataque fœminis
(b) *Imbelli citharâ carmina divides,*
Necquiquam thalamo graves

Haſtas, & calami ſpicula Cnoſſii
Vitabis, ſtrepitumque & celerem ſequi
Ajacem: tamen heu ſerus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.

(c) *Non*

ODE XV.

WHEN *Paris* through the briny Tide
Convey'd the *Spartan* Bride,
The Winds were hush't, the Sea was laid,
Whilst *Nereus* in prophetick Strains his future Doom
[display'd.
Unhappy Youth in such a Spouse,
Whom *Greece* in Arms pursues,
Sworn to regain the fatal Prey,
And interrupt thy Joys and *Priam's* ancient Sway!

The final Fate of *Troy* draws near;
How raging is the War!
What Troops, what Hurry, what Alarms!
Pallas assumes her Rage, her Chariot and her Arms.

In *Venus* and your well-comb'd Hair
Is all your Hope and Care,
Or on the tuneful Lyre to play,
And softest, sweetest Sounds to Virgins Ears convey.

In rich Alcoves you sport and laugh,
From Spears and Arrows safe:
There mighty *Ajax* cannot wound;
But soon your fragrant Hair shall sweep the dusty Ground,
Think

(c) *Non Laërtiaden, exitium tua*
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
(d) *Teucerque & Sthenelus sciens*

Pugnæ: sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger; Merionen quoque
Nosces. ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides, melior patre:

Quem tu cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
Post certas hyemes uret Achaicus
Ignis Iliacas domos.

Think on *Ulysses* sage and bold,
And *Nestor* wise though old;
Teucer and *Sthenelus* prepare [with Fear.
To shake your Town with Arms, your trembling Heart

In Horses and in Chariots skill'd
They range the bloody Field;
Merion too shall give you Chase,
And *Diomed* the bravest stoutest of his Race.

He shall pursue and threaten Death:
You tir'd and out of Breath,
Shall pant and heave along the Shores,
As from the brinded Wolf the frighted Lambkin scours.

Achilles shall defer the Date
Of your untimely Fate:
But e'er Ten rolling Years expire,
The lofty Walls of *Troy* shall blaze with *Grecian* Fire.

(a) EHEU *quantus equis quantus adeſt viris ſudor*] Statius *very elegantly borrow'd from this Paſſage in his* Theb. 3. *Prudentius* in his Cathem. 5, 52, prettily imitated what follows, v. 17, *Calami ſpicula Cnoſſii.*

(b.) *Imbelli citharæ carmina dividas.*] *Seneca* ſeems to have copy'd from this, but the Paſſage, as we now have it, is faulty. *Herc. Oet.* 1080.

Sed cum linqueret inferos
Orpheus carmina fundens;
Et vinci lapis improbus
Et vatem potuit ſequi.

For in the ſecond Verſe, there is a *Spondee* which takes up the Place of a *Dactyl* or *Cretick*, which is never done but at a full *Period*, though there is none here; and therefore the moſt accute *Fred. Gronovius* for *fundens* will put in *funditans*; but do not you think we have mended it better, by reading,

Orpheus carmina dividens,

by placing *dividens* in the room of *fundens*? we only alter one Letter, for *un* is ſo like *ivi* in the *Manuſcripts*, that you can hardly know them aſunder.

(c) *Non Laertiaden exitium tuæ genti*] Three *Blandinian* Copies of *Cruquius*, and as many of *Lambin* read, *Genti*: and more than this, my beſt Books, the *Gravian*, and *Queens-College* ſay, *Non Laertiaden, excidium tuæ genti*, excidium *tuæ* —— *Fabricius* found *excidium* in his Copy. In truth any of theſe Readings will hold Water; chuſe which you will, *Exitium gentis*, or *Exitium genti*, *Excidium genti*, or *Excidium gentis*. See *Veteres Poeta* apud *Cicer.* de Divin. 1, 21. *Velleius. Pater.* 2, 30. *Plautus* Bacch. 4 9. *Manilius* 1. *Virgil* Ecl. Et *Æneï.* 2. Yet ſtill I like the Looks of *exitium gentis*, which I believe will maintain its ground in all the *Editions* and *Parchments*: For *Genti* went before in the *eleventh* Verſe. See *Seneca* ad Marcion. *Cicero* ad Amſp. Reſpon. c, 4. *Ovid* Metam. 13, 501. *Suloicia* in Satirâ. *Seneca* Hercul. Fur. 358. Et *Troad.* 893. In all which Authors, *Exitium* has a *Genitive* Caſe attending it.

(d) *Teucerque* & *Sthenelus*] Some very old Books ſay, *Teucer & Sthenelus*, and to this the old *Editions* the *Venetian* and *Loſcherian* agree.

Some Books ſays *Teucer te*, and ſo ſay ſome Editions after *Lambin*. Only one of mine, and that the moſt Modern, has *Teucerque Sthenelus*; but then in the *Queens-Colledge* Copy, 'tis eaſie to ſuſpect, by the Wideneſs of the Space between *Teucer* and *&*, that *que* had been eraſed. And *Torrentius* affirms, that he found *Teucerque & Sthenelus* in all the *Editions*; I muſt needs think ſuch an

Omiſſi-

Omission was the Blunder of the *Printer*, and that *Teucer &*, ought to be reſtor'd. Be that as it will: the *Lection*, according to all Probability, ought to run thus,

Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucerque & Sthenelus ſciens.

for if he had ſaid *Te Sthenelus*, he would not have uſed the *Plural* Number *urgent impavidi*: Becauſe our Author is fond of a *ſingular* Verb, even though a great many Nominative Caſes go before it. See *Carm.* 4. 14. which is pat to our Purpoſe, and where there are four *Nominative* Caſes to one *ſingular* Verb. See our *Comment* at *Ode* 1, 24, Verſ. 8. Therefore *Teucerque & Sthenelus* is the right Lection; we muſt ſuppoſe both theſe purſuing *Paris*, whence the Word *urgent* is made *Plural*. Here it is to be obſerv'd, that in the Manuſcripts, where there is a double *Conjunction* as here, the *Librarians* do often ſuppreſs one of them, if the Meaſure of the Verſe will permit. But if any Body takes a fancy to *Te Sthenelus*, I ſhall not be much againſt their having it and Welcome.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 15.

Excidium gentis. Vide, *Poeta vetus apud* Ciceronem *&c.*] Here the Dr. muſters together about a Dozen of *Quotations* to prove that *Excidium* or *exitium* may be followed by a *Genitive Caſe*, as if this were ſome extraordinary Diſcovery. From ſuch Atchievements as theſe Men attain the Titles of *Acurate Illuſtrious, Learned, Accute, the Star of Criticiſm, the North-Pole of Erudition*, and the like; now in order to enable the *Reader* to follow ſuch Steps, and attain the ſame Character, I ſhall here ſubjoin a *Receipt* to make a *Great Critick. Take two or more* Words *out of* Horace, Virgil, *or any other Author; put theſe together in a* Phraſe; *then lay them by a drying upon the* Alphabet; *then take the* Indexes *of* Statius, Juvenal, Tibullus, *and as many other Authors as you think fit, not leſs in Number than* ſix. *Sift them well, and take out of them all the* Excidiums *or* Exitiums, (*if that be your Word*) *together with the* Genitive Caſes *that follow; then bruſe the whole together. Let it ſtand a while till it comes to a conſiſtency; then ſpread it upon Paper, and without any* Inward Application, *it will infallibly make you a Perſon of a* ſound Judgment, *of* Great Erudition, *and of* Immenſe Reading.

ODE XVI. *Ad* AMICAM.

O *Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,*
Quem criminosis cunque voles modum
Pones Iambis: sive flammâ,
Sive mari libet Adriano.

(a) *Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit*
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber aque: non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,

Tristes ut iræ; quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur Prometheus (b) *addere principi*
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam, & insani Leonis
Vim stomacho adposuisse nostro.

Iræ Thyestem exitio gravi
Stravere: & altis urbibus ultima
Stetere causa cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris.

Hostile

ODE XVI. *To his* MISTRESS.

DO with my Satyrs as you pleaſe,
O faireſt of your Name!
Or drown them in the Rapid Seas;
Or ſet them on a Flame.

Paſſion's a Madneſs in the Breaſt,
No God can blow it higher,
When *Bacchanals* or Prieſts poſſeſs'd,
The Frantick Pow'rs inſpire.

Paſſion through Fire and Sword runs on;
Can Storms and Tempeſt ſtand,
Though mighty *Jove* himſelf ruſh down,
With Thunder in his Hand.

Prometheus from the Lyon's Heart
Took this bright Eager Ray,
And made it of Mankind a Part,
And wrapt it in our Clay.

By Paſſion great *Thyeſtes* fell,
The Cauſe of all his Woe;
It brings tall Turrets down to Hell,
And lays proud Cities low.

Then

Hoſtile aratrum exercitus inſolens.
Compreſce mentem. me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, & in celeres iambos

Miſit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro triſtia; dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 16.

(a) NON Dindymene.] Pray obſerve this whole Paſſage.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem ſacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber aquâ, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Triſtes ut Ira.

'Tis impoſſible to conſtrue this, but after the following manner. *The* Corybantes *do not thump their Kettle-drums ſo manfully, as cruel Anger thumps her Kettle-drum.* Turn which way you will, this is all you can make of the Words. Now ſince this is very ſilly, and as the *Greeks* ſay, ἀναπόλυθον, I ſuppoſe we muſt look out for an Emendation. The better ſort of *Librarians* have imagined, that *ſic* ought by all means to be reſtored in the *fourth* Line, that *ut* may have ſomething to anſwer to. But they ſhould have troubled themſelves with other Matters: Since there is a good Proviſion made in the *Third* Verſe, where *aque* has a plain reference to *ut*. You cannot doubt but *Horace* wrote it thus,

Non Liber aquæ, non acuta
Si geminant Corybantes æra.

The Senſe is; *Not* Cybel, *nor* Phœbus, *nor* Bacchus, *nor the* Corybantes, *though they ſhould thump their Kettle-drums never ſo luſtily, can ſhake the Mind ſo much as cruel Anger does.* The like way of Expreſſion is to be found at *Carm.* 2. 17. The thing is the ſame whether you read *Si geminent*, or *Si ingeminent:* as for the meaning of *Geminare æra*, you will find that in *Lucretius*, 2. 635. and *Ovid*, Metam. 3. 534. Et *Faſt.* 4. 184. It ap-

Then prithee ceaſe to *Pout* and *Fret*,
The Horrid Crime I own:
When you ſuppreſs'd my Amorous Heat,
It broke into Lampoon.

Then I was Mad, but now I'll try,
To make my Dear amends;
Away with all this *Piſh* and *Fie*,
Let's Kiſs, and ſo be Friends.

---

pears by thoſe Citations to be much ſuch another thing with what *Drummers* call *Rolling*.

(b) *Addere principi limo coactus.*] The word *Coactus* gives offence to *Julius Scaliger*; *Fer*, ſays he, Prometheus *was not forced: he did not do this by Compulſion.* Whence *Scaliger* came by this Fancy I cannot conceive; I ſuppoſe there is no Author now extant but our *Horace*, who touches upon this Fable. And yet I muſt own, I think it very likely, that there was ſuch a ſort of a Fable invented by ſomebody or other, in which *Prometheus* is ſuppoſed to do what he did by Compulſion; For he made Man of his own Head, and not by Command or in Obedience to any Superior Being. If therefore any one has a mind to hold with *Scaliger* he may eaſily cure this Place by a ſmall *Correction.*

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactam *particulam undique*
Deſectam, & inſani leonis
Vim ſtomacho adpoſuiſſe noſtro.

For *undique Coacta* is right enough; and is the ſame with *Collecta*, *Collata*, *Congeſta*. See *Virgil*, Æn. 8. 7. Æn. 7. 582. Our *Horace* in Arte Poet. v. 3. *Virgil*, Æn. 2. 763. *Fertur addere* is alſo very well, notwithſtanding *adpoſuiſſe* follows. See our *Author*, 3. 20. *Propertius*, 3. 12. Where there is much the ſame Agreement and Amity between two *Infinitive Moods.*

ODE XVII. *Ad* TYNDARIDEM.

VElox amœnum ſæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, & igneum
Defendit æſtatem capellis
Uſque meis pluvioſque ventos.

(a) *Impune tutum per nemus arbutos*
Quærunt latentes, & thyma devia
Olentis uxores mariti:
(b) *Nec virides metuunt colubras,*

(c) *Nec Martiales hædilia lupos:*
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fiſtulâ
Valles & Uſticæ cubantis
Levia perſonuere ſaxa.

Dî me tuentur: dîs pietas mea
Et muſa cordi eſt. (d) *hinc tibi copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hîc in reductâ valle caniculæ
Vitabis æſtus: & (e) *fidâ Teiâ*
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

Hîc

ODE XVII. *To* TYNDARIS.

FAunus from fair *Arcadia*'s Shore
Viſits my homely Sylvan Seat:
He ſaves my Flocks, with Guardian Pow'r,
From pinching Cold and ſcorching Heat.

My Herds ſecure their Rambles take,
On Thyme and fragrant Herbs they browze,
Nor fear the angry hiſſing Snake,
Or Rav'ning Wolves, their mortal Foes.

Here, Fair one, you may ſafely ſtray,
Whilſt the gay Plains their Sweets exhale,
And on your Pipe ſoft Sonnets play,
That Eccho from the hollow Vale.

Their Poet to the Gods is dear,
My Piety and Muſe they love,
Hence Plenty crowns my yellow Year,
And Bleſſings flow in Streams from *Jove*.

Here to ſome Valley you'll retire,
And ſing the Hero and the Dame,
Inchanting *Circe*'s guilty Fire,
Or Fair *Penelope*'s chaſt Flame.

Nec innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces ſub umbrâ: nec Semeleius
Cum matre confundet Thyoneus
Prœlia, nec metues protervum

Suſpecta Cyrum, ne male diſpari
Incontinentes injiciat manus:
Et ſcindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque veſtem.

Dr. B——'s Notes. Ode 17.

(a) [*Impune tutum per nemus.*] I am horridly in the Spleen to ſee ſo many Interpreters pleaſe themſelves with ſuch Trifles. Certainly *impune & tutum* can never ſet their Horſes together. For where is the Miracle, if Cattle ſhould wander *unhurt* through a *ſafe* Wood? I ſhould be more ſurprized if they wandered *unhurt* through a Wood full of wild Beaſts. Away then with this ſame *Tutum*, which is ſo far from mending the Senſe, that it quite ſpoils it. The Books, that *Lambin* look'd into, read it *totum*, which is right; and this I gueſſed at long before I ſaw *Lambin*. *The Cattle wander*, ſays Horace, *through all the Wood, and the thickeſt Covert, where the Dens of the wild Beaſts are, and yet receive no hurt.* See *Perſius* Sat. 5. 32. *Virgil*'s Georg. 2. 308. Et *Æn.* 5. 358. *Nemeſian*, 2. 68. Where you'll find the Epithet *Totus* o *whole*, agree very well with *Woods, Groves*, &c.

(b) *Nec viridis metuunt colubras.*] Let thoſe Fellows look to themſelves, who againſt the general Voice of all the *Copies*, would fain put *Colubros* upon us. *Lactantius* reads *Colubras* ad *Statii* Theb. 5. See *Noni.* where there are many Inſtances out of *Lucilius*, *Turpilius*, and *Varro*. See our *Author*, Serm. 1, 8. *Juvenal*, 5. 107. and *Arnobius*, lib. 4.

(c) *Nec martiales hadilia lupos.*] My oldeſt *Books*, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, and *Queens-College*, read *Hadulia*. Thus *Lambin* and *Cruquius* found it

Here you may take a chearful Glaſs
Of harmleſs Wine, beneath the Shade;
Your Hours in ſweet Retirement paſs,
Of no rude drunken *Sott* afraid.

No Jealous Lover here ſhall dare,
With impious Hands, your Charms to preſs,
Nor pull the Garland from your Hair,
Nor ſpoil the Beauty of your Dreſs.

---

it in their *Books:* but they are miſtaken in making *hædulia* to ſignifie the *Folds* or *Penns* for *Kids*. Do thou, O Reader, write it thus, which is no great Variation from the Vulgar,

Nec martiales Hæduleæ *lupos.*

As from *equus*, comes *equuleus*, from *hinnus*, *Hinnuleus*, ſo from *hadus*; *Hadulens*. *Horace* indeed might have ſaid *Hadulei lupos*; but he had more kindneſs for the *Fœminine Gender*: for juſt before you find *colubras*, and *uxores olentis mariti*. And why ſhould not *hinnulea* ſtand here, ſince *Varro* apud *Nonium Marcellum* mentions *hinnas* & *equulas?* As for thoſe who contend for *Hadilia*, they do not only maim the Verſe, but alſo foiſt in a Word which I believe was never heard of among the old *Roman* Writers. For heretofore the Kids and the Lambs were not kept aſunder in different Folds, but all together with their Dams in one Penn; whence as no Author calls the Sheep-fold where the Yews and Lambs were kept the *Agnile*, but the *Ovile*: So the Fold where the Goats and Kids were kept, is not called *Hadile*, but *Caprile*. Indeed the old *Gloſſary* ſays, Ερισφοστάσια *Hadilia*, and Ερισιῶνες (or as it ſhould be Ἐριφιῶνες) *Hadilia*; but I believe, if you look over the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers, where they treat of Country Affairs, you will meet with no ſuch Word. Beſides this, the Sheep and Goats being often put into one Fold, the Antients did frequently call the Goat-penns, *Ovilia*. See *Tibullus* the ſecond and the firſt. See *Ovid* Metam. 13. 827. Where

the Sheep and Goats run together.

(d) *Hinc tibi Copia manabit.*] I would fain have you read here, in ſpite of all the Manuſcripts, *Hic* tibi *Copia*; for juſt ſo it follows, *Hic* in *reductâ valle*. And this I find is very much to the Mind of the learned *Dacier*, and the moſt learned *Fabricius* before him. The *Loſcherian* Edition reads it thus without a blot, 1498. *Hinc* and *Hic* are often confounded in the *Manuſcript* Copies. If then you read *hinc*, you muſt Conſtrue it thus, *Becauſe of my Piety:* and then it ſhould follow, *Hinc* mihi *copia* and not *Hinc* tibi *Copia*. For *Horace*'s Miſtreſs *Tyndaris* was no ſuch righteous Perſon, ſince he would neither marry her, nor make her his Heir. As for what follows, *turis honorum*, the Interpreters are very right in commending it for a pretty Expreſſion: and they might have quoted abundance of Inſtances to prove it: For *Statius*, Silv. 4. 5. has mimick'd our Author: and ſo in *Theb.* 10. 783, where the Senſe is not quite ſo clear. See alſo *Silius Ital.* 3.

(e *Fide Teiâ dices Laborantes in uno.*] Our Books, the *Galean*, *Zulichemian*, and at ſecond hand the *Queens College* Copy, read it, *Diſces*: and after the ſame manner *Horace* expreſſes himſelf to *Phyllis*, Carm. 4. 13.

Condiſce *modos*, *amandâ*
Voce quos reddas.

So again *Carm.* 2. 19.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (*credite poſteri*)
Nymphaſque diſcentes.

But notwithſtanding this, we muſt make no Alteration here; for what does this Expreſſion *diſcere fide Teiâ* ſignifie? We learn from hence, that *Tyndaris* uſed to *ſing* and play upon the *Pipe*; See where *Horace* aſcribes the ſame Qualifications to *Lyde*, Carm. 3. 28.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 17.

QUID enim tantopere mirandum, ſi per tutum nemus impune vagantur pecora?] The Dr. is reſolv'd to make a Miracle for *Horace* in this Place, and ſuppoſes, *that he had ſeveral wild Beaſts in his Grounds, which made it the more remarkable for his Cattle to eſcape unhurt by any of them.* Now though the Dr. does not wonder, that the *Wood* ſhould be *ſafe*, where the Cattle were *ſo*: yet I fancy *Tyndaris*, to whom *Horace* writes this, to invite her to his *Farm*, would ſooner believe him

him for saying, *his Cattle were safe because he had no wild Beasts in his Wood*, than if he had said, *that they and the wild Beasts graz'd lovingly together.*

Nos ex conjecturâ primâ reposueramus, quam apud Lambinum *videmus.*] The Dr. always hits upon a Discovery, and finds it out first, even after he had seen it in another. This he repeats so often and upon so many Occasions, that to save further Trouble, the Reader is desired once for all, whenever he meets with any thing Fine and New, to join Dr. *B.* of Course to the Author and Inventor.

ODE XVIII. *Ad* QUINTILIUM VARUM.

NUllam, Vare, ſacrâ vite priùs ſeveris arborem
Circa mite ſolum Tiburis & mœnia Catili.
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus propoſuit; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt ſollicitudines.
Quis poſt vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche, teque decens Venus?
(a) *At ne quis modici tranſiliat munera Liberi,*
Centaureæ monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero
Debellata: monet Sithoniis non levis Evius:
Quum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Diſcernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Baſſareu
Invitum quatiam: Nec variis obſita frondibus
Sub dium rapiam. Sæve tene cum Berecynthio
Cornu tympana, quæ ſubſequitur cæcus amor ſui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides prodiga perlucidior vitro.

Dr. B's —— NOTES. ODE 18.

(a) *AT ne quis modici*] Our *Gravian* Copy, together with the *Leiden*, *Batchian*, *Peter-houſe*, and *Galean*, write, *ac*; and I ſuppoſe the *Books* of the other Critics write the ſame: But they make nothing of skipping over theſe little Matters. The *Loſcherian* Edition confirms this, 1498. This is more elegant and more like *Horace*. See Epiſt. 1, 19. v. 26.

Ac ne me foliis idem breviori-bus ornes:.

So ſay all the Copies, and yet *at* is in many of the *Editions*. See *Epiſt.* 1. 1, v. 13. *Epiſt.* 2. 1, 5. 208. where *at* is uſed. See alſo *Ovid.* Remed. Am. 465.

Ac ne forte putes me tibi condere jura.

Thus the firſt *Edition* reads it, and two *Manuſcripts*, as the moſt renowned *Heinſius* confeſſes. But the vulgar ſays *et*, and yet he has replaced *at* without the Authority of any Copy. I make no doubt if he had lived to ſee theſe my Emendations, he would have altered his Mind.

ODE XVIII. *To* QUINTILIUS VARUS.

ON *Tibur*'s Shore new Vineyards plant,
For 'tis the only Tree we want;
The Gods ne'er made a nobler Tree!
The Gods love drunken Souls like me.
They have a thouſand Plagues in ſtore
For ſober Sots, whom Cares devour.
At Sight of *Bacchus*, Sorrows fly,
Spleen vaniſhes, and Vapours die.
Who in his Cups e'er made Complaint
Of pinching Penury and Want?
Or durſt recite in rueful Strain
The Toils he bore the laſt Campaign?
When ſparkling Bowls our Hours improve:
Then all our Talk is Wine and Love.
But ſtill the *Centaurs* bloody War
Bids us of Strife and Blows take Care;
We know what *Bacchus* did in *Thrace*,
Nor will too far indulge the Glaſs.
Let Reaſon ſtill keep in its Light,
And ſtill diſtinguiſh Wrong from Right.
God of the Grape, I'll wiſely uſe
Thy heav'nly Gifts, nor will diſcloſe
Thy ſacred Rites; do thou aſſwage
My burning Soul, and curb thy Rage:
Leaſt to new hateful Crimes I run:
Leaſt Vanity ſeize Reaſon's Throne,
And wretched I to open Day
The Setrets of the Night betray,
And my Heart tranſparent grow,
Clear as the Glaſs, that makes it ſo.

ODE XIX.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum.
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
(a) *Et laſciva Licentia,*
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.

Urit me Glycera nitor
(b) *Splendentis Pario marmore purius:*
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aſpici.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deſeruit, nec patitur Scythas
Et verſis animoſum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nil attinent.

Hic vivum mihi cæſpitem, hic
Verbenas pueri ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum patera meri.
Mactatâ veniet lenior hoſtiâ.

ODE XIX.

THE wanton *Queen* of looſe Deſires
My Soul with Love rekindled burns:
Bacchus foments the raging Fires,
And all the Libertine returns.

Fair *Glycera*, divinely bright,
With brilliant Eyes inflames my Heart,
Her Cheeks diffuſing beamy Light,
Her wanton Airs, and winning Art.

Venus within my Boſom reigns,
Forſaking her lov'd *Cyprian* Grove:
She bids me ceaſe my warlike Strains,
And ſing no other God but Love.

With verdant Turf adorn the Shrine,
With fragrant Herbs her Altars bind:
Pour forth the choiceſt, richeſt Wine,
To make the Nymph and Goddeſs kind.

(a) *ET lasciva licentia*] This is right. See *Salust* Bell. Jugur, where he speaks of the *Licence* and *Wantonness* of the Soldiery, when they are left to themselves, and under no Command or Discipline. See *Quintil.* Instit. g. 4, where he speaks of *Wantonness* and *Licence* in Oratory. But then observe to write *Licentia* in this Place with a great L and not with a little one, for *Licentia* stands for a Goddess, which answers to *Baechus* and *Venus* in the foregoing Lines. *Cicero* de legibus 2, 17, speaks of a Temple built to the Goddess *Licentia*, but this he does *al-a-mode d'Orator*, in *Greek* ῥητοοκῶς: for *Clodius* dedicated this Temple to the Goddess *Libertas* and not to the Goddess *Licentia*. See *Claudian* de Nuptiis *Honorii*, where he describes the Court and Equipage of *Venus*, and places the Goddess *Licentia* among the rest of her Attendants. Moreover take Notice, that in the preceding Verse most of the Books read *Jubent*, as the *Leiden*, the *Royal Society*, and the *Peter-house* Copy: but the *Gravian* and *Battelian* are more in the right, when they say *jubet*: For our *Horace* is fond of the singular Number in Sentences of this Nature, as I shall more largely show in another Place. See *Carm.* 1, 24, Verse 8, and the Notes thereupon.

(b) *Splendentis Pario marmore purius.*] *Seneca* in his Hippolytus 795 has notoriously imitated this Passage.

Vexent hanc faciem frigora parciùs;
Ha solem facies rariùs appetat;
Lucebit Pario marmore clarius.

The End of the Fourth Part.

THE

ODES

OF

HORACE

In *Latin* and *English*;

With a Translation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the *Bentleian* Stile and Manner.

——*Si peccat idem* Librarius *usque*,
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret.—— Hor.

PART V.

To be Continued.

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Q. Horatii Flacci

O D A R U M.

LIB. I.

ODE XX. *Ad* MÆCENATEM.

ILE potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipſe teſtâ
Conditum levi: datus in theatro
Quum tibi plauſus,

(a) *Care Macenas eques: ut paterni*
Fluminis ripa, ſimul & jocoſæ
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

Caculubum

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE XX. *To* MÆCENAS.

ONCE, Dear *Macenas*! with your Friend
To common *Sabine* Wine deſcend;
'Twas cask'd that Day, *Rome*'s Joy was heard
In loud Applauſe, when you appear'd.

The *Vatican*, and *Tiber*'s Stream,
(*Tiber* from your *Etruria* came)
Did with your wafted Praiſe reſound,
And *Eccho* wanton'd with the Sound.

Cæcubum & prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam, mea nec Falerna
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

Dr. B——'s Notes. Ode 20.

(a) CARE *Mæcenas eques.*] Our Author might very well say *Dear Mæcenas*, because of his Intimacy and familiar Acquaintance with that Gentleman: And so he elsewhere applies to him thus, *Dilecte Mæcenas*, Beloved *Mæcenas*; But then what becomes of his *Knighthood?* For *Dear Knight*, is an Intolerable Complement, much less would *Horace* say, Plain *Knight*, and leave his Patron destitute of an *Epithet*. Without doubt therefore we must read it according to the *Royal-Society* Copy,

Clare, *Mæcenas, eques*——

See our *Author* Carm. 3. 16. *Propertius*, 3. 7. *Martialis*, 6. 52. *Plinius*, Epistol. 2. 13. In all which Places some other honourable Distinction is affixed to *Knighthood* besides the bare Title.

I know, your foaming Bowls run o'er
With all *Campania*'s richeſt Store,
But my poor earthen Cups produce
No ſuch luxurious coſtly Juice.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 20.

Neque enim care eques *tolerabile quidem eſt: & multo minus* eques *ſic nudum & epitheto deſtitutum.*] Our Commentator allows *Horace* to call his Patron *Mæcenas*, his *Dear Mæcenas*: but will not permit him to ſay, *Chare Eques*, *My Dear Knight*, much leſs to ſay, *Eques*, *Knight*, without the leaſt Addition of a Complementing Epithet. How would the Spleen of this acurate and well-bred Courtier have vented it ſelf, if he had heard a Poet, not quite ſo good as *Horace*, addreſs to a Man of much greater Quality than bare *Knighthood*, and give him no other Title than Plain *Charles*.

Carole, *ſi tibi adhuc colligi cura veteris.*

ODE XXI.

Dianam tenera dicite virgines,
Intonſum pueri dicite Cynthium,
Latonamque ſupremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi.

(a) *Vos latam fluviis, & nemorum comâ,*
Quacunque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut Erymanthi
Sylvis viridis Cragi.

Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Inſignemque pharetrâ,
Fraternâque humerum lyrâ.

(b) *Hic bellum lacrymoſum, hic miſeram famem*
Peſtemque a populo & principe Cæſare, in
Perſas atque Britannos
Veſtrâ motus aget prece.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 21.

(a) *VOS latam fluviis, & nemorum comam.*] The four beſt *Blandinian* Books belonging to *Cruquius*, and our *Gravian* Copy, write *comam*. This is the trueſt *Lection* of the two, and agrees much better with what follows. *Do you*, ſays *Horace*, *O ye Girls, ſing of* Diana, *and of the Woods of* Algidum, *or* Erymanthus, *or* Cragus; *Do you in like manner, O ye Boys, ſing of* Apollo, *and* Tempe, *and* Delos. For why does he ſay, *extol them*, totidum laudibus, *with ſo many Praiſes?* He certainly deſigned to command them to celebrate the Green Woods, *nemorum comam*. See his *Carm.* 3, 28, where he talks of commending the Sea Nymphs for their handſom *Hair*. As for the *Enarrators*, they are quite of another mind; for they Conſtrue what follows thus, *Commend the Shoulder of* Apollo, *which is adorned with a Quiver*; but *Porphyrio* the Scholiaſt might have taught them more Senſe. I ſay, this Conſtruction is the only way to make what goes before and what follows after hang together: *Do you ſpeak of* Diana, *who loves the Rivers, and of* Apollo *who wears a Quiver at his Back. Inſignis humerum* is

a

ODE XXI.

SING, ye Nymphs, *Diana*'s Praiſe,
Praiſe, ye Youths, *Apollo*'s Name;
Fair *Latona*'s Beauty raiſe,
That did the Thunderer inflame.

Sing the Goddeſs, who delights
In tall Woods and ſhady Groves,
Trips it on *Arcadia*'s Heights,
And cooling *Erymanthus* loves.

Lovely *Tempe* claims your Song:
Delos is *Apollo*'s Iſle;
He the Vocal Lyre firſt ſtrung,
He loves the Bow and *Sylvan* Toil.

You ſhall pay your daily Vows,
He ſhall make the State his Care:
Far from *Rome* upon our Foes
He pours out Famine, Plagues and War.

---

a *Graciſm* very well known, and familiar to our *Author*.

Nec Mauris *animum mitior* anguibus:

The ſame ſort of Expreſſion is to be found in other places.

(*b*) *Hic bellum lacrimoſum, hic miſeram famem.*] In the foregoing Lines the Praiſes of *Diana* and *Apollo* were tack'd together; but here *Apollo* ſtands by himſelf, and is to keep off War, Famine and Peſtilence from the *Romans*; I would ask then, where the Neceſſity was of troubling *Diana* with their Prayers to no purpoſe? Wherefore that *Diana* may have ſomething to do here, prithee conſider whether you cannot afford to read the Paſſage thus?

Hæc *bellum lacrimoſum, hic miſeram famem.*

By *luctuoſum bellum*, or a *deplorable War*, you are to underſtand a *Civil War*. See our *Author*, Carm. 3, 8.

Medus infeſtis ſibi luctuoſus
Diſſidet armis.

Diana is remarkably propitious in driving away that wicked Fury *Diſcord*, as *Callimachus* tells us in an *Hymn* to that Goddeſs, v. 133.

ODE XXII. *Ad* ARISTIUM.

*I*Nteger vitæ scelerisque purus
(a) *Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu,*
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca (b) *fabulosus*
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me Sylvâ Lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum (c) *curis vagor expeditus,*
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
(d) *Daunia in latis alit esculetis,*
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
(e) *Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ:*
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

Pone

ODE XXII. *To* ARISTIUS.

THE Man with Virtue's Aid prepar'd,
In Virtue finds the ſureſt Guard;
He needs nor Bows, nor Darts defence,
Safe in his ſpotleſs Innocence.

The virtuous Man ſecurely ſtands
On *Scythian* Snows, or *Lybian* Sands;
Or to the fartheſt *Indies* goes,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaſpes* flows.

For, as by Amorous Thoughts betray'd,
Among the Woods I lately ſtray'd,
I met a Wolf; the Salvage knew
Unarm'd Integrity, and flew.

Not warlike *Daunia's* Savage Coaſt
Could ſuch a well-grown Monſter boaſt:
No Beaſt ſo large infeſts the Plains
Where Lions breed, and *Juba* reigns.

Me to the Northern Pole convey,
Remote from Summer's cheerful Ray;
Where endleſs Froſts and Snows appear,
And Clouds and Cold bring round the Year:

Or

Pone sub curru nimium propinquo
Solis in terrâ domibus negatâ:
Dulce ridentem Lelagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 22.

(*a*) *NON eget Mauris jaculis.*] All the old Books cry *Mauris*, as the Interpreters take care to inform us; so say my Ancient Copies, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, *Zulichemian*, *Battelian*, and at first hand, the *Queens-College* Copy; add to these the *Lescherian* Edition 1498, and *Lactantius* Insti. 5, 18. where he cites the Place in the same manner; wherefore it is high time to take those refractory Fellows to task, who still persist in putting their *Mauri* upon us in the Modern *Editions*. Other Commentators have already observed, that our Author elsewhere says *Maura unda*, *Mauris anguibus*. Trebellius *Claud.* c. 14. *Purpura Maura*. Vopiscus *Aurelian.* c, 12. *Stragula Maura*. See *Ovid* Fast. 244. *Juvenal* 10, 148. & 12, 4. *Statius* Silv. 1, 3. Idem *Theb.* 9, 189. *Martial* 14, 90. *Avienus* in descrip. Orb. *Silius* Ital. 3. In all which Authors you will find *Maurus* made use of as an *Adjective* or *Epithet*.

(*b*) *Fabulosus lambit Hydaspes.*] *Nick. Heinsius* in the Margin of his Book writes thus, *Grotius Petrus* reads *Sabulosus*. I wish this Scrap had not fallen from him, which is so contrary both to the *Scanning* and *Sense* of the Verse; for the first *Syllable* of *Sabulosus* is short, and it is an *Epithet*, which belongs to the Shore or Earth, and not to a River or the Water. *Fabulosus Hydaspes* is like *Fabulosa palumbes* in *Carm.* 3, 1. that is, *concerning which many things are to be found in the Fables of the Poets*. See *Curtius*, 3, 1. *Plinius*, Natur. Hist. 5, 1. *Quintil.* Declam, 10. *Seneca*. Epist. 45, where *Fabulosus* is used in this very Signification.

(*c*) *Curis vagor expeditis.*] Here both the *Copies* and the *Editions* vary: Whilst some of them prefer *Expeditis*, and others *Expeditus*. You may follow which *Lection* you please, and no harm done. But the last seems to be the best, and the most elegant. Thus, *expedire se molestiâ, metu, crimine, armmis, laqueis, &c.* To free ones self from *Trouble*, *Fear*, *Guilt*, *Misery*, a *Halter*, and so forth, are Phrases that frequently occur. *Expeditus curis* is therefore very

Or place me near the burning Zone,
To fry beneath the ſcorching Sun;
Love and the Nymph ſhall eaſe my Toils,
Who ſoftly Speaks, and ſweetly Smiles.

---

very much like *Seneca*'s Curis *Solutus*, Ædip. 5, 13. See *Symmachus* Epiſt. 7, 32. *Terent.* Phorm. 5, 4. I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, that this Alteration was made by ſome half-witted Smatterer, who having read a little before in *Ode* the 8th,

Sape trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito.

was prevailed upon to make *ultra terminum expeditis, Cars that exceeded their juſt Bounds*, anſwer to *trans finem expedito, a Spear thrown beyond the Mark.* He knew not, poor Fellow! That *vagor ultra terminum, I wander beyond my Bounds*, was the only true way of *Conſtruing* this place.

(*d*) *Daunia in latis alit eſculetis.*] So, I believe, ſay all the *Editions* for a hundred Years laſt paſt; and yet none of the *Parchments* that I know of ſet it in this Order; the old one, read *Daunias latis*: So ſay my *Leyden*, *Zulichemian*, *Gravian*, and at firſt hand the *Queens-College* Copy (for the Letter S has been lately ſcratch'd out) and ſo the *Copies* of the other Criticks; but the reſt of my Books make it *Daunia latis*, and leave out the *Prapoſition*. There is the ſame Uncertainty in the old *Editions*; the *Venetian*, Anno 1478, ſays, *Daunia latis*; the *Loſcherian*, Anno 1498, *Daunias latis*. So that one would imagine the Vulgar *Lection*, which is now in vogue, is no where to be found in any of the Manuſcripts, *Daunia in latis*. Now how ſhall we help our ſelves? *Nick. Heinſius*, according to his wonted Erudition in all other Critical matters, defends this place by a *Greek* Word, *Daunias*, *Dauniades*; for thus he ſays upon *Ovid*, Sappho Phaon, 5, 164. Daunias *is after the manner of the* Greeks, as *Cephefias ora, Phafias terra, Hadrias unda, Atlias Orithyia.* To which we may add *Lemnias, Scyrias, Gnoſſias, Mycnias*, and innumerable other hard Names. But theſe are *Greek* Words, and follow the Rules of the *Greek* Declenſions; and therefore this will never do, ſince *Daunia* is a *Latin* Word, and not to be managed at that rate. What that topping Critick further offers is much more to the purpoſe, when he tells us, *that* Appias via *ſtands for* Via Appia, *and is often to be met with in that Senſe*

in Ovid. Why therefore should not *Damias regio* ſtand as well as *Appias via*? It is worth our while to produce the whole Paſſages at large, as they lie in *Ovid*. Art. Amat. 1, 79.

Et fora conveniunt (quis credere poſſit) amori,
Flammaque in arguto ſæpe reperta foro.
Subdita qua Veneris facto de marmore templo
Appias *expreſſis ærea pulſat aquis.*
Ille ſæpe loco capitur conſultus amori:
Quique aliis cavit, non cavet ipſe ſibi.
Hunc Venus è templis, quæ ſunt confinia, videt:
Qui modo patronus, *nunc capit eſſe cliens.*

Art. *Amat.* 3, 449.

Reddemeum, clamant ſpoliatæ ſæpe puellæ;
Redde meum, toto ſæpe beante foro.
Has, Venus, è templis multo radiantibus auro
Lenta vides lites; Appiadeſque *tuæ.*

Remed. *Amor.* 659.

Turpe virum & mulier, junctis modo, protinus hoſtes:
Non illas lites Appias *ipſa probat.*

But now in the ſecond Quotation, by the *Appiada* he underſtands the *Common Whores*, that lodged out of the City in the *Via Appia*. Certainly this honeſt Fellow's Wits were a Wool-gathering, when he talkt at this rate, though I own he is no Snotty-Noſe: For here is not a Word about the *Via Appia*, nor about *Common Whores*: The whole Affair is tranſacted in the very Heart of the City, juſt by the *Forum*, as is more than ſufficiently plain from thoſe Words, *Forum*, the Forum, *Conſultus*, a Counſellor, *Confinia*, the Confines, *Patronus*, a Patron, which the Reader at firſt view may ſee through; we will explain the whole matter in a few Words: *Appius Claudius Cæcus*, whilſt he was *Cenſor*, brought Water into the City, which he call'd *Aqua Appia*; this Water, though it was diſperſed all over the City made one great Fountain in the *Forum* near the Temple of *Venus*, and hence *Venus* was ſirnam'd *Appias*; the *Appiades* were Nymphs or Goddeſſes, whoſe Statues were ſet up as Ornaments round the Fountain, and ſpouted out Water from their Mouths, Breaſts, Hair, and Fingers ends. That this is a true Account, appears plain from the Places cited out of *Ovid*, and alſo from *Pliny*, li. 36, 24. Agrippa, ſays he, *while he was Ædile, brought Spring-Water into the City, and made ſeventy new Baſons, having repaired the reſt, and run them into one another; beſides this, he erected a hundred and five Fountains,*

with

built a hundred and thirty Caſtles, and many other magnificent Structures, upon all which he ſet three hundred Statues of Braſs or Marble, and forty Marble Columns. This is the trueſt Relation of the Matter, according to the beſt of my Judgment; now though *Venus*, or any one of the Goddeſſes that ſtood near the *Appian* Fountain, might therefore be called *Appias*, it will not from thence follow, that the Country of *Daunia* ſhould be call'd *Daunias*, any more than we can call *Italy* or *Sicily*, *Italias* or *Sicilias*; that which is the Cream of the Matter, and well worth our Notice is this, that *Daunia* is, as the *Grammarians* ſay, a *Noun Subſtantive* as well as *Italia* and *Sicilia*. *Feſtus Pompeius* tells us, that *Apulia* is called *Daunia* from *Daunus* an *Illyrian*, who left his own Country during a Publick Commotion, and being a Man of Renown, came and ſettled in *Apulia*. See *Polybius*, 3, 88. And *Stephanus Byzantius*. Add to this, that *Daunias* is here taken *Subſtantively*, Militaris *Daunias*, which is much worſe than if it were to ſtand for an Epithet; for *Daunias haſta*, or *Daunias Nympha*, the *Daunian* Spear or the *Daunian* Nymph, is much more tolerable than *Militaris Daunias*, the *Warlike Country* of *Daunias*. Theſe Blockheads could not call to mind what our *Horace* ſays, *Carm.* 2, 1.

—— *Quod mare* Dauniæ
Non decoloravere cædes?

And again, *Carm.* 4, 6.

Dauniæ *defende decus Camenæ.*

Thus ſays *Virgil*, Æneid 8, 146.

Gens eadem quæ te crudelis
Dauniа *bello*
Inſequitur ——

And again, *Æneï.* 12, 785.

Now as things ſtand, I ſhould not preſume to give entire Credit even to the oldeſt Books, and imagine that *Horace* was ſo over-Curious, or according to the *Greeks* ἀκριβολογος, as never to write *Daunias*, though preſt to it by the greateſt neceſſity of *Scanning* and *Meaſure*, ſince we have here *Daunia in latis* ready at hand, juſt as we find it in the preſent *Editions*; for it is very right, and according to Cuſtom, to put the *Præpoſition in* here, to anſwer what goes before,

Namque me ſilvâ lupus in
Sabinâ.

See alſo *Virgil* Georg. 111,224.

Paſcitur in *magnâ ſilvâ formoſa juvenca.*

But then it is a hard matter to be poſitive, how *Daunias* ſhould get into the old *Parchments*, unleſs it were written with

with *Horace*'s own Hand: For the preſent *Reading* is very fair and plain: Nor could the *Librarians* ſo readily depart from a known Vulgar Word, and Blunder upon one that was uncommon and out of uſe; whence it came to paſs, that in the Modern *Manuſcripts*, the Letter *s* being eraſed, τὸ *Daunias* was again brought back to *Daunia*, even to the prejudice of *Horace*'s Meaſure. If one might be allowed to turn Conjurer in this Caſe, I ſhould imagine, that heretofore the Blundering *Librarians* for *Daunia in*, wrote *Dauniam*: Whence the *Correctors*, in order to take care of the *Verſe* and the *Nominative Caſe*, thought fit to pop down *Daunias*; or perhaps ſome Upſtart Smatterer took upon him to Conſtrue *portentum* as a *Nominative Caſe* in thoſe Lines,

Quale portentum *neque militaris.*
Dauniam *latis alit eſculetis,*

and from thence imagined, he had Authority to make *Militaris* or *Militares Daunias* the *Acuſative Caſe*; but let matters ſtand how they will, you may uſe your own Diſcretion, and write either *Daunias* or *Daunia in*, I for my part ſhall not be againſt it.

(*e*) *Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ.*] *Marius Victorinus*, p. 2603, commends this Verſe twice, and runs it after this manner,

Arbor æſtivâ recreatur umbrâ.

But there is no reaſon we ſhould depart from the Books; certainly in the *Frigid Zone*, which is here deſcribed, there is enough and too much of *Umbra* or *Shade*, and *Horace* is not here asking for *æſtiva umbra*, Summer Shade, but for *æſtiva aura*, Summer Air, which gives great Recreation to the Trees and Herbs. See our *Author*, Carm. Sæcul. *Catullus* Epigram 63. *It.* in Nupt. *Pel.* & *Thet.* *Ovid* Faſt. v. 209. *Valerius Flaccus*, 6. 711. Where you'll find, how great a help the Breezes are to the Flowers and Plants. *Valerius Flaccus* ſays, 6, 340.

Dixit & Edonis nutritum miſſile ventis
Concitat.

Where ὁ πάνυ *Nick Heinſius* obſerves, that *Nutritum miſſile ventis*, *a Plant torn up by the Winds*, anſwers to *Homer*'s ἀνεμότρεφες κῦμα, *agitated by the Winds*. But he is out, as appears by what goes before, and alſo by what *Seneca* ſays, *Nat. Quæſt.* v, 18. *That the Winds do the Trees and Plants a great deal of Good, by ſtirring their Nouriſhment to the Top, and by keeping them in motion, ſo that they are not troubled with Lethargies.*

NOTES

UTcumque se res habuerit; me sanè non invito, utramlibet lectionem sive Daunias, sive Daunia in, pro arbitrio sequetur Lector eruditus.] One of the greatest Pleasures in Poetry is *Expectation*, and next to this is *Surprize*; the first is more lasting, the other more moving; we are sensibly touch'd with these in the *Drama*, where our Expectation often lasts for above four *Acts* together; but our *Surprize* is the more exquisite, as it is more sudden; therefore some Authors keep us off to the last *Page*, and there is one Poem in *English*, so remarkable for this among many other Beauties, that we are not let into the Secret 'till we come to the last Line of all. Now that which is so much admir'd in *Poetry*, the *Dr.* is resolved to imitate in *Criticism*; when he found his *Readers* divided in this Place about two different *Lections*, *Daunias* and *Daunia in*, with what Pomp and Ostentation he sets out in discussing this Affair? How he leads us thro' many great and noble Adventures, the *Confutation* of *Nick Heinsius*, the *Power* of a *Greek Declension*, the *Story* of the *Appian* Fountain, *Directions* how to pick up a Whore in *Rome*, the Magnificence of *Agrippa*, the Travels of *Daunus* the *Illyrian*, the Stupidity of the *Librarians*, and so on, till having fill'd us brim full with expectation of the Issue, he at last bursts all at once upon us with this final Decision, *That we may read it which way we please*; Sir *Roger de Coverly* passed the very same Judgment, but with much more Conciseness, *that much might be said on both sides*.

ODE XXIII. *Ad* CHLOEN.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis Chloe,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
(a) *Aurarum & sylvæ metu.*

(b) *Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit*
Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ:
Et corde & genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera,
Gætulusve leo, frangere persequor.
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestivæ sequi viro.

ODE XXIII. *To* CHLOE.

YOU ſhun me, *Chloe*, as a Fawn
To ſeek her Dam affrighted flies
Through every Mountain, Wood and Lawn,
And trembles at each ruſhing Breeze.

Her Breath alternate comes and goes,
If but a Lizzard ſtir the Leaves:
And if the *Zephyrs* fan the Bows,
She ſtarts and quivers, pants and heaves.

I follow not as Lions chace
Their fleeting Prey along the Plains:
Then leave your Mother's cold Embrace,
Since you are grown mature for Man's.

(a) *Aurarum & silva metu.*] Here *Silva* is made into three Syllables, *Silua*, as may be seen *Epode* 13.

Nunc mare, nunc Silüæ
Threicio Aquilone sonant.

This I cannot chuse but very much wonder at in *Horace*, when it fell so directly in his way, without any harm done to his Feet or to his Understanding, to say,

Aurarum & nemoris metu,
Nunc mare, nunc nemora:

Which is no more than what *Virgil* said, *Georg.* 1. 335.

Nunc nemora *ingenti vento,*
nunc littora plangunt.

And yet there is no doubt but this is the true *Reading*, since all the Books every where confirm it: and *Priscian* quotes it in three several Places, *p.* 546, 740, 1039, and for that very purpose, to prove *Silüa* to be a *Trisyllable*. The same *Dialysis*, or *Dissolution*, not only *Catullus*, who is a little Hard-mouthed, but also *Tibullus* and *Ovid*, the most terse of Poets, do frequently admit of in other words. *Tibullus* uses *dissoluenda*, *Eleg.* 1. 7. and *Ovid*, *evolüisse*, Epist. *Med. Jaso.* But this is one thing, and *Silüa* another, or else I am mightily mistaken; For *Solvo* and *Volvo* will have the first *Syllable* short, if you dissolve the *Consonant* into a *Vowel*, as appears by their *Supines* and *Participles*, *Solutus*, *Volutus*: But now *Silüa*, tho' it be made into three *Syllables* even by a *Diaresis*, yet still retains the first Syllable long: For it is certain, that the Latin word *Sylva* comes, from the *Greek* word ὕλη, or ὕλφη by an *Æolick Diagamma*, and the first *Syllable* of Τλη is always long among the *Greeks*; So *Milvus* or *Milüus*, whether it be made into two or three *Syllables*, has the first always long. This I take notice of only for encouragement, and to whet the Wits of your Fellows of Erudition, and not in the least to fix a Blemish upon our Poet, who without doubt knew the Rules and Customs of speaking among Scholars in his time, much better than any Modern Mortal now breathing is able to do, after so long an Interval of Time, when he can only guess at it, or proceed altogether upon the uncertain Method of *Analogy*.

(b) *Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit adventus foliis.*] So say our Books, and stand it out with great Confidence; and so say the Books of other Criticks; only *Muretus*, out of some of his Copies, produced

Nam seu mobilibus vitis *inhorruit*
Ad ventum *foliis* ——

As

As to the first *Lection*, it is what I do not like upon many Accounts, nor can it please any Reader who has an Heart in his Belly: For it is impossible, that *the coming of the Spring should look horrid with Leaves*, for at that time there are no Leaves, since the Spring it self produces them as it Advances. Nor could *the Fawns look after their Dams at the coming in of the Spring*, since the Does do not breed, till the Spring is pretty forward. Nor *do the Lizzards stirr the Brakes at that time*, for they never get out of their lurking Holes so early, in which they hide themselves all the Winter. Besides, though all this might pass current; yet still you could never relish this Piece of *Latin*, *Adventus veris inhorruit foliis*, the *coming of the Spring looks horrid with Leaves*: For the Sentence should rather run backwards, *Folia inhorrescant adventu Veris*, the *Leaves look horrid upon the coming of the Spring*. On the other hand, neither can that same *Vitis* in *Muretus*'s Lection keep its ground: for in *montibus aviis*, or *wild Mountains*, there can be no Vines to fright the Fawns; But that other Alteration, *Ad ventum*, is very well, and will pass Muster; so that without any great Variation, you may read the whole Passage thus,

Nam seu mobilibus vepris *inhorruit*
Ad ventum *foliis*; *seu virides rubum*
Dimovere lacertæ.

Nothing can be more certain than this Conjecture: it has so much Light of its own to shew it self by, that the Authority of a Hundred *Manuscripts* could not give it more. For, *first*, *vepris* is very aptly joined with *rubus*, a *Brake* with a *Bramble*. See *Pliny*. 12. 42. *Seneca* Hippol. 1103. who both put them together. Then the *Vepris* or *Brake* does of it self *look horrid*, much more may be said *inherrescere vel intremiscere vento*, to look horrid or tremble with the Wind; See *Virgil*, Geor. 3 315. *Geor*. 1. 151. *Æneid*, 11, 579. *Geor*. 3. 198. where *Brakes* and *Bushes* are said *horrescere vento*, to *tremble with the Wind*. *Lastly*, *Ad ventum* is a trite common Expression, See *Virgil*, Æn. 4. 513. *Ad Lunam*. Celsus 1. c. 2 and 3. *Ad Ignem*. Ovid Pont. 1. 3. *Ad tua verba*, Lucretius, 6, 1169. *Ad ventum*. Moreover, the Interpreters do very well observe, that this Passage was done in Imitation of *Anacreon*: only they could not set out his Verses right, but blunder'd in the Nature of his Metre; For the Verses are not *Two*, but Four: and must run in this Order.

Ἅτε νεβρὸν νεοθηλέα γαλαθηνὸν, ὅς' ἐν ὕλῃ

Κερόεσσης ἀπολειφθεὶς ὑπὸ μητρὸς ἐπτοήθη.

They are *Galliambicks*, a sort of Metre which *Anacreon* often used, as *Hephastion* witnesses, who produces this Instance,

Παρὰ δ' ἦυτε Πυθόμανδρον κατέδυν ἔρωτα φεύγων.

For thus we must read it out of a Manuscript Copy, and not according to the vulgar, πυθόμαν δὲ. When I sent this Comment or somewhat like it above two Years ago to that incomparable Fellow, *John George Gravius* ὁ μακαρίτης, as honest a Soul as ever liv'd, he return'd me an Answer in the following words, dated 4 *Nov. Decem.* 1702. a little before his Death ——*When I lately read over your Letters, in which you communicated to me some of your Emendations upon* Horace, *to that most Elegant Man* Peter Burmann, *He commended you up to the Stars. In a Day or two after he came back to me, and brought with him,* Statius *and* Horace, *with some written Notes of* Nick Heinsius. *That most learned Man had noted down in the Margin of both Books, at* Ode, 23. Lib. 1. *That* Salmasius *had corrected* Veris, *and made it* Vepris, *which he had been made acquainted with by* Menage; *This you knew nothing of, so that the Glory of that pretty Invention is still your own; and I verily believe you will be glad to find, that this great Man jumpt with you in one and the same Discovery.* Thus far that bright Fellow in his Epistle to me. Now what does I, but presently procures a Copy of *Heinsius's Horace*, by the Assistance of my good Friend the most Learned *Burmann*, and in the Margen of the Book I found this Note, *Salmasius* reads *Vepris*, as *Menage* witnesseth. All the Praise therefore, let it be never so much, which is due for this Emendation, I freely give up to this most Illustrious Man: let him run away with it, keep it to himself, and carry it with him to his Grave.

NOTES

Nihil profectò hâc conjecturâ certius est?] *Certainty* and *Conjecture* do not very well consist together, but the meaning of the Place is this, that our Commentator's *Conjectures* are as good as other Mens *Demonstrations*.

Cum nuperas tuas literas.] This is part of a *Letter* from *John George Gravius* to the *Dr.* in which mention is made of *Burmannus*, *Heinsius*, *Salmasius*, and *Menage*; and it is published to let us see at what a strange rate they Love and Complement one another. The Dr. calls *Gravius* an *Incomparable Fellow*: *Gravius* calls *Burmannus*, *most elegant*: *Burmannus* commends the *Dr.* up to the *Stars*, for which the Dr. calls him *most Learned*; we cannot suppose, but these Men were well acquainted with one another. At least it is plain, *Burmannus* very well understood the Dr's Temper, since he ventures to tell him, *that he would be very well pleased to hear the News of their having discovered in* Holland, *that he was as good a Man as* Salmasius.

ODE

ODE XXIV. *Ad* VIRGILIUM.

QUIS desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis? (a) præcipe lugubres
Cantûs, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum citharâ dedit.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
(b) Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum
Poscis Quintilium deos.

Quod si Threicio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vana redeat sanguis imagini,
Quam virgâ semel horridâ,

Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum, sed levius fit patientiâ,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

ODE XXIV. *To* VIRGIL.

THE mournful Muſe, the Voice and Lyre
To weep *Quintilian*'s Death conſpire;
Such was his Worth, our Loſs is ſuch,
We cannot Love too well, or Grieve too much.

And does then Death's eternal Chain
Quintilian, beſt of Men, detain?
Ah! when will Faith and Juſtice find
So true, ſo great, and ſo ſincere a Mind?

The Good, like him, lament his Fall,
But thou, great *Virgil*, more than all;
Thy pious Wiſhes were in vain,
The Gods were deaf, *Quintilian* was a Man.

Could you, like vocal *Orpheus*, move
The dancing Trees and lift'ning Grove,
Your *Epick* Art, your winning Strains
Could never raiſe his Lifeleſs cold Remains.

He's with the Shades, the nimble God
Has touch'd him with his fatal Rod;
'Tis hard: but Patience will give Eaſe
In all thoſe Ills which Prudence can't redreſs.

(a) *Pracipe lugubres cantus Melpomene.*] My modern Books all say *Lugubres*: But the old ones, the *Gravian*, *Leiden*, and *Queens-College* Copy, with some belonging to *Cruquius*, write *Lugubris*, which amounts to no more than t'other: For it is a Common Trick of those Books to make the *Accusative Cases Plural* end in *s*; yet this gave Occasion to *Daniel Heinsius* to venture upon a Piece of Guess-work, which does not in the least become him: his Conceipt is, that here is a *Genitive Case*, and he construes it thus, *Melpomene lugubris cantus*: *Melpomene*, forsooth! *the Goddess of mournful Songs.* I am strangely concerned, to see a Fellow of Wit and Parts, who has elsewhere made great Fourishes in the Glory of Criticism, came off so scurvily here in *Horace*. What After Ears will not be offended with that Expression, *Melpomene cantus*, *Melpomene of Song?* Who ever heard of any such Phrase as, *Venus Amorum*, *Venus of Loves*, *Apollo Musica*, *Apollo of Musick*, *Minerva Artium*, *Minerva of Arts*, the *God* or *Goddess* being understood? Add to this, that he quite murders the Sense when he construes what follows thus, *Precipe, quis modus sit Desiderio*, *Prescribe a measure to our Desire*. But here *Mauritius* is guilty almost of as bad a Blunder, who by the Directions of the old Scholiast places the words in the following Order, *Precipe cantus, quis SIVE quibus desiderio pudor sit & modus, Begin a Song by which we may be taught not to desire so shamefully and immoderately*; These Comments are out of the way, and do not agree with what follows: For *Horace*, without any regard to that *Præceptum* or *Precept*, presently falls a Grieving,

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget?

Besides 'tis odious to talk of Mourning with Moderation and by stinted Measure. See what *Statius* says to this, *Silv.* 11. 6. lt. *Silv.* 5. 5. where he declares in favour of *Immoderate Sorrow*. And yet *Seneca* in Consul. ad *Helviam*, c. 1. talks of prescribing a Measure to Sorrow; but be that as it will; the vulgar Reading is best, and ought to be continued with an *Interrogation Point*.

(b) *Quando ullum inveniet parem.*] Here the Interpreters say not a word; so that one would imagine they had found *Invenient*, which is *Latin* for *To find*, in all their Books; thus you may see what a Parcel of negligent Puppies they are. With these very Eyes, which are now in my Head, did I read *Inventet* in more than ten *Copies* which

I

I have now by me: and I cannot find, no not in one, that *Plural Number* Inveni-ent. The beſt *Editions* ſay the ſame, ſo the *Venetian* and *Leſcherian*: As for theſe Fellows, I know they alter'd it, becauſe they fancy'd the *three Nominative Caſes*, *Pudor*, *Fides*, *Veritas*, would agree much better with a *Verb* of the *Plural Number*; Blundering Rogues! not to know *Horace*'s way of expreſſing himſelf better; with which I ſhall here once for all acquaint the *Reader*, ſince I ſhall have ſo many Occaſions in the Courſe of this Work to remind you of the Obſervation. See our *Author*, *Carm.* 1. 2. *Carme* 1. 3. *It.* 1. 4. *It.* 1. 6. *It.* 1. 34. *It.* 1. 35. *It.* 2. 13. *It.* 3. 13. *It.* 3. 6. *It.* 3. 11. *It.* 3. 16. *It.* 4. 5. *It.* 4. 8. In all which Places you have ſometimes *two*, ſometimes *three*, *four*, *five*, or *ſix Nominative Caſes* put together, and ſome of theſe *Singular* and ſome *Plural*, and all agreeing with a Verb *Singular*; By which Inſtances, and by many ſuch, which might be produced out of the other Works of *Horace*, the diligent *Reader* will, I believe, eaſily find upon the peruſal, that *Horace* ſcarce ever expreſſes himſelf otherwiſe: and where he does, we have reaſon to ſuſpect, that the *Paſſage* is Corrupted.

C ODE

ODE XXV. *Ad* LYDIAM.

(a) *Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras*
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen,

(b) *Quæ prius multum facilis movebas*
Cardines; audis minus & minus jam,
(c) *Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,*
Lydia, dormis?

Invicem moechos anus arrogantes
Flebis in solo levis angiportu,
(d) *Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-*
lunia vento;

Quum tibi flagrans amor & libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa caput ulceroſum,
Non sine quæstu:

(e) *Læta quod pubes edera virenti*
Gaudeat, pullâ magis atque myrto:
(f) *Aridas frondes hiemis sodali*
Dedicet Hebro.

ODE XXV. *To* LYDIA.

NO Scourers now your Walks infeſt,
In ruſty Silence mourns your Gate;
No Serenades diſturb your Reſt,
Or Rakes beneath your Windows wait.

Your Lovers from your Lodgings fly:
No more you hear the Mid-night Song:
Ah, can you Sleep, and let me Die,
Die with Cold thus all Night long?

In hopes of Cullies you may haunt
The Streets and Allies, wet and dry,
And only hear the Laughers taunt
And rally, as they paſs you by.

Whilſt all the Rage of hot Deſire,
With which the madding Mares are ſtung,
Sets *every* batter'd Limb on Fire,
And Spleen with Satyr arms your Tongue;

Then how you curſe the young and gay!
For only thoſe the Fellows mind,
But ſend what's ſtale and in decay
To *Lapland*, with the firſt fair Wind,

(*a*) *Arcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.*] Some of my books, and some belonging to other Criticks say, *vinctas*; but the Vulgar *Lection* will do as well. See *Juvenal* Sat. 9, 105. concerning *shutting the Door and Windows.* So in the next Line, for *Ictibus*, my oldest Books, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, *Queen's-College*, and all *Cruquius*'s Copies except one, read *jactibus.* This *Nick Heinsius* seems to approve of, *Ovid* Metam. 9, 35. *Perhaps*, says he, *you had rather have* Jactibus, *as in* Claudian, 1 in Eutrop. v. 93. speaking of *Lais* after she was grown wither'd and decay'd,

——*Jam turba procax, nocturnique recedit*
Ambitus, & rarо pulsatur janua tactu.

But I am afraid, that this superfine Critick will never get any Body to be of his mind. For my part, if I had a Fancy to alter any thing, I would rather make it *vectibus crebis*, than either *tactibus*, or *jactibus*; for the young Fellows in *Rome* made use of Clubs in attacking their Mistresses Windows. See our Author, *Carm.* 3. 26. where *Clubs* are represented as mortal Enemies to a Door. But then *crebris vectibus*, *frequent Clubs*, is a very pretty Phrase. See *Virgil* Æn. 2. 492. where the same Epithet is applied to a *Battering Ram*; you may also find it annexed to *Arrows* and *Hatchets*. But by all means stick close to the Vulgar Reading, *Ictibus*; there are several Books on your side; and among mine, the *Peter-house*, *Magdalen College*, *Battelian* and *Galean* Copy. Add to these the *Lescherian* Edition 1498. *Crebis ictibus*, *frequent Strokes*, See *Lucretius* 4, 932. lb. 1277. *Virgil* Æneid 12, 713. *Æneid.* 5, 459. who use the very same Phrase of *Crebri* or *Densi ictus*, *repeated Knocks and Bounces.*

(*b*) *Qua prius multum faciles movebat cardines.*] The oldest of *Cruquius*'s Books read *facilis*, so says the *Queens-College* Copy, and some of my Books; and this makes it doubtful whether we ought to construe it thus, *facilis janua*, an *easie Door*, or *faciles cardines*, *easie Hinges.* Both these may be defended by the Authority of very good Writers; *Juvenal* 4, 63. and *Serenus Samonicus*, who often imitates our Author, do both say, *facili cardine*, an *easie Hinge.* On the contrary *Ovid* mentions *difficilem cardine forem*, a *Door upon uneasie Hinges.* So *Tibullus* Eleg. 1, 2.

Jaunia difficilis *domini*, *te verberet imber.*

which *Torrentius* cites as another Instance; but if I take it right, the Epithet *difficilis*, *difficult* or *uneasie*, rather belongs to the *Master* than the *Door*, rather to *Domini* than *Janua.* See *Seneca* Troad. & *Idem* de irâ, 37. Where we have an Account of an *easie Door* or *Gate*; and accordingly I find a strange Inclination in my

my self to join *Ianua* and *fenestra* together in this place, as the much better Construction, and so make it *ostia Ianuæ*; but there is a great majority of Interpreters against me. Indeed, it is much more convenient to ascribe *ostia* or *fenestra* to the *Agent* than to the *Patient*, to the *Door* that *moves*, rather than to the *Hinges* which are *moved*. Take notice by the way, that *multum* and *facilis* go together, and not *multum* and *movebat*. See Serm. 1, 3. *Multum demissus humo*, *very low*. Ser. 2, 3. *Multum celeratque fidelis*, *very Faithful*. Serm. 2, 5. *Multum similis metuenti*, *very much like one in a Fright*. Epist. 1, 10. *Multum dissimiles*, *very much unlike*; and lastly, Epistle 2. 2. *Multum diversa*, *very different*.

(c) *Me tuus longas pernoctat nullus.*] A Lover who is thut out of Doors, complains in this Place, That Lydia sleeps soundly, whilst he pines away with Love and Desire. But then why does he say, *longas Noctes*, long Nights, in the *Plural* Number? One would think it should be sufficient for him to complain only of that one Night when he was watching under *Lydia*'s Window. It is certain, he had hopes of being admitted that Night, otherwise he would not have stood so long knocking at the Door. Why therefore should you have any Scruple upon you to pop in *longam noctem*, *this long Night*, in the singular Number, notwithstanding all the Copies are against it? See *Ovid* Epist. Paridis. *Statius* Sylva. 5, 4. *Incertus auctor* in Epigram. Out *Horace*, Epist. 1, 1. Where you'll find *longa nox* made use of, or a *long Night*, in the *Singular* Number. See also *Meleager* in Anthol. lib. 7.

ΝΥΞ ΜΑΚΡΗ, ἡ χείμων μείνασ' ὑπὲρ θαλάσσης ἄνεμος, Καγὼ παρ' ἀμφοτέρας κείσομαι θύρησιν.

This is the right Lection, κείσομαι or ἵσταμαι, for it is written both ways, *ambulo*, *verser ante fores*, *I walk*, *I take a turn before the Door*. But the great *Scaliger* did very naughtily, to put down νέσσομαι in its stead; nor did *Theodore Marcilius* mend the matter by his κοίσομαι.

(d) *Thracia bacchatur magis sub interlunia vento.*] *Horace* had said just before, *Thus in his turn being forsaken by the young Fellows, and raging with Lust, shall go a Picking up of Gullies in the Streets and Allies*; and now he adds, *when the North-Wind grows more stormy at the time of the Interlunium*; which alone that Sovereign Critick *Julius Scaliger* supposes by this Expression to be much colder than the *North* it self. It is certainly a great difficulty to hammer out any tolerable Sense from this Passage. For I would ask, did the Whores follow their Trade only during the *Interlunium*? Can we suppose, that a wet stormy Night, in which scarce any body stir'd out of Doors, was more fit for the Whores to ply in, than a clear Star-light

Night, when the Streets were as full almost as at Noonday? Suppose all this, and for once let us fancy it might be so; but then what shall we do with *magis?* for here is no Comparison, nor any thing to which *magis* can be commodiously referred. In order therefore to shelter our *Horace* from *Scaliger's* Censures, pray see if by altering one small Letter, you cannot make these things hang better together; for the old Books do plainly write *bacchate* with a little *Line* or *Scratch* drawn over the *a*,

Flebis in solo levis angiportu
Thracio bacchata *magis sub interlunia vento.*

Thou, says he, *being mad with Lust, shalt hunt for Stallions in the Streets and Lanes, and rage more powerfully than* Boreas *rages during the time of the* Interlunium. *Bacchata* is a good word in this place. See *Virgil* in Culice, v. 12. *Claudian* in Ruf. 1, de Megæra, where *Bacchata* is apply'd to the Female Sex. Then *magis vento* is very well said. See our Author *Serm.* 2, 8. and Serm. 1, 6. In which places *magis* is put after an *Adjective*. It is a common trick among the Poets, when they speak of Women who have gotten the Fire of Love in their Tails, which according to *Horace* is the Case here with *Lydia*, to describe them as running stark Mad, and playing their Pranks after the manner of the *Bacchanals*. Our *Horace* makes *Pholoe* appear in this Condition, *Carm.* 3, 15. So *Ovid* does *Pasiphae*. Art. Amat. 1, 312. And a jealous Woman in *Latin* and *Greek* mulier ζηλότυπος, Ib. 2, 380. Thus *Procris* is described, Ib. 3, 708. Thus *Ariadne* in Epist. ejus. Thus *Byblis*, Metam. 9, 640. *Phædra* in *Epist. Cynthia* in Properti. 3, 6. And *Tarpeia* apud Eund. 4, 4. All these are represented as in Love, and as mad with the Distemper as *Bacchanals*. See also *Virgil* in Ciri, v. 163.

Qua simul ac venis hausit sitientibus ignem,
Et validum penitus concepit in ossa furorem,
Sæva velut gelidis Ciconum Bistonis in oris,
Infelix totâ virgo bacchatur *in urbe.*

Here take Notice by the by, that they are strangely out, who would foist in their Interpolations in the third Line, after the following manner,

Sæva velut gelidis Edonûm Bistonis oris.

Nor does *Nick Neinsius* ὁ πάνυ, correct the place with any better luck, upon *Ovid.* Trist. 4. 1, v, 42.

Sæva velut Ciconum gelidis Edonis in oris.

For *Bistonis* forsooth, in the Opinion of these Fellows, is always short in the middle Syllable; but *Stephanus* tells us quite another Story, by whose Testimony it appears, that *Bistonis* is spelt with an *O magnum*, τὸ θηλυκὸν, says he, Βιστονὶς ἐκτέταται δὲ καὶ λέγεται, Βιστωνὶς διὰ τοῦ ω.

But

But then here again, *Berkelius*, a most learned Man, and the last Editor of *Stephanus*, puts all in Confusion: Who sets a mark upon the *Epitomator* for this very Blunder, and denies that any Instance can be given, where *Bistonis* is long in the middle; but I have given him one already out of *Cirus*; and if any body scruples it, I will produce them another out of *Apollonius Rhodius*, who is as good a Witness and Voucher as can be desir'd. See Lib. 1. vers. 34.

Δέξατο, Πιερίη ΒΙΣΤΩΝΙΔΙ κοιρανέοντα.

In the mean time let us return to *Horace*. The Poets make it a Trade, not only to compare mad People to *Bacchanals*, as has been seen already, but to any other thing that is in Agitation, or that turns round with more than ordinary Celerity. Thus *Tibullus*, when he is up to the Head and Ears in Love, compares himself to a *Top*. Eleg. 1, 5. *Virgil* seems to have copied this in the Character of *Amata*. *Æneid*. 7. 376. But now our *Horace*, speaking of a Fellow who was Mad with Covetousness, does not compare him to such a *Turbo* a *Top* as Boys play with, but to the *Ventorum Turbo*, the *Whirlwind*. See *Serm*. 1, 4. This therefore is a pretty Fancy in our *Horace* to make *Lydia* run a madding with Lust, coasting up and down the Allies and By-lanes to pick up Fellows, and to compare her to a Whirlwind raging along the Streets, worse than the North Wind rages at the time of the *Interlunium*. For the Winds themselves may be said *Bacchari*, to *run Mad*. See *Virgil* in Ciri, v. 479. where the *South* Wind is represented in a Mad Fit. But the *Thracian Boreas* is the maddest of all the Winds. See *Ovid* de Trist. 1, 2. and very good reason for this: Since there is no more violent Wind blows. See *Nemes. Cyneg.* 270. where its Fury is described. But then it is in its maddest Humour, when the *Interlunium* draws near. See *Vegetius* de re Milit. l. 5. c. 10. where he represents the Time of the *Interlunium*, as a stormy Season, and much dreaded by the Marriners. This Comment of ours is set down rather to exercise the Judgment of the *Reader*, than to justifie our Opinion, that this Lection was *Horace's* own Hand-Writing; for by *Scaliger's* good leave, the Vulgar Reading may very commodiously be explained after the following manner. *As, O* Lydia, *thy Lovers were wont to spend whole Winter Nights knocking at thy Door, and waiting under thy Window, and yet could not obtain Admission: So you in your turn, when you are grown Old and Stale, shall wait for them at their Houses, and shall weep to see your self excluded in a dark stormy Night, during the time of the* Interlunium, *when* Boreas *rages more terribly than at any other Season.*

(e) *Lata*

(v) *Etten goed spoken edend vlenni.* I have many Irish words in several of my Books, and the Interpreters being forth nothing but of their Books to Countenance its and yet in *Martini Willelmus* are many *vlenni.* p. 1804. he says my old *Gotonian* Copy plainly said without a Blot. *Pervius Princeps* calls us, apud *Chron.* p. 1101. *Tunc vultre* the Nominative Cases *of* Nouns Substantive *vant* the old, *ube* Ablative *Mall* add in E. This is what *Servius*, when *Antiphates* made use of an old Tuter for his Nephews, and who upon that Presentment taught School in the Palace, and had a hundred thousand *Sesterces* for his Gallery. See *Suetonius* de Illust. Gram. cap. 17. So that we may from hence suppose, that *Verrius* laid this down as an established Rule, which *Virgil*, *Varius*, *Horace*, and all the Famous Poets, who flourished under the favour of *Augustus*, observed in their Writings. It is certain, our Author forms almost all his *Ablative Cases* according to this Rule: all which I will here recite in a Lump, both for the sparing of my own Pains and the Reader's, and to prevent any more Blunders for the future. *Abeunte*, *Going away.* *Accedente*, *Coming near.* *Adificante*, *Building.* *adjacente*, *Sitting.* *Altercante*, *Altering.* *Aronte*, *Withering.* *Bacchante*, *Raging.* *Bellante*, *Warring.* *Candente*, *Looking white.* *Continente*, *Containing.* *Crepante*, *Cracking.* *Crispante*, *Blaming.* *Currente*, *Running.* *Dante*, *Giving.* *Defendente*, *Defending.* *Defriente*, *Ending.* *Dicente*, *Saying.* *Ducente*, *Leading.* *Eludente*, *Eluding.* *Fallente*, *Deceiving.* *Florente*, *Flourishing.* *Fugiente*, *Flying.* *Fulgente*, *Shining.* *Imminente*, *Hanging over.* *Jubente*, *Commanding.* *Mentiente*, *Lying.* *Moliente*, *Fearing.* *Nascente*, *Being born.* *Natante*, *Marking.* *Observante*, *Denouncing.* *Parente*, *Obeying.* *Pellente*, *Driving.* *Perimente*, *Banishing.* *Petente*, *Requiring.* *Prudente*, *Affording.* *Præsente*, *Being present.* *Præterunte*, *Passing by.* *Probante*, *Approving.* *Proficiente*, *Going forward.* *Quadrante*, *Squaring.* *Rapiente*, *Snatching.* *Redeunte*, *Returning.* *Reflatente*, *Relating.* *Rubente*, *Blushing.* *Saliente*, *Leaping.* *Sapiente*, *Being wise.* *Serpente*, *Creeping.* *Sonante*, *Sounding.* *Spectante*, *Beholding.* *Stante*, *Standing.* *Suggente*, *Rising.* *Temperante*, *Moderating.* *Tenente*, *Holding.* *Vehemente*, *Vehement.* *Volente*, *Willing.* *Urente*, *Burning.* See here I have brought you into a Wilderness of *Ablative Cases*, all ending in T E, some of them stand in the *Conclusion* of a *Verse*, and others in the *Middle*, where there can be no room for mistaking, but they are all Genuine, according to the joint Testimony of all the Copies. Some of the Books are indeed of a different Opinion in three or four, or at most in five Places: but by this time I believe you know what Judgment to make of those

thoſe Citations. Who can in the leaſt ſcruple here in this Place, which we are now upon, to reſtore the *Lection*, upon the Credit of *Victorinus* and *Gravius*?

Læta quod pubes edera virente.

Since he finds here a Collection of almoſt Threeſcore *Ablative Caſes* in *Horace*, all ending in T E. What is it to the purpoſe to tell us of *Carm.* 1. 2. where they would fain foiſt in —— *Nube candenti*? But we have refuted that Blunder already. That Paſſage, *Carm.* 2. 16 ——

In patenti prenſus Ægao ——

ought to be corrected, *Patente*, by the Authority of the *Bartelian* Copy. And why ſhould we not alter *trementi queſtus ore*, at *Eped* 5. for *tremente* according to the beſt Copies; ſince this is as conſiſtent with the Meaſure of the Verſe as *Trementi*, which we meet with three ſeveral times in *Ovid.* Triſt. 3. 11. In *Ibid.* and De *Pont.* 3. 1. And alſo *olenti in fornice*, which is to be ſeen *Serm.* 1. 2. may be altered with a Daſh, and ſo follow the Rule before going; as alſo may that which we find in *Serm.* 1. 7.

Tum Præneſtinus falſo multumque fluenti
Expreſſa arbuſto regerit convicia.

Where *Daniel Heinſius* in ſome of his Manuſcripts found *multaque fluente*, as he is pleaſed to inform us; but if you read *fluenti*, then then you muſt leave it to the Reader's Choice, whether he will have it to be the *Dative Caſe* or the *Ablative*. There is but one Paſſage which will not by any means be brought into the Herd of *Ablative Caſes* ending in *te*, and that is *Carm.* 2. 19.

Eva! recenti mens trepidat metu.

This Meaſure or Meter will not ſuffer us to read it *recente*: But then this a *Nonn* and not a *Participle*: and therefore we muſt not account for this by the ſame Rule as we account for the other.

(f) *Aridos frondes hiemis ſodali dedicet Hebro.*] The true *Lection* and Interpretation of this Paſſage depends upon what goes before,

Læta quod pubes edera virente
Gaudeat, pulla magis atque myrto.

Of which this is the Meaning, as was rightly underſtood by the great *Salmaſius* ad Solin. *viz. that young Men take more delight in* Ever-greens, *or as the* Greeks *ſay*, ἀειθάλλοις, *ſuch as are the Ivy and Myrtle, than in Dry Leaves and Leaves that fade, which are not much valued*; For as the *hedera* is called *virens* or Green, ſo the *Myrtus* is called *pulla* or Black: and theſe are their conſtant Epithets. The *Myrtle* is of two ſorts, *White* and *Black* or *pulla*, for it turns from *Green* to *Black*. See *Dioſcorides* and the other *Greeks*, Μυρσίνη μέ-

μέλαινα & λευκή, the *Black* and *White Myrtle*. See also *Ovid*, in Art. Amat. 3. 690. where the *Black Myrtle* is mentioned. They therefore take Pains to no purpose, who imagine, that *Horace* is here drawing a comparison between the *Black* and *Green* Myrtle; For the very same Myrtle is both *Green* and *Black*: and the *Black* Myrtle is no less in Esteem with young Gentlemen than the *White* one; So that it was unlickly done of *Daniel Heinsius* to alter this Place as he does,

Gaudeat pullâ magis: atque myrti
Aridas frondes hiemis sodali
——— *Dedicet.*

For the dry Leaves are plainly opposed to the Ivy and Myrtle Leaves, which do not wither but continue Green all the Winter. Having explained thus much, we have made the way clear, and may now proceed to Interpret the *hiemis sodalem*, the *Companion of the Winter*: By which, without doubt, our Author means, that Person, whoever he is, who makes the Leaves of Trees wither and fall, which Trees the *Greeks* call φυλλόβολοι, *such as shed their Leaves*. But what's all this to *Hebrus*? does *Hebrus* contribute at all to the Fall of the Leaf? No such matter. Why then is *Hebrus* called *hiemis sodalis*, the *Companion of the Winter*? *Claudian* very elegantly calls the *Danube*, and *Rhine* *Martis & Boreæ sodales*, the *Companions of* Mars *and* Boreas. See *Claudian. de Bello* Getic. v. 339.

Ambo habiles remis, ambo glacialia secti
Terga rotis, ambo Boreæ Martisque sodales.

Thus we must read it according to three Copies of *Nick Heinsius*, which makes me wonder how he came to prefer *Marti* to this *Lection*, tho' he found it in other Copies; if he had had his Wits about him this very Passage might have set him right, *Carm.* 3. 18.

Large nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina crateræ ———

Still I say, *Claudian's* Fancy was good, and you may with as much or more Propriety call *Hebrus Boreæ Martisque sodalem*, The *Companion of* Boreas *and* Mars; for as *Hebrus* is a River of *Thrace*, so you shall often read among the Poets of *Thracius Boreas* and *Thracius Mars*; and yet I am desperately afraid, that you cannot so well say *Hiemis sodalis* in this case, unless you will have the assurance to affirm, that the Winter lasts all the Year in that Country, and that the *Hebrus* is bound up in everlasting Chains of Ice and Frost. But be that as it will; how comes it to pass, that the young Fellows who live at *Rome*, should dedicate Leaves to the *Hebrus*, which is at so great a distance from *Rome*? To dedicate, is to give or present, and therefore when one dedicates any thing to an absent

sent God, he sends it to him for a Present, just as *Earinus* sent the Hair of *Statius* as far as *Pergamus*, in order to be presented to *Æsculapius*; Would the young Men in like manner send the dedicated Leaves as far as *Thrace*? This is silly enough. It remains then, that by all means we should find out such a *Companion of the Winter* as should have it in his Power to make the Leaves fall, and at the same time keep his Residence at *Rome*; and such a one have we ready at hand, if you only consent to read *Eurо* for *Ebro*, for so it is vulgarly written in the old Copies without an *Aspirate*.

Aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Euro.

For as *Zephyrus* is the Companion of the *Spring*, See *Carm.* 4. 12. and as the *South-wind* is the Companion of *Orion*, see *Carm.* 1. 28. and the *Etesiæ* the Companions of the *Summer*, see *Lucret.* 5. 740. so *Eurus* is the Companion of the *Winter*, and may be justly called so, because this Wind blows oftenest in the Winter. See *Virgil* Georg. 2. 339. The *Aquilo* is much the same with *Eurus* among the Poets. See *Virgil* Æneid. 3. and *Mars.* 1. 50. Then I would fain know what else it is that makes the Leaves wither and fall, unless the Winter Storms and Winds? See *Ovid* Epist. Oenon. And what are these Winds, but *Eurus*, and especially *Aquila*? See *Virgil* Georg. 2. 404. See also *Severus* a Christian Poet. Since therefore *Eurus* is both the *Companion of the Winter*, and the Wind that makes the Leaves fall, and resides or is present not only at *Rome* but all the World over, so that any thing may be conveniently dedicated to him, I see no manner of reason, why you should not with great Confidence correct the Place, and make it *Eure*. A very ingenious Fellow, one *Janus Rutgersius* was of this Opinion: and so was *Tanaquil Faber* some time after him; and thus too we find the place quoted by *Scaliger*, Poetic. 340. Indeed, I am very willing they should carry off all the Honour of this Emendation, without any the least Diminution: and yet it came into my Head a long time ago, before ever I saw any such thing in their Works. Nor am I at all daunted with what the renowned *Dacier* sticks at, who has no other reason for not coming into the Sentiments of his Father-in-Law, but only because he does not remember any Dedications made to the Winds. What? could he forget that Passage in *Virgil* Æn. 3. 120.

Nigram hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus album.

Or that in *Epod*, 10.

Libidinosus immolabitur caper
Et agna Tempestatibus?

Certainly if the Winds had Sacrifices made to them, they might with as much Justice receive Dedications. But besides, there was an Altar at

Athens

Athens inscrib'd to *Boreas*, and another at *Delphos* to the *Winds*. Moreover *Seneca* tells us, Quæſ. 5. that *Auguſtus* the Demigod both vow'd and built a Temple, *Circio vento*, when he was detained once in *Gallia*. Add to this, that our Author makes uſe of *dedicare* to *Dedicate* in this Place, in a jocoſe merry Senſe: and it ſignifies the ſame thing as *Donare* to *Give*, *Mandare* to *Recommend*, *Tradere* to *Surrender*; and thus it follows in the very next Line,

Muſis amicus triſtitiam & metus
Tradam *protervis in mare Creticum*
Portare ventis.

And after the ſame manner *Lesbia* the Miſtreſs of *Catullus*, vows to make ſuch another Preſent,

Seleciſſima peſſimi poeta
Scripta tardipedi Deo daturam
Infelicibus uſtulanda lignis.

This then is *Horace*'s Meaning: He tells us, *that the young Fellows of* Rome *had a great fancy for the Myrtle, the Ivy, and ſuch ſort of Trees that were always Green: but as for the dry fading Leaves that always fell in Autumn, they never regarded them, and thought them good for nothing but to make a Preſent of to* Eurus, *one of the Winds*;

Ut neglecta volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

That is, *for the Winds to toſs about and make Sport with.*

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 25.

VEſtibus enim machantur admovere ad expugnandas amicarum januas & feneſtras.] It is not ſo clear from Antiquity, that the young Gentlemen in *Rome* went about the Streets with *Clubs* and *Sticks* to break Windows, like our Modern *Mohocks*; but what follows in our learned Commentator is certainly a Demonſtration, where he obſerves, *that when People knock at the Door, it is a ſure Proof that they are in hopes of being let in.*

Convenit enim, ut facilitas & benignitas de agente potius quam de patiente dicatur; de januâ quæ movebat, *quam de* cardinibus, qui movebantur,] The Art of Criticiſm comprehends philoſophy; and accordingly the Dr. gives us here his Opinion concerning *Motion*, under the Vulgar Emblem of a *Door*, which he makes the *Agent* or *Mover*, and the *Hinges* the *Patient* or Thing *moved*. This was done in Oppoſition to ſome Modern Scepticks, who vainly dreamt that the firſt Principle of Motion in a *Door* was in or near the *Hinges*, and that they might more properly be called the *Agent* or *Movers*, and the *Door* the *Patient* or thing *moved*; but to the everlaſting Confuſion of theſe Smatterers, I wiſh the Dr. would make a further Diſcovery of what he hints at here, an admirable Invention of his own, called, *The Moving Door.*

The End of the Fifth Part.

THE

ODES

OF

HORACE

In *Latin* and *Engliſh*;

With a Tranſlation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the *Bentleian* Stile and Manner.

——*Molitur inepte.* Hor.

PART VI.

To be Continued.

LONDON:

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Q. Horatii Flacci
ODARUM.

LIB. I.

ODE XXVI. *Ad* MUSAM.

Usis amicus triſtitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis: (a) quis ſub Arcto
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,

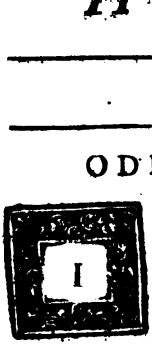
Quid Tyridatem terreat, unicè
Securus. O quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos nectle flores,
Nectle meo Lamiæ coronam,

(b) Pimplea dulcis. (c) nil ſine te mei
Poſſunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio ſacrare plectro
Teque tuaſque decet ſorores.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE XXVI. *To his* MUSE.



Doat on Poetry and Mirth;
Let Sorrow in the Ocean drown:
What is't to me who Rules the North,
Or if rude Cares surround a Throne?

O Lovely Muse! O darling Maid!
Take all the fragrant Flow'rs that grow
Around the Springs, or in the Shade,
And weave a Crown for *Lamia*'s Brow!

You, Goddesses, all my Fame bestow;
Prepare your Harps, your Pipes, your Layes:
For all the Nine to *Lamia* owe
The sweetest Songs and highest Praise.

(a) *Quis sub Arcto rex gelida metuatur ora.*] The *Royal Society* Copy, and at first hand the *Gravian*, write *qui sub*. In this latter Copy we find it afterwards corrected by another hand, *Quis*, and between the Lines an explanatory Note, *Quibus*. This is exactly Right. *I care not*, says *Horace*, *who they are that are terrified with the King of the cold Northern Clime*. The Interpreters do all of them Blunder, when they take what follows in any other Sense, *Lucan*. 5, 55.

——— *Fidumque per arma*
Deiotarum, & gelidæ dominum *Rhascuporim* oræ.

See also *Valerius Flaccus*, 5. 317.

Nec fama fefellit,
Soligenam Æten mediâ regnare sub arcto.

(b) *Pimplea dulcis.*] I suppose all the Books now extant say either *Pimplea* or *Piplea*, for it is written both ways, both by the *Greeks* and the *Latins*. The most learned *Nick Heinsius* in the Margen of his Book notes, *Read* Pimplæi, for so the old Scholiast owns the true Reading ought to be. We often find a fault of this nature in the *Manuscript* Copies; so in *Ovid* Metam. 1. 504. *Nympha, precor, Penea, mane*: Where one or two of the best Books do very truly write, *Penei*. So again *Dodona*, *Cadmea*, *Ledea*, for *Dodoni*, *Cadmeï*, *Ledeï*; Once more, *Heinsius* upon that Passage of *Ovid* says thus, *I make no doubt but we ought to put in* Pimplæi dulcis *instead of* Pimplæa. Thus far that illustrious Man, and according to his Custom, he says well; only he is guilty of one small Blunder, in putting a *Dipthong* for a *simple Vowel*: for we write it in *Greek* Πιμπληΐς, and not Πιμπλαΐς: For *Horace* is here speaking to his Muse; as appears from his own Words; but now *Pimplea* is a Place, whether it be a City, a Mountain, a Fountain, or all three; but the Muse, that borrows her Name from this place, is called *Pimpleis*. See *Callimachus*, Hymn. in Del.

Ὡς Μουσαι τὸν ἀοιδὸν ὁ μὴ
ΠΙΜΠΛΕΙΑΝ ἀείσῃ.
Εχθουσιν, τὼς Φοιβος, ὅτις
Δήλοιο λάθηται.

Where the Scholiast says, Πίμπλειαν. ὄρος Θράκης ἱερὸν Μουσῶν. *Pimplaa*, a Mountain in *Thrace* sacred to the Muses. See *Lycophron*, 2. 275.

Λειβηθρίην θ' ὕπερθε Πίμπλειας σκοπήν,

Where *Tzetzes*, whether he were *Isaack Tzetzes*, or his Brother *John*, as our *Ludolphus Kusterus*, a Fellow of great Wit and Parts, made the Discovery, writes thus, Πίμπλεια πόλις καὶ Κρήνη καὶ ὄρος Μακεδονίας. *Pimplaa* a City, Fountain and Hill in *Macedonia*. See *Strabo*, Lib. 10, & 7. Ἔχει ἡ πόλις τὸ Δίο κώμην πλησίον Πίμπλειαν, ἔνθα Ὀρφεὺς διέτριβε. See *Statius*, Silv. 1. 4.

Licet enthea vatis
Excludat Pimplaa sitim, nec conscia detur
Pirene. ———

And again *Silv.* 2. 2.
Non mihi si cunctos Helicon indulgeat amnes,
Et superet Pimplea sitim.------
Hence I say is derived *Pimpleus*, *Pimpleis*, and *Pimpleias*. See *Catullus*. Epig. 106.
—— Pimpleum *scandere montem.*
And *Martial* the 12, and 11.
Cujus Pimpleo *lyra clarior exit ab antro.*
But then have a care, how you fancy, that since a Mountain is called *Pimpleus*, and a Cave *Pimpleum*, that therefore a Muse may be called *Pimplea*, and that this is good *Latin*; for you may find in *Catullus*,
Collis o Heliconii,
Cultor————
And yet the Muses are not therefore called *Heliconia*, but *Heliconides*, or *Heliconiades*, see *Orpheus apud Tzetzem* in the above written Citation.
Νῦν δ' ἄγε μοι κούρη Πιμπλήιας ἔννεπε μοῦσα.
See also *Martial* 11. 4.
Non urbana mea tantum Pimpleide gaudent.
Varro in his sixth Book, de *Ling. Latin.* p. 69. tells us, *that the Muses have divers Names given them from diverse Parts of the World, as* Libethrides, Pipleides, Pimpliades, Thespiades, Heliconiades. *Festus Pompeius* says, *that the Muses were called* Pimpleides *from a Fountain in* Macedonia, *whose Water was remarkably Pure and Clear.* So *Porphyrio* the Scholiast upon this place of *Horace* tells us, *that the Muses were called* Pimpleides *from a Fountain in* Macedonia; and hence you may gather, that the old *Reading* was *Pimpleï dulcis*: Nay both the Fountain and Mountain are called *Pimpleis*. See *Apollonius Rhodius*, 1. 26. And the *Scholiast* thereupon. See also *Ausonius*, Epist. 14. The Author of the *Etymologicon*, v, Μέμαντος, commends what he has somewhere met with, Πιμπληΐδος ἄκρης. *Hesychius* indeed gives us some disturbance, with an Objection of his: For he reads Πιπλίαι αἱ μοῦσαι; but the single Evidence of such a corrupt Book ought not to be valued by any Body.

(c) *Nil sine te mei prosunt Honores.*] *Prosunt* is extant in several Copies, and may be endured well enough: but some of *Lambin*'s Books, one of *Bersmannus*, and our *Zulichemian* Copy, read it *possunt*: and I cannot chuse but prefer this *Lection* to the other. See *Virgil* Æn. 9. 446. *Id.* Ecolg. 3. See our *Horace*. Epis. 1. 2. Carm. 3. 4. But in his *Ars Poetica*, v, 410. you now read
———— *Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,*
Nec rude quid prosit, *video, ingenium.*————
And yet even here some Books have *possit*, and it is much better; for thus *John Sares*. Metal. 1. 8. cites this Passage, as may be clearly seen in a *Manuscript* Copy of his Book.

ODE XXVII.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum
Morem, (a) verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.

Vino & lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat? impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, quâ pereat sagittâ.

(b) *Cessat voluntas? non aliâ bibam*
Mercede. quæ te cunque domat Venus,
(c) *Non erubescendis adurit*
Ignibus; ingenuoque semper

Amore

ODE XXVII.

WITH Cups for gentler Sports deſign'd
Let Salvages engage,
Our *Bacchus* is to Peace inclin'd,
And not to bruiſh Rage.

Who can rough Arms, and Battels bear,
With Wine, and drinking Joys?
Then let each Toper keep his Chair,
And ceaſe this horrid Noiſe.

If you would have me take my Glaſs,
Let yonder Youth impart
His preſent Pains, and name the Laſs
That now inflames his Heart.

If he denies me my Requeſt,
This Moment I am gone:
Whatever Nymph diſturbs his Reſt,
He need not bluſh to own.

Amore peccas: quicquid habes, age
Depone tutis auribus. ah miser,
(d) *Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!*
Digne puer meliore flammâ.

Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimæra.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 27.

(a) *Verecundumque Bacchum sanguinis prohibete vixit.*] I have nothing to do to disturb this *Lection*, in which all the Books agree; and I explain it thus; *O my Companions, save the God* Bacchus *from Quarrels and Frays: for if it were not for us he would be a modest Fellow.* See *Cicero* de Repub. and Cæsar. See our *Author*, Epist. 1. 1. where *prohibeo*, to forbid, is used in the same Sense as *defendo* and *protego*, to Defend and Protect. But notwithstanding this, since we can make it out with a very little Alteration, I am almost brought to believe, that those paultry Rogues the *Librarians* have been guilty of a Blunder here, which is very familiar to them; for *in* the last Letter of *verecundumque* seems to me to have swallow'd up the Præposition *in* which followed immediately after; They who are conversant in old Books know very well, that this often happens in a thousand Places, especially where the Measure of the Verse does not hinder it. See *Virgil* Æn. 5. 3.

Mania respiciens, quæ jam infælicis *Elissæ*
Conlucent flammis,

Where some of the Parchments that *Pierius* lookt into, read *jam felicis*, directly contrary to *Virgil*'s Sense. By which instance we may see, that all the Copies of *Horace* are faulty, and that he wrote it with his own Hand thus,

——*Tollite barbarum*
Morem, inverecundumque
Bacchum
Sanguinis prohibete vixis.

For

Come tell it ſoftly in my Ear:
The Secret's ſafe with me.——
Alaſs, then do you doat on Her?
How wretched muſt you be?

No winged Force, no heav'nly Pow'r,
No God nor Magick Art,
When ſuch a Monſter would devour,
Can ſave your bleeding Heart.

For *Bacchus* is in his own Nature an *impudent ſaucy* Fellow, and often *Mad*, μαινόμενος, μανιάδης, ἄγριος, θρασύς, theſe are the Names the Poets calls him. This therefore is the beſt Senſe, *O my Companions, hinder, I ſay, hinder* Bacchus *from quarrelling, who is of himſelf but too much addicted to it.* Our *Horace*, Ephod. 11. ſpeaking of this very *Bacchus*, calls him an *impudent God*. And *Seneca* in his Epiſtle 83. tells us, *that Drunkenneſs both inflames and diſcloſes all manner of Vice, and deſtroys Modeſty, which oppoſes all evil Efforts and Temptations.* I, for my part, unleſs I am horribly out, do think, it would have been more convenient and agreeable to the Humour of *Bacchus*, and much more Natural, if *Horace* had ſaid, *Hinder* Bacchus *from running into Quarrels, and Bloodſhed*, than if he had ſaid, *hinder Quarrels and Contentions from falling fowl upon* Bacchus.

(b) *Ceſſat voluntas.*] I am ſurprized to find the oldeſt Books of *Lambin* and *Torrentius*, together with my own beſt Copies, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, and *Queen's-College*, write *voluptas*, and not *voluntas*; but this laſt is the trueſt *Lection*. See *Statius* Theb. 4. 690. concerning the Ceſſation of the *Will*. See *Valer. Flac.* where *voluntas* is alſo mentioned.

(c) *Non erubeſcendis adurit ignibus, ingenuoque ſemper amore peccas.*] The Interpreters do not ſeem to have underſtood this place; *Ingenuo amore peccare*, that is, *to be guilty of loving a Woman of Figure, and not a downright Drab*; for they who had to do with Drabs, were look'd upon as Rakes of

of a low vulgar Fancy, and were commonly ſaid *Ancillari*, to *Wench*, in the proper Senſe of the Word. On which account, our Author. comforts one *Xanthias*, Carm. 2. 4. by the example of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, in his Paſſion for a Drab.

Ne ſit Ancillæ *tibi amore pudori.*

For this reaſon too, we find *Horace* calls ſuch an Amour *erubeſcendis Ignes*, a *ſcandalous Paſſion*, or *a Paſſion for a Drab*. Thus *Seneca* Controverſ. 21. Pleading againſt a Servant, who had married his Lord's Daughter, *Give me*, ſays he, *a Son-in-Law who is our Equal, at leaſt one whom we need not be aſhamed of.* And again *Contro.* 9. He ſpeaks after the ſame manner, *you cannot object to your Son, that he has engaged in a ſcandalous Paſſion.*

(d) *Quantâ laberas in Charybdi.*] The Præpoſition *in* is not to be found in any of my Books, nor I believe in any belonging to the reſt of the Criticks; and therefore ſome of the Copies make it *laberabas*, as the *Leiden*, *Zulichemian*, and the *Batteliau* in the *various Lections*, as alſo the *Venetian* Edition 1478. This Reading is I find preferr'd to the vulgar by Men of great Names: but for all that, I cannot join in their Opinion. For why ſhould *Horace* ſay *laberabas*, as if he had ſpoken of a Paſſion paſt? when, as the whole Paſſage plainly ſhows us, the young Fellow had the Paſſion upon him at that very time, when he was asked the Queſtion. But more than this, the Latin *Laberabas charybdi* will never hold together; *Laborare morbo, frigore, inopia*, to *labour under a Diſtemper, Hunger, or Cold*, are common Phraſes, and frequently to be met with: hence it was, as I ſuppoſe, that thoſe Rogues the *Librarians* took an occaſion to Silence the *Præpoſition*, believing this Expreſſion here to be much like the other; after whom the Conjectors ſtarted up, who came to the *Labour* of the Verſe, and ſo whipt in *Laberabas*; Ignorant Sots! unacquainted either with good Language or good Senſe! For no Body ever ſays *laborare itinere, ſilvâ, negotio, mari, ſyrti*, to *Labour with a Journey, a Wood, Buſineſs, a Voyage, the Shallows*, &c. but *in itinere, in Silvâ, in a Journey, in a Wood*, and ſo forth; and ſo neither do we ſay, *laborare puellâ, To labour with a Wench*, but *in puellâ, In a Wench.* See *Horace*, Car. 1. 17.

Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

NOTES

Neque laborare puellâ. *sed* in Puellâ. *Ut Noster*, Carm. 1. 17.] There is no need of a Remark in this Place, but only to assure the *Reader*, that this *Translation* is Litteral, and has lost nothing of the Beauties of the Original; It being the Dr's Judgment, that we must not say, *Labour with a Woman*, but *Labour in a Wench*.

ODE

ODE XXVIII.

TE maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Menſorem cohibent, Archyta,
(a) *Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum*
Munera: nec quicquam tibi prodeſt
Aërias tentaſſe domos, animoque rotundum
Percurriſſe polum morituro.
Occidit & Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum:
(b) *Tithonuſque remotus in auras:*
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admiſſus: habentque
Tartara Panthoïden, iterum Orco
Demiſſum; quamvis clypeo Trojana refixo
Tempora teſtatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque: eutem morti conceſſerat atra,
Judice te non ſordidus auctor
Naturæ verique: ſed omnes una manet nox.
Et calcanda ſemel via lethi.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo ſpectacula Marti:
(c) *Exitio eſt avidis mare nautis.*
(d) *Mixta ſenum ac juvenum denſantur funera: nullum*
Sæva caput Proſerpina fugit.

Me

ODE XXVIII.

CLOSE by the Shore a Span of Earth contains,
O mighty Man of Art! thy laſt thy great Remains;
Whoſe penetrating Mind and skilful Hands
Meaſur'd the Heav'ns and Earth, and number'd all the Sands.

Vain is thy Learning now: Thy active Soul
No more ſhall trace the Stars; or travel to the Pole.
Repine not: *Tantalus* is gone before,
Who boaſted of the Gods his Gueſts, and many Heroes more.

Tithonus is a Ghoſt, long ſince forgot;
And *Minos*, whom the Gods their ſecret Councils taught.
Pythagoras, in Nature deeply skill'd,
Though in the *Trojan* War he wore a maſſy Shield,

And only then his Fleſh and Figure loſt,
Is ſent a ſecond time to *Pluto*'s gloomy Coaſt.
The Race of Mortals muſt to Death ſubmit,
And tread the darkſom Paths of everlaſting Night.

Some in the Field with mangling Wounds are ſlain;
And others buryed low in the devouring Main.
No human Arts the cruel Fates beguile,
But Old and Young in heaps crowd to the mournful Pile.

Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu, Nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus & capiti inhumato
Particulam dare: sic, quodcunque minabitur Eurus,
Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusina
Plectantur silvæ, te sospite: multaque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Postmodo te natis fraudem committere? forsan
Debita jura viceisque superbæ
Te maneant ipsum; precibus non linquar inultis,
Teque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quanquam festinas (non est mora longa) licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

By luckleſs Stars and raging Tempeſts toſs'd,
On the *Illyrian* Shore untimely I was loſt.
O courteous Sailor! ſee me gently laid,
And heap the rolling Sands on my devoted Head;

So may thy Veſſel ſcape the Storms and Floods,
And every Tempeſt ſpend its Fury on the Woods:
So may great *Jove* and *Neptune* crown thy Pains
With due Returns of Wealth, and never ceaſing Gains.

If you reject my Pray'r, in future Times
Your wretched Heir ſhall mourn for old Paternal Crimes;
You too when dead may ſuffer in your turn,
Expos'd upon the Shore, a Coarſe without an Urn.

The Pow'rs above ſhall liſten to my Vows,
Whilſt Vengance from the Gods your Guilty Head purſues;
Then haſte, and gently lay me in the Duſt,
And after hoiſt your Sails, and ſeek a Foreign Coaſt.

(a) *Pulveris*

(a) *Pulveris exigui prope lit-tus parva Matinum munera.*] *Nick. Heinſius* in the Margent of his Book writes thus, *Forte Funera*, that is, *Perhaps it ſhould be*, Funera. I could wiſh ſo great a Man had not been guilty of ſo pitiful a Blunder; and yet my Conſcience would not let me diſſemble ſo far as to conceal this Emendation.

(b) *Tithonuſque remotus in auras.*] The moſt Learned *Dacier* has taken this Paſſage in the wrong Senſe, notwithſtanding *Torrentius* had explained it to his Hands very right, *Remotus* in *auras*, *Removed into the Air*; that is, carryed by *Aurora* into the Upper Regions of the Sky. The Poets do in many Places tell Stories about this ſame *Tithonus*. I ſhall only produce one Place in *Statius* which is a-kin to this of our Author. See *Silv.* 1. 2.

Nec ſi Dardaniâ paſtor temerarius Idâ
Sediſſes, hæc dona forent: nec ſi alma per auras
Te potius prenſâ veheret Tithonia bigâ.

The Meaning of this Place is this. Tantalus *is dead, notwithſtanding the Gods invited him to dinner*; Tithonus *is alſo dead, notwithſtanding he is an Inhabitant of the Skies*; *and ſo is* Minos *too, though he was one of* Jupiter's *Privy Councellors*, in *Greek* Διὸς ὀαριστὴς. Now ſet this aſide, and ſay as *Dacier* would have you, Tithonus *is dead*, etſi in auras ſolutus, *though he were diſſolved into Air*, and by this Interpretation *Horace*'s Senſe is quite ſpoil'd. Certainly here ought to be ſome Dignity or Eminence aſcribed to *Tithonus* as well as to *Minos* and *Tantalus*, in order to make it ſo much the greater wonder, that ſo remarkable a Man ſhould die. In the mean time, let *Horace* look to himſelf, and to the Authorities upon which he ſays this; For both here and in another Place, *Carm.* 2. 16. he numbers *Tithonus* with the Dead. It is moſt certain he was living, when *Virgil* wrote his *Georgicks*, for there it appears *Aurora* roſe from his Bed every Morning, as ſhe us'd to do.

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

Beſides this, there were ſeveral later Poets who often ſaw *Tithonus* a-bed with his Wife, even after our *Horace* himſelf was gone to make a Viſit to *Pluto*.

(c) *Exitio eſt avidis mare nautis.*] So ſay moſt of the *Editions*, but the greater and better part of the *Manuſcripts*, at leaſt of thoſe in my Hands, write, *Avidum*. The old Editions, the *Venetian* and *Loſcherian*,

aberian, together with the old *Scholiaſt*, do all agree in the ſame Story. Both theſe *Lections* will paſs Muſter, provided you cut off this Verſe from the foregoing Lines, and conſider it ſeparately and by it ſelf; For it is the Character of Merchants to be *Avidi* or *Greedy*, and whilſt they gape for Gain, they often ſwallow Deſtruction. See *Propertius*, 3. 5. *Nemeſianus*, Cyneg. v. 102. who both repreſent Sailors and Mariners as very *Covetous* Perſons. On the other Hand, the Sea is alſo called *Avidum* or *Greedy*, and repreſented as contriving the Deſtruction of Merchants and their Goods. See our *Author*, Carm. 3. 29. *Lucretius*, 1. 1030. *Bootius* de Conſ. Phil. 2. 8. where you will find an Account of the *Avarice* of the *Sea*. But what of all this? is there no way to find which is the beſt *Reading* of the Two? Suppoſe you lay all things together, the *Series* and Run of *Horace*'s Diſcourſe, together with the Nature of *Decorum* and Convenience? hence you will ſoon find, that *Horace* wrote with his own Hand *Avidum* and not *Avidis*; for if we ſuppoſe, as a great many Readers do, that the Mariner ſpeaks in this Place; it is not probable, that he ſhould give himſelf an ill Name, and call himſelf *Avidus* or *Greedy*; But if you will have *Archytas* ſpeak here, as ſome have imagined, then it can never conſiſt with good Management, that he ſhould call the Mariner Names, or give him the Title of *Avidus*, *Greedy*, at the ſame time that he was about to ask a Favour of him, which was to bury his Body.

(d) *Mixta ſonum ac juvenum denſentur funera.*] All the old Books ſay *Denſentur*, and among theſe my *Leiden*, *Gravian*, and *Queens-College* Copy, together with the *Venetian* Edition 1478; and yet you may ſtill find *denſantur* in ſome of the Editions. What an impudent piece of Obſtinacy is this? *Virgil* Æneid. 10. 432. and Æneid. 12. 264. and Æn. 11. 650. writes *addenſent*, *denſete*, and *denſet*. See *Nick. Heinſius* upon *Ovid* Metam. 14. 369. and Faſt. 3. 820. and upon *Valerius Flaccus*, 3, 207. See alſo *Grifanius* in his *Index* to *Lucretius*, who ſays *Denſare*. Beſides this, the moſt elegant *Nick Heinſius* at Verſe 21, *Me quoque devexi*, &c. in the Margent of his Book writes, *Forte, te quoque*: ſo that *Archytas* does not begin to ſpeak till we come to *Verſe* the twenty third.

(e) *Fors & debita jura viceſque ſuperba te maneant ipſum.*] We muſt read it *Fors &*, according to the old Book, and not *Forſan*; for this ſee *Nick. Heinſius* upon *Valer. Flacc.* 1. 478. In the next Place, *Vices ſuperbæ*, without the *Conjunction*, is to be found

in ſeveral *Copies*, and alſo in *Servius* upon *Virgil*, Æneid. 2. 483. And yet the moſt Learned *Paſſeratius* upon a bare Conjecture, would rather have it thus,

Viceſque, ſuperbe, te manent ipſum.

This will do very well; for ſo we often read in *Seneca*. Here. Fur. v. 89. *Hippol.* 703. *Medea*. 1007. Auctor *Octav.* 643, where we may meet with *Vocative Caſes* of much the ſame Nature, as *ſuperbe*, *nefande*, and the like. The *Royal-Society* Copy reads *ſuperbe*, with an *e* between the Lines, to denote the *Vocative Caſe*. Without doubt, both *Lections* may ſtand, as well *ſuperbe* as *ſuperba*. And here the above-mentioned *Paſſeratius* was in the wrong, when he popp'd down,

——— *Precibus non linquor inultus,*

inſtead of *inultis*, for *Valerius Flaccus* in his fourth Book, 14, talks of *Sighs* or *Groans unreveng'd*, and *Ovid* Metam. 4. 426. ſpeaks of *Sorrows unrevenge'd*.

NOTES

Cæterum viderit noſter, quos auctores ſequatur: cum & hic & Carm. 2. 16. Tithonum *in mortuis numeret. Certe nondum obierat, cum* Virgilius *ſua* Georgica *conſcriberet: quippe jam tum, ut antea, ſurgebat,*

Tithoni *croceum linquens* Aurora *cubile.*] Here *Horace* ſtands condemn'd in the Judgment of his Commentator for killing *Tithonus* before his time; and to prove him living, he cites a Place in *Virgil*, by which it appears that *Aurora* was his Bedfollow. Indeed Women ſeldom care to go to Bed with a Dead Husband: But then if we conſider, that this *Aurora* was no leſs a Perſon than the Goddeſs of the Morning, this very Quotation will prove the Death of *Tithonus*, and that *Horace* was in the Right. For certainly the Bed out of which the *Morning* Riſes, ſtands in another World; and conſequently whoever was *Aurora*'s Bedfellow, had certainly paſſed this World; which is one way of *dying*, both among the *Antients* and *Moderns*.

ODE XXIX. *Ad* Iccium.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, & acrem militiam paras :
Non ante devictis Sabæa
Regibus, (a) horribilique Medo,

Nectis catenas, quæ tibi virginum
Sponso necato barbara serviet ?
Puer quis ex aulâ capillis
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

Doctum sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno ? quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, & Tiberim reverti :

(b) *Cum tu coëmptos undique nobiles*
Libros Panæti, Socraticam & domum,
Mutare loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis ?

ODE XXIX. *To* Iccius.

Arabian Wealth and warlike Spoils
Are all your future Hope and Care,
Since you are bent on *Martial* Toils,
And for the haughty *Mede* new Chains prepare.

What Captive Wives of Heroes ſlain
Obſequious ſhall attend your State?
What noble Youth the next Campaign
Shall fill your Wine, and at your Table wait?

The rapid Streams with monſtrous Force
May upwards climb the Mountain's Brow,
Aſcending *Tiber* change its Courſe,
And backwards from the frighted Ocean flow;

Since you your New-made Armour take,
And tho' you promis'd better things,
Your Study and your Books forſake,
To follow bloody Wars and fighting Kings.

(a) *Horrid*

(a) *Horribilique Mede nectit catenas.*] I will not dispute it, but that the *Mede* may very justly be called *horribilis*, *horrible*: for just so *Catullus* says, *Horribiles Britanni*, the *Horrible Britains*; neither have I any Intention to dispossess the vulgar Reading. And yet I cannot forbear telling you a Fancy that came into my Head: Perhaps, thought I, we might read it thus,

——Horribilisque *Mede*
Nectit catenas.

that is, as we write it now-a-days, *Horribiles catenas*, see Serm. 1. 3.

——Horribili *sectore*
flagello.

See our *Horace*, Car. 2, 13.

——Catenas *Parthus*
& Italum
Robur perhorrescit---

It is all one, as I have already remarked, whether you say, the *Parthian* or the *Mede*, for they both signifie one and the same People. So that *si Parthus perhorrescit catenas Italas, if the* Parthian *dreads the* Italian *Chains*, then you may justly say, *nectis catenas horribiles Mede, you make horrible Chains for the* Mede; but on the other Hand, if *miles Romanus perhorrescit sagittas Parthi, the* Roman *Soldier dreads the Darts of the* Parthian, then the vulgar Lection stands good, *horribili Medo, the Horrible* Mede. Yet still consider, whether *Horribiles, Horrible*, in the *Accusative case*, is not much fitter for this place, and for *Horace*'s Sense, than *Horribili* the *Dative*. For we are to suppose, that *Iccius* had gotten his Chains ready beforehand, as if he were cock-sure of Victory; and therefore he had no such *Horrible* Opinion of the *Mede*; Hence it is much more convenient and agreeable, that the *Parthians* should *horrere* or *dread* the Expedition of *Iccius*, than that that *Iccius* should dread the *Parthians*. See our *Author* in another place. Carm. 1. 35. So again, *Serm.* 2. 5. and *Epist.* 2. 1 in all which Places, the *Romans* are represented as *Dreadful* or *Horrible* to the *Parthians*.

(b) *Cum tu coemptas undique nobiles libros Panaetii*] I suppose most of the Editions write it *Nobiles*, and yet the majority of my Books, the *Queens-College*, the *Emanuel*, *Magdalen-College*, *Galean*, *Merean*, and *Peter-house* Copy cry, *Nobiles*; and there is no doubt but most of the Books which the *Interpreters* peept into, wrote it in the same manner; though those Puppies are pleased to take no notice of it. That very honest Fellow *Bersmannus* bears witness concerning three of his

his *Books*, that they read it *nobilis*, it is therefore a doubt as it ſtands at preſent, and as the old Books have left it, whether our Author meant *Libros nobilis*, noble Books, or *Nobilis Panati*, the noble *Panatium*. As for me, I make no ſcruple to tack *Nobilis* to *Panatium*, if it were for no other reaſon, but to take off the Double *Epitheſt* from lying too heavy upon *Libros* or *Books*. They who frequently tumble over the Poets, will eaſily comprehend this. Our Author, *Epod.* 13. calls a *Centaur*, *Noble*: And again *Epiſt.* 1. 19. he mentions ſome *Noble Writers*.

Non ego nobilium *ſcriptorum auditor & Vltor.*

where *ſcriptorum* comes from *ſcriptor*, and not from *ſcriptum*. Thus ſays *Cicero*, Magnus & *nobilis* Rhetor Iſocrates. *Iſocrates* that great and Noble Rhetorician. And again, Tres illius ætatis *nobiliſſimi* & clariſſimi Philoſophi, *Three the moſt* Noble *and Famous Philoſophers of that Age*. *Gellius*, 7. 5. ſpeaks of *Noble Poets*; and *Suetonius* de Illuſt. Grammat. of a *noble Grammarian*.

ODE

ODE XXX. *Ad* VENEREM.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, & vocantis
Thure te multo Glycera decoram
Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum puer, & solutis
Gratia zonis, properentque Nympha,
Et parum comis sine te Juventus,
Mercuriusque.

ODE XXX. *To* VENUS.

QUEEN of Love! forsake awhile
Paphos, and the *Cyprian* Isle;
To a brighter Shrine repair:
Glycera attends you there.

Let each *Nymph* and every *Grace*
And young *Cupid* fill the Place,
Youth by Beauty made polite,
With the nimble God of Wit.

ODE XXXI. *Ad* APOLLINEM.

QUID dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de paterâ novum
Fundens liquorem? non opimas
Sardinia ſegetes feracis:

Non æſtuoſa grata Calabria
Armenta: non aurum, aut ebur Indicum:
Non rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.

(a) *Premant Calenâ falce, quibus dedit*
Fortuna vitem: (b) *dives & aureis*
Mercator exſiccet culullis
Vina Syrâ reparata merce,

Dis charus ipſis; quippe ter & quater
Anno reviſens æquor Atlanticum
Impune: (c) *me paſcant Oliva,*
Me chicorea leveſque malvæ.

Frui paratis & valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, (d) *& (precor) integrâ*
Cum mente, nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

ODE XXXI. *To* APOLLO.

SON of *Jove!* To thee I pour
My ſacred Wine and ſolemn Vows;
Give me not the yellow Store
Of Corn that on *Sardinia* grows.

Nor the Wealth that *India* yields,
Nor Herds that on *Calabria* ſtray,
Or the fertile Farms and Fields,
Where *Liris* eats his ſilent way.

They, who large Poſſeſſions boaſt,
May revel underneath the Vine;
They who trade to ſome far Coaſt,
May fill the Bowl with generous Wine.

Let the Gods the Merchant bleſs,
And give him three Returns a Year:
Herbs and Roots and Olives pleaſe
My Taſte, as well as nobler Cheer.

Give me Strength and Pow'r to uſe
The Sweets of Life that glides away;
Let me ſtill enjoy my Muſe,
Nor ever doat whilſt I decay.

(*a*) *Premunt Calenâ falce, quibus dedit fortuna, vitem.*] Here I read with the addition only of a *Daſh*, and not of a whole *Letter*,

Premunt Calenam *falce, quibus dedit*
Fortuna vitem.

By this means we ſweeten the Compoſition, and affix the *Epithet* to the more worthy *Subſtantive* of the two. See *Virgil* Georg. 1, 157, *Falce premes.* See our *Author*, Epod. 2, *Falce amputans.* And again, *Carm.* 1, 20.

Cacubum, & prælo domitam
Caleno
Tu bibes uvam. ——

We find, that at Epod. 2. *falce* ſtands by it ſelf, without any Epithet attending it. As for *prælo Caleno*, I verily believe this Expreſſion gave the *Librarians* an opportunity of Corrupting this Place. But in truth, there is a great difference between theſe two; for any one ſort of Vines, as for Inſtance, the *Veientan*, may eaſily be pruned with the *falx Calena*, the *Calenian Hook*, becauſe this is a Moveable that may be had up and down at pleaſure; but no other ſort of Grape, except that which grows at *Cales*, can ſo conveniently be ſqueezed *Prælo Caleno*, in the *Calenian Preſs*; Since this is a ſtanding Piece of Houſhold Stuff, and cannot ſo eaſily be ſhifted from place to place.

(*b*) *Divos & aureis mercator exſiccet culullis vina Syrâ reparata merce.*] The two oldeſt of my Books, the *Gravian* at firſt Hand, and alſo the *Leyden*, read it thus,

——— *Divos ut aureis.*

And thus the old Scholiaſt *Porphyrio* underſtood the Place, which is the ſureſt way to make a pretty Senſence of it, if we do but conſtrue *reparata* as we conſtrue *commutata*, *exchanged*, agreeable to the Senſe of the whole Rabble of *Interpreters*. *Let others*, ſays he, *look to their Vineyards as* Calea, *in order to ſupply the Merchants with the beſt Wine, for which they are to give in Exchange rich Syrian Wares, and then to Drink in our of Golden Cups.* This is ſmart Satyr, as if he had ſaid, *that they who lived as* Cales *were not to taſte their own Wine, but to reſerve them for the Merchant to Drink, who was to buy, chaſe them of the Planter.* But then I queſtion if ever any Author ſaid, *reparata*, *repaired*, for *empta* or *commutata*, *bought* or *exchanged*. You may eaſily interpret *vina Syrâ reparata merce*, thus, *vina condita ſive mediana Syriacâ nardo*, *Wines mixed or brewed with* Syrian *Ointments*; for it is very well known, that heretofore the rich Luxurious *Romans*, ſuch as the Merchants here

here described seem to be, used to mingle Perfumes with their Wine, and drink them together. *Nardus* or *Spikenard*, is here called *Merx Syra*, a *Syrian Merchandize*, because they imported it through *Syria* from the *Indies*. See our *Horace*, Carm. 2, 11. where he calls it *Assyria Nardus*. See also *Tibullus*, 4. 7. The same thing is to be found both in *Greek* and *Latin* in many other Authors: Wherefore the Vulgar Lection —— *Dives & aureis* —— pleases us best.

(*c*) *Me pascunt oliva.*] *Tanaquil Faber*, a Fellow of singular Parts and Ingenuity, says thus; *Here I read* Pascant, *which the following Words in* Horace *will easily make good.* Nothing could be more pat than this Emendation; and thus we plainly read it in the *Royal Society* Copy, *Premant alii Calenam vitem, Let others press the* Calenian *Grape. Me pascant Oliva, Let Olives feed me.* See *Ovid* Amor. 1, 15. *Tibullus*, El. 1, 1. *Martialis*, 12, 48. *Prudentius*, Cathem. 3, 61, and many other Authors, who in these Cases often make use of the *Optative Mood.*

(*d*) *Et precor integrâ.*] Our Books read *at*, whence you may take the Hint from *Cruquius*'s Books, the *Venetian* Edition 1478, and the old *Scholiast* Acron, to read *ac*: Otherwise you will have nothing to which this same *& valido mihi* may be referr'd. Furthermore, you must take care how you make a *Point* at *mente*, thus (:) For thus we construe it, *cum mente integrâ degere senectam, To be old, and yet hearty and sound in ones Intellects.* See *Cicero* de *Senec.* c. 20, where he says, *We make a Good End, when we have our Understanding and Senses in Perfection, and when Nature tears her Work to pieces, who first set it together.*

ODE XXXII. *Ad Lyram.*

(a) *Poscimus, (b) siquid vacui sub umbrâ*
Lusimus tecum, quod & hunc in annum
Vivat & plures, age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen:

Lesbio primum modulate civi;
Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religaret udo
Litore navim,

Liberum & Musas, Venerem que, & illi
Semper haerentem puerum canebat;
Et Lyeum, nigris oculis nigroque
Crine decorum.

O decus Phoebi, & dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum
Dulce lenimen, (c) mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti.

ODE XXXII. *To his* HARP.

CHarming Shell! If in the Shade
You and I have ever play'd
Songs that may outlaft a Year,
Now begin a *Roman* Air.

Thee with *Martial* Ardor fir'd
Great *Alcæus* firft inſpir'd:
Thee in Camps and on the Main
Still he taught the Vocal Strain.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
Venus and her Boy he ſung;
Lycus was his chiefeſt Care,
Arm'd with jetty Eyes and Hair.

Joy of *Phœbus*, lovely Lyre!
Thee the feaſting Gods admire:
Thee I greet, thy Pow'rs controul
All my Cares, and charm my Soul.

(*a*) *Poſcimur ſiquid vacui.*] Our *Books* read *Poſcimur*, thus the *Leyden*, *Petit-houſe*, the *Gravian* at firſt Hand, and the *Royal Society* Copy. In the *Gravian* Copy *ſ* is put above *r*, both by the ſame Hand, and in the ſame ſort of Ink. And thus the old *Scholiaſts* and the *Venetian* Edition 1478 read it, *Poſcimur*. A Fellow of moſt elegant Parts, one *Broukhuſius* upon *Propertius* 4, 1. gives Countenance to this *Lection*. There is no manner of doubt, but *Poſcimur*, that is, *poſcimur carmina*, *Verſes are demanded of us*, is very good *Latin*. For this ſee *Ovid* Faſt. 4, 721. *Idem.* Met. 5, 333. Met. 4, 274. *Met.* 2, 144. *Silius* Ital. l. 2. *Propertius*, 4, 1, with *Nick Heinſius*'s Emendations, where *Poſcimur* is made uſe of in Expreſſions of the ſame Nature. I, for my part, though I have no Ill-will to *poſcimur*, do, notwithſtanding this, make no Scruple to whip in *poſcimus*, which has by far the majority of Voices among the *Parchments*.

Poſcimus (*ſiquid vacui, &c.*)

I demand, I deſire of thee, O my Harp! if ever yet I deſerved any favour at thy Hands, that thou wouldſt now ſing a Latin *Song, which may outlive this Year, and many more beſides.* Obſerve the Order in which the Senſe lies, and which all the *Interpreters* have over-look'd, *Sing*, ſays he, *a Song which may laſt a great while.* Vid. *Carm.* 3, 11. You may eaſily gather from the Word *ſi*, that *Poſcimus* is the beſt *Reading*, for this is commonly uſed in *Obteſtations*. See *Virgil*, *Æne.* 4, 317. *Æn.* 6, 529. *Suetonius* in Tib. c. 21. *Horace* Carm. 3, 13. *Serm.* 2, 6. And that which confirms *Poſcimur*, is becauſe *Horace* here ſpeaks to his Harp, as *Martial* ſpeaks to his *Iambicks*. Epig. 1, 86. And *Pindar* to his Muſe. Nem. 3.

(*b*) *Siquid vacui ſub umbrâ.*] Almoſt all the Books ſay *umbra*, and ſo we find it at this very Day in *Diomedes*, p. 521, and in *Servius* upon *Virgil*, Ecl. 1. I have nothing to ſay againſt this *Lection*, ſee our Author, Epiſ. 2, 2. *Tibullus*, 3, 15. *Statius* Silv 5, 3. *Martial.* 9, 84. *Juvenal*, Sat. 7, 7. Where the *Shade* is repreſented as a very commodious Place for the Poets to ſing in. But ſince the *Galean* Copy, which is of good Credit, and which has been our only Guide in reſtoring and mending ſeveral faulty places in *Horace*, at leaſt ſix or ſeven in number, with great Glory and Renown: Since I ſay this Copy preſents us with a different *Lection*, which is this,

Poſcimus ſiquid vacui ſub antro,

I receive this with Joy into both my Arms, as being the true Genuine undoubted Hand-Writing of *Horace*. For it is more

more easie to suppose, that those Blundering Rogues the *Librarians* should change the *Figurative* and *Poetical* Word, in *Greek* ποιητικωτέρα, into the *Literal*, than on the contrary to change the *Literal* into the *Figurative* and *Poetical*. See our *Author* Carm. 2, 1. And again *Car.* 3, 25. *Carm.* 3, 4, where he speaks to the *Muses*. *Propertius* 3, 1. *Virgil* Geor. 4, 507, concerning *Orpheus*. *Martial.* 12. 11. *Statius* Silv. 1, 2. *Id.* Silv. 4, 5. Writing to *Septimius Severus* the Poet, where you may observe, that *Barbiton* and *Antrum*, the *Harp* and the *Cave*, go together, as in this very place. *Id.* 5, 3. Auctor *Copæ*, where *Piping* is used, as here *Playing on the Harp*. *Juvenal* 7, 59. *Rutilius* in Itin. 267. *Claud* in Præf. 3 Cons. Honor. *Id.* Nupt. Honor. 236. *Id.* præ. Rap. Prose. *Avienus* in Arat. de Lyrâ. *Sidonius*. Car. 23, 18. In all these Authors a *Cave* is a proper Place to play upon the Harp in.

(*c*) *Mihi cumque salve rite vocanti.*] I know what the Interpreters say of *cumque*, as it stands here naked and exposed; and I commend their diligence. I can bring no Precedent to justifie this from all the spacious Fields of the *Latin* Tongue. The *Grammarians* say not a Word to the Place. 'Twas therefore high time for me to attempt an Emendation, which I did thus —— Cuique *salve Rite vocanti*. That is, *You are welcome to me, or any other Poet who duly invokes you*. Let the ingenious Reader judge of this. It is a Conjecture of mine, which I freely communicate, but will not stand to.

ODE

ODE XXXIII. *Ad* ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ: neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Lasâ præniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycoridâ
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in Asperam
Declinat Pholoen: sed prius Appulis
Jungentur capreæ lupis,

Quam turpi Pholoe peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri: cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga æhenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

Ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
Gratâ detinuit compede (a) *Myrtale,*
Libertina, fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis Calabros sinûs.

ODE XXXIII. *To* ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

BE not griev'd, my Friend! to find
A Woman Faithleſs and Unkind;
Nor in ſoft Elegy complain,
Becauſe a Rival gives you Pain.

Fair *Lycoris* doats, you ſee,
On *Cyrus*, He on *Pholoe*:
But Wolves and Kids ſhall ſooner join,
Than ſuch a Rake That Beauty win.

Fair and Ugly, Falſe and True,
All to great *Venus* Yoke muſt bow:
Such Pleaſure in our Pains ſhe takes,
And laughs to ſee what Sport ſhe makes.

I my ſelf, tho' once belov'd,
Forſook a Firſt-rate Nymph, and rov'd
To give a Fickle Jilt the Chace,
Unconſtant as the Winds and Seas.

(a) *Myr-*

(a) *Myrtale Libertina.*] Some Books write *Mirtale*, others *Mirtala*, the *Leſcherian* Edition 1498, ſays, *Myrtile*. But the old *Copies* ſay very right, *Myrtale*. See *Murtia* 5. 4.

Fatere multo Myrtale *ſolet vino.*

Libertina is alſo Right; for this proper Name is often to be met with in old *Inſcriptions*. See *Gruter*, 99. 5. DOMITIA. L. L. MIRTALE. 581. 6. FLAVIÆ MIRTALÆ. 740. 10. SATIÆ MYRTALES. 711. 6. VALERIA MYRTALE. 983. 7. VERATIA. D. L. MOETALE (it ſhould be *Myrtale*) 749. 4. FEMINIA MYRTAAM. 882. 8. NUMUSCULIÆ MYRTALES. 1046. 2. DORYPHORUS ET MYRTALE PARENTES. *Reines.* 14. 75. GELLIÆ MYRTALES. 12. 60. MYRTALE SABINÆ ET POMPONIÆ FESTÆ UXORIBUS. *Mor. Felſin.* p. 447. MARCIA MYRTALE.

The End of the Sixth Part.

THE
ODES
OF
HORACE

In *Latin* and *English*;

With a Translation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the *Bentleian* Stile and Manner.

Luſimus tecum —— Hor.

PART VII.

To be Continued.

LONDON:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Croſs-Keys*, between the two *Temple-Gates* in *Fleet-Street*. 1712.

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Q. Horatii Flacci
O D A R U M.

LIB. I.

ODE XXXIV.

Parcus Deorum cultor & infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque (a) iterare cursus
Cogor relictos; namque Diespiter
(b) *Igni corusco nubila dividens*
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum:

Quo

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE XXXIV.

NCE I contemn'd the Gods, their Pow'r deny'd,
When frantick *Epicurus* was my Guide;
But now that vain Philoſophy I ſcorn:
At once to Common Senſe and Virtue I return.

Jove ſpoke the loud Conviction from on high,
And hurl'd his Bolts and Chariot through the Sky;
Compaſs'd with Glory and with Flames he rode,
And all the Subject World confeſs'd the Sov'raign God.

Quo bruta tellus, & vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, & inviſi horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteuſque finis
Concutitur. valet ima ſummis

Mutare, & (c) inſignem attenuat Deus,
Obſcura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum ſtridore acuto
Suſtulit, hic poſuiſſe gaudet.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE XXXIV.

(*a*) *Tetigere curſus cogor relictos.*] *Nick Heinſius* in the Margin of his Book writes thus, *Lege* Relectos, *I ſpoke of this at* Metam. 8, 173. In which place he produces and confirms this noble *Emendation* from *Valerius Flaccus*, who had uſed *relegere campum*, *relegere viam*, and in another place *relegere veſtigia*. I can ſay with a ſafe Conſcience, that I had lurkt upon this Correction without any notice given me by *Nick Heinſius*, but yet I do not inſiſt on any ſhare of the Glory, which that great Man may keep to himſelf, who is the only Reſtorer of the *Latin* Poets. I am poſitive, that *curſus relictos* never pleaſed me, and yet thus we find it in all the Copies of *Horace*, and at this very Day in *Eutyches* the *Grammarian*, p. 2182. *Iterare relicta maria, veſtigia, viae, ſpatia*, will do well enough, but ſince *curſus* is not the way, but a *running* along the way, you muſt not ſay *curſus relictos*, but *intermiſſos*, not *deſertos* but *deſitos*. Thus having ſet aſide the old *Lection*, without more ado I ſtumbled directly upon the new one; of which I remembered to have ſeen ſo many Precedents in other Authors, as in *Statius* Achil. 1, 29. *Silius* Ital. 2. *Claudian* de Bel. Get. 529. *Ovid.* Metam. 8, 172.

—— *Filo eſt inventa relecto*,

where ſeveral blundering Copies read *relicto*; but I am amazed, that the moſt ingenious *Nick Heinſius* ſhould prefer *ſuperato* to *iterato* in the former Verſe, ſince this very Paſſage in *Horace*, *iterare curſus relictos*, confirms that in *Ovid*. Moreover many Adventurers

The Earth and Ocean felt the dreadful Blow,
That shook the gloomy Realms of Hell below;
The lofty Hills beneath his Thunders bow'd,
And venerable *Atlas* trembled as he stood,

The Heav'nly Pow'rs can raise or can depress,
Or overturn us Mortals as they please.
Fortune to Day will mount him to a Crown,
And the next moment pull her new-made Fav'rite down.

---

venturers had passed the Gate which led to the *Minotaur*, which is the meaning of those Words, *multis priorum superata erat janua*; but *iterare*, to come back, to return, this was the great Difficulty and Exploit. See *Ovid* in Ibi. v, 373. *Seneca* Agamem. 574, where *retro* signifies the same thing as *retrorsum* in our Authors. But of all the Authors, *relege* was most in the good Graces of *Symmachus*. See *Epis.* 3, 62. 4, 58. 7, 4. 7, 24. 7, 32. ib. 8, 25. 9, 69. See also *Seneca* Epis. 102. *Valerius Flaccus*. 4, 54. 8, 121. Here perhaps you may object, that *relegere campus, viae, iter, spatia, aquora*, are proved by sufficient Instances; but as to *relegere cursus*, which is what you have a mind to replace here, we have yet no Precedent for that; stay a little, and I'll show you one in *Prudentius*, the great Imitator of our Author. *Apotheo.* v, 100. *Iterare relictae* is the same thing as *relegendo iterare*, an Expression frequent among the Poets. See *Virgil* Æn. 3, 690. There is no need of any more Examples, only I had had almost forgot that famous Passage in *Virgil*, so pat to our present purpose, Ænei. 3, 690, where you will find *retrorsum* as well as in *Horace*. This puts me in mind of a Digression, which with the Readers good leave I intend to make, in order to raise by my skill and Art another place in *Virgil*, which has been dead and buried a thousand Years ago. It is in Æn. 4, 256.

Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
Constitit: hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas
Misit; avi similis, quae circum littora, circum
Piscosos scopulos humilis volat *aquora juxta.*
Haud aliter terras inter calumque volabat;

Litus arenosum Libyæ ventosque secabat,
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.

Here you see, how many things you have to find fault with, first *volat* and then *volabat*, after this, the *jingle* at the end of two Verses in Greek ὁμοιοτέλευτον, *volabat, secabat.* To avoid this, some old Books of *Pierius* change the Order of the Verses thus,

Haud aliter terras inter cælumque volabat
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles:
Litus arenosum & Libyæ ventosque secabat.

This will never save their Bacon; for still there is a worse Blunder than all left behind, *secabat litus ventosque*; for what does *secare litus* signifie, except to *plow* or *dig up the Shore?* And what's this to the flight of *Mercury?* I verily believe, the Prince of Poets wrote with his own Hand thus,

——— *Legebat*
Litus arenosum Libyæ.

There is no need I should strengthen or illustrate this *Emendation* by more instances; it shines out with a Lustre and Brightness of its own. See *Æneid.* 3, 192. *Georg.* 2, 44.

(*b*) *Igni coruscо nubila dividens.*] The whole Passage runs thus,

——— *Namque diespiter*
Igni coruscо nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum.

Upon these Words, that very arch Fellow *Tanaquil Faber*, at *Epist.* 52. *Li.* 2. charges *Horace* with a childish and ridiculous Notion, as if he had said, *That it sometimes Thunders when there are no Clouds, and that this happened every other Day, when even the Mob and the Historians who write after them know, that this seldom comes to pass; and the Natural Philosophers say never.* But *Dacier*, *Faber*'s most worthy Son-in-Law, has found an Evasion for this; for he avers, that *Horace* does not talk seriously here, but Ironically and in Jest, and that he augments the wonder on purpose to ridicule the *Stoicks* more bitterly, because they asserted a Providence. I for my part will not meddle or interpose here, but leave these Whims to their Authors; only I must acquaint the Reader, that all this Stuff happened by a foolish blundering way of Pointing; and when that is removed, the other will vanish into Smoak, or something as light and empty. Thus I point the Place,

Igni coruscо nubila dividens
Plerumque, ———

For thus says *Horace*, *I who lately was an* Epicurean, *am now forced to acknowledge the Gods,*

Gods, who lately thundered in the clear Sky: a thing that never happens in a natural way without Clouds. Here is no Stuff, no Trifle, no Irony or Joke; but he ſpeaks with regard to the Humour of the Mob, and the Cuſtoms and Genius of his Country. *Virgil*, who was then an *Epicurean* as well as *Horace*, mentions the ſame thing, *Georg.* 1, 486. See *Ovid* Faſt. 3, 370. *Varro Leg. Man.* apud Non. Thus then you muſt correct the Place, for the Verſes are *Iambicks*, which I wonder none of the *Editors* ever ſmoaked before. When I ſhow'd this *Emendation* ſome Years ago to that clever Scholar *James Talbot*, he thought fit to put it down in his *Edition* of *Horace*, and to make me a Compliment thereupon. But afterwards I took the Hint from that Illuſtrious Perſonage *John More* Biſhop of *Norwich*; and one *Tom Bangius*, whoſe Name I never heard before, gave me to underſtand, that this *Point* had been taken Notice of, and ſet down long before. For in his Philological Obſervations, Vol. 2, p. 1435. He ſays thus, *When* Horace *ſings*, Plerumque per purum, &c. *he plainly contradicts common Experience, which ſays, that Thunder is ſeldom heard in clear Weather; for this ſee* Lucretius 6. *But ſince* Horace, *as appears by this place, and the other Heathens accounted it a ſort of Wonder to have Thunder in clear Weather, how dares he ſay* plerumque, *that that is frequently happens? You may eaſily ſolve this Doubt, by placing a* Comma *at* Plerumque, *which will reconcile* Horace *and* Lucretius; *ſo much light does* Pointing *ſometimes give an Author.* Thus far *Bangius*: and happy was it for him that he ſaid this; but without this Diſcovery, perhaps there might have been ſome, and perhaps not, who might have ſuppoſed, that we, by our own Parts and Ingenuity, might have groapt out all this; but let them think as they pleaſe, I have other Reaſons beſides that, which he brings from Experience, by which to refute the Vulgar *Pointing*. For granting this, *Horace* muſt talk Contradictions and like a Madman. What can *igni coruſco nubila dividens* ſignifie, but to *throw Thunder from the Clouds, when the Air is clear, and there are no Clouds.* What? Is, Clouds and no Clouds good Senſe? For you muſt ſuppoſe this at the ſame time, if you abide by the Vulgar *Pointing*. Then pray what ſort of *Latin* is your *plerumque?* How can you ſay, *plerumque egit*, that is, as they explain it, *ſæpe egit?* But *ſæpe* is one thing, and *plerumque* another. That which is againſt Nature and Cuſtom may *ſæpe evenire*, often happen; but nothing happens *commonly* or *plerumque*, but what is according to Nature and Cuſtom. An old Man may be often Merry and

Good-humour'd, but *commonly* he is Morose and Cross. It *often* Snows and Hails in Summer, but *commonly* it is dry and clear. *Jupiter often* drove his thundering Horses through the Serene Sky upon the Death of *Julius Cæsar*, but *commonly* he Thunders from the Clouds. That which *commonly* happens *often* happens, but that which *often* happens does not *commonly* happen. *Sæpe* or *often* is the same as πολλακις in *Greek*, but *plerumque* or *commonly* answers to ἐπὶ τὸ πλεῖστον, *ut* ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ, *for the most part*. Nothing is more certain than this Observation, which few Scholars attend to. No body in their Wits, especially not *Horace*, would say *plerumque per purum egit*; for though *Jupiter often* did this, he would not *commonly* do it. Perhaps some may suspect, that 'tis not usual for the *Adverb* plerumque, to conclude a Period; but this our Author justifies elsewhere, *Epist.* 2. 2. and *Lucretius* 5. 1131. A certain arch Fellow talks here as never Man did, and would make *plerumque egit* signifie *interdum egit, sometimes he did it*, which he attempts to prove from our *Author*. In *Arte*. 5, 95.

Interdum *tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit.*
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
Et Tragicus plerumque *dolet sermone pedestri.*

This is nothing else but the mending of an old Fault by a new one. *Interdum*, says *Horace*, *Sometimes Comedy exalts its Voice*, and *interdum, sometimes Tragedy speaks low*. Don't you think *Horace* meant thus much? Certainly he did; but see now how our *Expositor* alters this; *Sometimes*, says he, *Comedy wears Buskins, and Tragedy* plerumque, for the most part, *mourns in Lines fit only for Comedy*; that is forsooth, when Tragedy laments, it speaks in Prose, and it does speak thus in a Passion, not only *Interdum* or *sometimes*, but *plerumque*, and *for the most part*; but in all other Cases it pours forth *Bombast*, and Words *five Foot long*.

(c) *Et infignem attenuat Deus.*] That acute Fellow *Dacier* takes notice, that *Horace* was forced by his Metre to say *obscura*, when he should have said *obscuram*, which answers to τὸ *insignem*. But this Blunder belongs to the Rascally *Librarians*, and not to *Horace*. I am sure *Horace* wrote thus.

— *Valet ima summis*
Mutare; & insigne attenuat deus,
Obscura promens.

Here you see all the Words shaped alike, *ima, summa, insigne,*

insigne, obscura. The *Queen's-College* Book favours this *Lection*, and in the various Readings has, *insigne.* I care not though *Hesiod* upon a like occasion, which perhaps *Horace* had in his Eye, says ἀρίζηλον, *Insignem hominem.* Both these served themselves by it; for one speaks of *Men*, the other of *Things.* See other *Latin* Authors, *Seneca* Thyes. 598. *Ausonius* Epigr. 143. *Seneca* Nat. Quæs. præ. *Nunc cum maxime Deus alia exaltat, alia submittit.* Where by the way we must mend another place in *Seneca* de Bene. 6, 38, which great Criticks have attempted in vain. *Agricolam annona caritas erigit; eloquentia* exoptat *pretium litium numerus.* Where I read *exaltat pretium.*

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 34.

EGO *vero neque moveo hac nec exagito.*] The Dr. declares here, that he will have nothing to do with a Notion advanced by *Dacier*, and another by *Tanaquil Faber*; and yet in the very next Lines he proves both to be Blunders and Nonsense.

ODE

ODE XXXV. *Ad* FORTUNAM.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:

Te pauper ambit sollicitâ prece
Rusticus colonus; te dominam æquoris
Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scytha,
Urbesque, gentesque & Latium ferox;
Regumque matres barbarorum, & (a)
Purpurei metuunt tyranni;

Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

(b) *Te semper anteit sæva necessitas,*
Clavos trabales & cuneos manu
Gestans ahenâ: nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.

Te spes, & albo rara fides colit
Velata panno, (c) nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

At vulgus infidum, & meretrix retro
Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis
Cum face siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

(d) *Serves*

ODE XXXV. *To* FORTUNE.

DRead Queen! whom num'rous Slaves adore,
Whoſe ſtrong Almighty Arm can ſave,
And raiſe the proſtrate Wretch to Wealth and Pow'r,
Or change a ſtately Triumph to a gloomy Grave:

The haughty Rich and humble Poor
Thy Empire own, thy Aid implore;
The Sailor and the Farmer bend to thee,
They who invert the Glebe, and they who plow the Sea.

Thee Cities, Kingdoms, Nations fear,
The barbarous World, and Potent *Rome*;
Theo haughty Dames, and Mother Queens revere,
And purpled Tyranny from thee expects its Doom.

Thou in thy Anger can'ſt o'erthrow,
And lay the ſtately Column low:
Or puſh the mad tumultuous Rabble on,
To ſhake a well-built State, or overturn a Throne.

Where-e'er thou lead'ſt thy awful Train,
Neceſſity ſtill ſtalks before:
Whoſe brazen Hands the Hook and Nails retain,
The Plummet and the Wedge the Emblems of her Pow'r.

Fidelity in white Array,
And eager *Hope* ſtill guard thy Way;
Though thou take Wing, and change thy fickle Mind,
Fidelity ſtands firm, and always ſtays behind.

The faithleſs Mob and perjur'd Whore
Retire, as ſoon as thou art flown;
Not one true Friend ſtays to aſſiſt the Poor:
All ſhun the needy Wretch, when his laſt Cask is run.

O

(d) *Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos,*
Oro, Britannos, & juventum recens
Examen, Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.

Eheu, cicatricum & sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque? quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? (e) unde manum juventus

Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? (f) O utinam novâ
Incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 35.

(a) NEV *populus frequens ad arma cessantes ad arma.*] I know very well what *populus frequens* means, and thus our Author expres'd himself in another place, *Carm.* 2, 17. See *Cicero* pro *Sextio*, c. 59. and other Authors in their Accounts of the *Mob*. But prithee consider whether it be not more convenient and pretty to read,

——— *Neu* populus fremens
Ad arma cessantes ad arma
Concitet ———

For that Word is almost customary in Descriptions of Wars and Seditions. See *Livy* 1, 17. *Id.* 24, 26. *Valerius Max.* 6. 2 & 3. *Servius* ad Virgil *Æne.* 1, 60. *Statius Theb.* 3. 594. *Virgil Æne.* 11. 453. *Idem.* 7, 460. *Statius* Theb. 6, 6, 8. *Accius* in Epigo. apud Noni. In all these Authors there is an account of the *Fremitus* or *Braying* of the Mob. Then I fancy I can construe *cessantes*, and tell what it means; for either it signifies *Delaying* and *Loundging*, or else *Quiet*, *Peaceable*, *Lazy*; I am not against either of these Interpretations, and yet I verily believe *Horace* would rather write it thus,

Ad arma Cursantes ———

The Prose Writers commonly say, *ad arma discurrere*. See *Livy* 24, 31. *Id.* 25, 37. And this Phrase agrees very lovingly with *fremens* and *concitet*. See *Livy* 34. 37. *Seneca* de Ira. 3, 2. Wherefore consider with thy

O mighty Queen! propitious ſmile
On *Caſar*, bound for *Britain*'s Iſle:
And make thoſe gallant *Roman* Troops thy Care,
Who to the diſtant *Eaſt* their Conqu'ring Banners bear.

When ſhall we have our fill of Blood?
Or when enjoy the Sweets of Peace?
A vile degen'rate Age, averſe to Good!
When will our publick Crimes, and ſad Diſorders ceaſe?

What Pow'r or Vengeance have we fear'd?
What God, or Shrine, or Altar ſpar'd?
Be kind, great Goddeſs! ſave our ſinking State,
And turn thy Rage and Arms upon the Men we hate.

---

thy ſelf, moſt ingenious Reader, whether you may not reſit the whole Paſſage thus,

——— *Nec populus* fremens
Ad arma curſantes *ad arma*
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

But the truth of it is, whether you follow the Vulgar *Reading*, or our Conjecture, the Place is ſtill liable to violent Suſpicions of a *Blunder*; for who are thoſe Folks whom the People either *frequans frequent*, or *fremens Braying*, are to excite *ceſſantes* or *curſantes*, either *Loitering* or *running to and fro*, and force them to take Arms? Who could there be except the People, whom the People were to ſtir up? Or were they to ſtir up Courtiers and Miniſters of State? I underſtand this; but what has *Horace* ſaid to make us believe any ſuch thing? There is a Blunder that's certain, but it lies deep; I give other Criticks leave to excuſe *Horace* if they pleaſe, or if they can.

(*b*) *Te ſemper antiet ſæva neceſſitas.*] The *Venetian* Edition 1478, writes *Serva*, the *Loſcherian* 1498, *Sava*; and hence according to the different Whims of Interpreters, ſome *Editions* are for one Word, and ſome for t'other. The Parchments too are divided on both ſides; ſome of *Cunquius*'s oldeſt Copies ſay *ſerva*, and ſo both *Acron* and *Porphyrio* write it. Our Books, at leaſt the beſt of them, the *Leyden*, *Queen's-College*, *Gravian*, *Zulichemian*, *Battelian*, *Peter-houſe* and *Gaſcan* Copy, together with the *Royal Society* at firſt Hand, write *ſæva*; only two the moſt Modern Books declare for the other *Lection*; and where the Words

Words were ſo much like one another, the *Librarians* might very eaſily Blunder. Thus upon *Carm.* 1, 16. *nec mare naufragum, nec ſævus ignis*, I read at firſt Hand in the *Queens-College* Book, *ſervus ignis*. But now which Lection ſhall we ſuffer to ſtand? Indeed, if the Copies would be quiet, and I could have my Will, *ſæva neceſſitas* ſhould be the Word; for thus ſhe is called, *dura hard, dira dire, acerba biter*, in *Greek*, δεινὴ, πικρὰ, χαλεπὴ: And this *Epithet* agrees very well with what follows, where the Nails, the Wedges and the Hook are the Arms ſhe holds in her Brazen Hands. And yet on the other Hand, that ſame *ſerva* is a pretty Word, and may paſs; for though *Neceſſitas* is the Miſtreſs and Queen of all things, yet ſhe is *ſerva a Slave* to her ſelf; becauſe ſhe does nothing freely and voluntarily. For all this, I cannot away with this *Lection*; nay, if you read *ſerva*, the very run of the Sentence requires you to make Neceſſity a *Slave* to *Fortune*, and not to *her ſelf*; but then how will you make it out, that *Neceſſity*, which obeys no Body, ſhould be a *Slave* to Fortune? Add to this, that *Slaves* did not *antire* or *go before* their Maſters; there were indeed a ſort of Servants or Poor Clients, who going before their Maſters to make way through the Crowd, were thence called *Anteambulatores*, *Forerunners*: But if I am not miſtaken, *Handmaids* or *ſerva* were wont to follow their Miſtreſſes behind: They were not called *Anteambulatrices*, *Forerunners*, but *Pediſequæ*, *Bringers up*.

(c) *Nec comitem abnegat.*] This is a knotty place, and the Interpreters cannot tell what to make of it. *Hope*, ſays *Horace*, *and honeſt Fidelity always attend upon and follow Fortune*; *but the Mob, the Whores and falſe Friends before her*; on the contrary others ſay, that *falſe Friends* keep cloſe to Fortune's Company, but *honeſt Fidelity* often leaves her to follow her own Humours. See *Ovid* upon falſe Friendſhip, and want of Integrity, De *Pont.* 2, 3. *Id.* Pont. 1, 9. *Id.* 4, 10. *Juvenal* Sat. 10. 73. What then ſhall we do here? and how ſhall we bring ſuch notorious Contradictions together? When *Ovid* and *Juvenal* mention the Name of Fortune, they always mean *Good Fortune*, and this is their way; whence they ſay well enough, that though Fortune flies off, yet honeſt Friends will keep their Ground, and not follow her; but our Author had other things in his Head, and veers them accordingly; for by Fortune he underſtands both *Good* and *Bad*, juſt as ſhe changes her Cloaths: Whence the Conſequence is clear, that he ſtill makes *Hope*, *Fidelity* and *true Friendſhip* the Companions of Fortune; but Whores and Paraſites,

sites, Deserters and Renegadoes to Fortune, according as she changes; and in this *Horace* had done very well, if he had not popt in a Word, which in my simple Judgment makes Nonsense of the whole Passage,

——*Nec comitem abnegat,*
Utcumque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

For if Fortune *linquis* (leaves) afflicted Houses, and as she goes off, *Fidelity* and *Hope* keep her Company: Then not only all the *false*, but also all the *faithful Friends* depart together, which is a horrid Absurdity. Certainly, if I have any Eyes, *Horace* should have used some such Word as this,

Utcumque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica vertis.

That is, *concutis, affligis*, you *shake*, you *afflict*. *Hope*, says *Horace*, *and Fidelity always accompany thee, O Fortune, nor ever leave thee, even in an afflicted House, after thou hast changed thy Cloaths; but the Perfidious Rabble presently take to their Heels, and are gone.* See *Seneca* Epist. 9. I tell you once for all, unless *Horace* will suppose that Fortune remains in the same House she was in before, notwithstanding she had chang'd her Circumstances, I can see no issue off this matter; nor can I tell what Sense to make of it, unless you will imagine that all this is spoken Satyrically, as thus, *Hope and Fidelity, as times now go, always follow Fortune*, of which *Ovid* made grievous Complaints, as has been seen already; but if this be the Meaning, we should not read *at vulgus infidum*, but, *tum vulgus*, or *& vulgus*, or something of that Nature.

(*d*) *Servet iturum Cæsarem in ultimos orbis Britannos.*] Hitherto *Horace* was giving an Account of the Power and Dominion of Fortune; but now he falls to Praying, that she would take Care of *Cæsar* and the Army. But then what does he mean by *ultimos orbis Britannos*? It had been enough for him to have said *ultimos Britannos*, which would have been nicer and finer, as he elsewhere has it, *Carm.* 2, 20. *Epist.* 1, 6. *Epist.* 1, 1. *Carm.* 1, 36. *It.* 2, 18. *Virgil* Geor. 1, 30. *Æn.* 12, 334. *Id.* 8, 689. *Catullus* Epigr. 30. *Id.* 11. *Claudian* Ruff. 2. By these Instances you will find, that it had been better for *Horace* if he had left out *orbis*, and the Sentence would have done without it. Further than this, if *Horace* had a mind to have added any thing, he would have called the *Britans*, *ultimos hominum*, and not *ultimos orbis*. For this see *Virgil* Æne. 9, 727. whence *Pliny* borrowed that Passage, *Histor.* 19, 2. For my part, I must needs think, that *ultimos orbis*, or which is much the same thing, *ultimos terræ*, is half a *Barbarism*; and either I am

our,

out, or never any tolerable Author talked at this rate before. There are one or two Places which ſeem to bear ſome reſemblance to this; ſuch is that Expreſſion of an old *Tragedian* in *Cicero* de Nat. Deor. 1, 42.

Ubi initiantur gentes orarum ultimæ.

Here *ultima gentes orarum* is as bad as *ultimos orbis Britannos*. But then *ultima* in this Place may be the *Genetive Singular*, and the Conſtruction run thus, *Gentes (ora) orarum ultima, The Nations of the Coaſt, which is the furtheſt of all Coaſts*; or as I rather fancy, the Place ought to be corrected thus,

Ubi initiantur gentes ora ultima.

Be this as it will; the way of ſpeaking among thoſe old Tragedians is too obſolete, for *Horace* to take ſhelter under it. The other Place which I ſpoke of, is to be ſeen in *Lucan*, Lib. 7, 541. and by its looks, ſhould ſeem to be a firſt Couſin to this in *Horace*; for *extremi Iberi orbis* is extreamly like *ultimos Britannos* orbis.

——*Vivant Galatæque, Syriæque, Cappadoces, Gallique* extremique orbis Iberi,
Armenii, Cilices. ——

But then look a little nearer, and this Paſſage is of a very different Aſpect from that in *Horace*; for *extremi* ſtands here for the *Genetive Caſe ſingular*: *Iberi orbis extremi*, the Iberians *of the furtheſt World*. See *Virgil* Georg. 2, 123. *Extremi orbis. Ovid.* Faſt. 1, 717. *Ultimus Orbis. Ovid. Triſt.* 1, 1. *Orbis ultimus. Epiſtol.* Hypermens. *Ultimus Orbis.* And the ſame again in *Statius* Silv. 5, 1. You may therefore very well ſay *ultimi orbis Iberes*, but you cannot ſo well ſay *ultimos*. Add to this, that I can never believe *Horace* would ſay *orbis Britannos*, ſince the Poets always believed that *Britain* was not only the furtheſt Part of the World, but even ſituate in a new World different from their own: See for this, *Auctor* Epigram. ad Claud. Cæſar. *Virgil* Eclog. 1. Since therefore this ſame *ultimos orbis* can never keep its Ground, or ſtand upon its own Legs, and ſince the *Manuſcripts* afford no relief in this matter, what think you if we try to make it out by Conjecture? Truly, ſince our Author is in the mind to put up his Prayers to Fortune, I cannot but fancy, that ſome *Praying* Term or other has been accidentally dropt in this Place; and that the whole Paſſage ought to be reſtored thus,

Serves iturum Cæſarem in ultimos,
Oro, *Britannos.*

How could thoſe fooliſh Dogs the *Librarians* nick it more cleverly, than to change *Oro.* into *Orbis*? *Serves oro* is much like what our Author ſays *Serm.* 2, 4. *Des veniam, oro.*

See

See also *Ovid.* Trist. 1, 4. *Invigiles, oro.* And thus say the rest of the Fraternity; but now there is a Passage in *Silius* Ital. li. 11, 1, which is troubled with the same Disease with this in *Horace*. There the Wife of *Hannibal* prays for her Husband thus,

Sed tu, bellorum genitor, miserere, nefasque
Averte, & servæ caput inviolabile Teucri.

What, I pray you, does he mean by *bellorum genitor*, the *Father of Wars?* Suppose he means *Mars?* But by what Mistress or Wife did *Mars* beget Wars? This is Stuff all over. I give you a Commission to read,

Sed tu, Bele, oro, *genitor miserere*, ———

And upon my Head be the Danger. For you must know *Hannibal* was of the Family of *Belus*. Whence the same *Silius*, li. 8, derives his Pedigree from this very Hero, and in the Fourth Book *Bostar* calls him *Belides*.

(*e*) *Unde manus juventus.*] The first *Venetian* Edition 1478 writes *manus*, and thence I believe this *Lection* ran glibly down with all succeeding *Editors*; but the *Lescherian* Copy 1498, did very well to write it *mannm*; and to this all the *Manuscripts* agree, notwithstanding both *Lambin* and *Torrentius* say not a Word of the matter. Thus say our *Gronovian*, *Queen's-College*, *Bathelian*, *Royal Society*, and all our other Books. Certainly *mannm* is much better, than to conclude the Lines with an invenust Homoteleuton, or a Paultry jingling ending thus, *Manus, juventus*, both in *us*.

(*f*) *O utinam novâ incudi diffingat retusum.*] *Diffingat* is to be found in most of the *Editions*, and in most of the *Manuscripts*, both Old and New, Ancient and Modern. And yet this Word can never fit this Place: For since *Diffingere* to *unmake*, is directly contrary *tũ fingere* to *make*, it must utterly spoil and confound the whole Sentence. See *Carm* 3, 29. Tools *finguntur* (are *made* or *forged*) *novâ incude* (*upon a new Anvil*) which is far from *diffinguntur*, *unmaking* or *corrupting*. *Defingas* therefore is the better *Lection*, which is to be found in two of *Cruquius's* Books, with which our noble *Queen's-College* Copy agrees, where we plainly read *defigas*, the *n* being erased by some malicious Hand. Besides this, our *Leyden* Copy writes *deffingas*, doubling the *f*: This I have often observed in Compound Words beginning with *def* or *des*, that most of the Manuscripts write *diff* or *diss*: Thus *Epist.* 1, 7. *dessignatorem*, as we find it in the *Leyden*, *Gravian*, *Queen's-College*, and the rest of our Books is spelt thus, *Dissignatorem*; this frequently happens, as I fancy it fell out in the Place now before us. Allow this then,

and let us write it *defingas*; but then a worse squabble will arise about the following Word, *retusum*. This *retusum*, say the *Scholiasts*, is the same thing as *hebetatum*, *blunted* in the Civil War; so far we are right, and thus says *Virgil*, Geor. 2, 301. See also *Lucan* 6, 161. *Ovid* Amor 2, 9. *Silius* Ital. 16. Auctor *Ætn.* v. 525. These all speak of *Blunting*, by the Words *Hebeto* and *Retundo*. But that which puts a Rub in the way of this Interpretation is, that blunted Swords are not forged anew upon the Anvil, but whetted sharp upon *Whetstones*. See *Lucan* of the use of *Whetstones*, *lib.* 7. 139. Now instead of *retusum*, which is extant in all my Copies, *Cruquius*'s Book reads *recusum*, and this *Lambin* caught at the first rebound, and so did *Marcilius* and the other Criticks; for they would fain have *diffingas recusum* to be a Poetical Phrase, that stands for *diffingas recudendo* (*to fit up by forging anew.*) Suppose we grant this, though it be very hard we should; can any body bear to have those two Words *incude* and *recusum* stand together in the same Verse? Such a jingling Conjunction as this would never be suffered in Prose, though that sort of Writing does not pay so great a regard to the Ears as Verse. There is a fancy come into my Head, which I believe will do the Trick: Thus I would have it,

——— *O utinam novâ*
Incude defingas recoctum *in*
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

The old *Scholiast* seems to me to have found it thus in the Books heretofore; for *Cruquius* says, he found *confusum* and *commassatum* in the Manuscript *Annotations*: but the *Lection* in *Acron* as it stands at present is faulty, *confusum & quassatum*; now 'tis plain *commassatum* explains *recoctum*, and not either *retusum* or *recusum*. See *Martial* 11, 53. 13, 29. where he speaks of a *Velabrian* Cheese. See *Virgil* Æn. 7, 636. *Lucan* 7, 145. *Lucius Florus* 3, 2. *Prudentius* de Cat. v. 70. *Idem* Psychom. v. 606. *Silius* Italicus. 4. ab Initio.

— *Renovantque novâ fornace*
bipennes.

But then what signifies *renovant nova* in this place? How silly it looks, how Tautological, in *Greek* ταυτολογία? Especially when he had said just before *pila novant*; an old Book from *Colegn* writes *revocant*, which does not mend the matter. I would not have you make any scruple to read,

Recoquuntque *novâ* fornace
bipennes.

So says *Virgil*, as I have cited him, *Recoquunt fornacibus*, and *Prudentius*, *fornace recoctam*. *Horace* therefore wishes in this Place, *That the Cold Iron which had been dawb'd and polluted*

lated with Blood-shed in the Civil Wars, might be work'd up to a Mass, purged and forged a-new, and beaten upon a frosty Anvil into Weapons, to annoy the Massagetes *and* Arabians.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE XXXV.

AN aliqui erant, quos populus concitaret, prater ipsum populum? an proceres vult & aulæ ministros? Intelligo.] *Horace* had said,

——— *Populus frementis*
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet. ———

The plain Meaning of which is, *That the People who were up, and had actually mutiny'd, were to prevail upon the rest, who had not yet stirr'd, to take Arms.* But now comes our *Emendator*, and he asks, *What, were the People to excite the People? Or the Courtiers and Ministers?* Here he gives a peremptory Nod, and says, *Intelligo, I understand what you mean.* If the Reader has Faith enough to believe him, I hope he will also be persuaded, that there is no Mortal understands it, but only Dr. *B.*

Utcumque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.
Quippe si fortuna linquit domos
afflictas.] So that *Domos afflictas* is a Parallel Phrase to *Domos potentes*, and *Power* and *Affliction* signifie the same thing.

O Terse, Elegant, Accurate, Profound Librarian!

Quis, quæso, est ille bellorum genitor? Mars, Opinor: sed ex quâ uxore, vel amicâ, bella genuit?] The Dr. will not suffer *Mars* to be called the *Father of Wars*; for this mighty Reason, because he could have no Wife or Mistress upon whose Body he could beget Wars. By which noble Contrivance the Devil has lost one of his most shining Titles; for how can he *Be the Father of Lyes*, if we allow of no other Generation, but what is *Univocal*? And what will become of that noble Complement apply'd to so many great Men, *The Father of his Country*? For though perhaps a great Man might have both Wife and Mistress, yet it would be a very Heroic Enterprize indeed, to beget a whole Country upon either of their Bodies. I suppose this Note of the Dr's was borrowed from the *Alcoran*; for *Mahomet* will not admit any of the Gods to have Children, because they have no Wives.

ODE XXXVI.

ET thure & fidibus juvat
Placare, & vituli ſanguine debito
Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos:
Qui nunc Heſperiæ ſoſpes ab ultimâ,
Carus multa ſodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen dividit oſcula,
Quam dulci Lamiæ, memor
Actæ non alio rege puertiæ,
Mutataque ſimul toga.
(a) *Creſſâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ:*
Neu promta modus amphora,
Neu morem in Salium ſit requies pedum:
Neu multi Damalis meri
Beſſum Threiciâ vincat amyſtide:
Neu deſint epulis roſa,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
Deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
Divelletur adultero,
Laſcivis ederis ambitioſior.

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 26.

(a) *Creſſâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ.*] This is a moſt troubleſome Paſſage, and ſtands renowned for the Wrangle and Diſputations of Learned Criticks. *Eraſmus*, and a few others, write it *Threſſâ*, to which purpoſe they cite *Pliny* Lib. 7, 40. Where he proves the marking a happy Day with a White Stone, and an Unhappy one with a Black, to be a *Thracian* Cuſtom. But all this is aſcribed to the *Scythians*, by *Phylarchus* apud *Zenob.* Prov. 6, 13. whence *Pliny* borrowed his Notion, as the moſt elegant *Hardouinus* takes notice. *Suidas* produces the very ſame thing from *Phylarchus* in his Λευκὴ ἡμέρα. But the old Scholiaſts *Acro* and *Porphyrio* tell the very ſame Story not of the *Thracians* or *Scythians*, but of the *Cretans*; hence they make it *Creſſa nota*, juſt as the others did *Threſſa nota*. But this Interpretation will never paſs muſter with me; for take which you will, whither *Thracian*

ODE XXXVI.

WITH Sacrifice and Songs attone
The Gods, who did my Wiſhes crown,
And to my Arms brought back again
My *Numida*, juſt come from *Spain*;
To him his Friends their Joys impart:
But only *Lamia* fills his Heart;
They ever faithful, ever true,
Together liv'd, together grew.
With a white Mark appoint the Day
For Drinking, Mirth, and amorous Play.
In foaming Goblets pour the Wine,
And let the active Dance begin.
Fair *Damalis* ſhall baulk her Glaſs,
To fill her *Numida*'s Embrace.
The Roſe, the Lilly, and each Flow'r
Shall join to dreſs the fragrant Bow'r:
Fair *Damalis* all others ſcorns,
And only for her Hero burns:
She twines her Arms around his Waſt,
As Ivy cloſe, as Ivy faſt.

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cian or *Cretan*, and let them mark every Day happy or unhappy with a white Stone or a Black, ſtill this is nothing whether you call it a *Thracian* or a *Cretan* Mark, becauſe it does not prove whether it were the white and Happy, or the black and Unhappy Mark: for the black Stone is as much the *Thracian* Mark as the white; ſo that barely the *Thracian* Mark, unleſs you add *Candida*, and ſay the *white Thracian Mark*, will by no means ſtand for a fair happy Day, ſuch as *Horace* here means to deſcribe. We muſt therefore hunt out for another, and, if we can find it, a better Interpretation. That which firſt comes to our hand is a Propoſal of the moſt learned *Hardouinus*, who upon the Place already cited from *Pliny*, and alſo in his famous Works *De Nummis Populorum & Urbium* voce

KTΔΩN,

ΚΤΑΩΝ, is pleased to understand by *Cressa Nota*, the *Cretan Mark*, *Vini Cretici notam*, *the mark of Cretan Wine*. For this see our Author, *Carm.* 2. 5. *Carm.* 1. 10. where he speaks of *Nota Falerni*. See also *Cicero* in *Brute*, c. 83. The *Cretan* Wine was proper enough to rejoice with upon a Festival Day. See *Carm.* 3. 2. *Carm.* 3. 28. Where *Horace* speaks of celebrating a Festival with good Wine. Now *Clemens* Pædag. 2. is his witness to prove in how great Repute the *Cretan* Wine was. To all which we must add in a Lump, whatever that Ingenious Critick takes together to strengthen his Opinion; only I wish he had named those *permulti* he talks of, those *very many* Authors, who give such a mighty Commendation of the *Cretan* Wine. *Clemens Alexandrinus* unravels this whole Matter in a Word; for he calls this Wine *sweet*, and so says *Ælian.* Var. Histor. 12. 31. But now, what, I beseech you, was this *sweet Wine*, but that which they call *Passum*, or *Sweets*, of which the best sort was made in *Crete*. See *Pliny.* 14, 9. *Juvenal.* 14. 270. *Martial.* Epigr. 13. 106. What sort of Stuff this *Passum* was, and how made, you may learn from *Columella*, 12. 39. And *Palladius* in Octob. c. 19. And you may soon find, why *Juvenal* and *Martial* called it *Pingue & pauperis mulsum*; for it was made of perished Grapes, squeezed in a Press, then cask'd and preserved like Honey: Now except these reputable Authors, who make mention of *Cretan* Sweets, I deny that any of the old *Roman* Writers ever said a word of *Cretan* Wine. But prithee now! would it not be a Pleasant and Foolish thing, for so many loving Companions to meet together, upon such a Festival as the Return of *Numida*, only to sup, or rather to lick *Passum* or *Sweets*. Let *Hardouinus*, the renowned Author of such a Treat, even take this Tipple home, and keep it for his own spending. Certainly, if *Horace* had a Mind to mention the mark of any sort of Wine here, he would have mention'd the *Chian* and not the *Cretan*; he would have said

Chii *nec careat pulchra dies nota*.

Thus he does, *Epod.* 9. and *Carm.* 3. 19. where he cheapens a Cask of *Chian* Wine. But as for Wine, *Horace* had lay'd in a sufficient stock of it in the following Verse,

Nec promta modus amphora,

where the word *nec* plainly proves, that he had said nothing concerning Wine before. I have throughly weigh'd the Matter, and do adjudge, that there is no truer Explication than by *Cressa nota* to understand *creta* vel *cretea nota*, *Chalk*; for it is very probable, that the old *Latins* gave *Chalk* the Name of *Creta*, because that sort of

Glebe

Glebe was imported from *Crete*; thus says *Iſidorus*, tho' I own he is no good Author. *Orig.* 16. 1. For though the *Greeks* call Chalk γῆ Κιμωλία, *Terra Cimolia*, from a little Iſland very well known, called *Cimolos*, yet the *Latins* might call it *Creta*, from a larger and more noble Iſland, or becauſe perhaps the *Cretan* Sailors imported it. Since then *Creta* or *Chalk* was called ſo, becauſe it came from *Crete*, and was properly *Terra Creſſa*, why ſhould not *Horace*, to avoid a vulgar Word, call it *Creſſa Nota*, inſtead of *Creta Nota*, which is more ſplendid and elegant. In his *Sermones*, where his Words are more Plain and Courſe, he does not ſtick to uſe *Creta* in the very ſame Senſe. See *Serm.* 2. 2. *Perſius* certainly borrow'd from this Paſſage, *Sat.* 5. Moreover you muſt obſerve, that it was cuſtomary for the *Latin* Writers to take notice of their way of marking happy Days with a white Stone, Pebble, Die, Jewel, or with Chalk, but the unhappy Days with a black Stone. See *Martial*, 12 34. *Catullus*, 69. concerning merry Days. The ſame *Martial* upon *Terence*'s Return from *Sicily*, marks the Day with a white Stone, and taps a Cag of old Wine, juſt as our Author mentions his *Amphora* and his *Creſſa nota*. Vide *Epig.* 8. 45. So again upon the unexpected return of *Caius Julius Proculus*, he calls for his *Chalk* and his *Nipperkin*. Epi. 11. 37. Thus does *Perſius* upon the Birth-day of his Friend *Macrinus*, Sat. 2. Can any one doubt after this, whether *Horace* does not mean the very ſame thing by his *Creſſa nota*, that *Martial* and *Perſius* do by their *Lactea alba Gemma*, and their *melior lapillus*. See *Martial.* Epig. 9. 52. *Id.* 10. 38. *Plinius junior*, Epiſt. 6. 11. *Sidonius*, Carm. 4. *Statius*, Silv. 4. 6. And again *Silv.* 4. 8. where he ſays,

Litera, quæ feſtos cumulare altaribus ignes,
Et radiante chelyn, poſteſque ornare jubevet:
Albanaque cadum ſordentem promere fumo,
Et cantu ſignare diem: ſed tardius inſque
Nunc dominum mea vota cano ——

Cantu will never do here, when he had juſt before mentioned *chelyn*, and after that repeated *cano*. Then what can he mean by *ſignare diem cantu*? I would have you read,

Albanaque cadum ſordentem promere fumo,
Et creta ſignare diem ——

Here he joins *Cadum* and *Creta*, as *Horace* does *Amphora* and *Creſſa nota*, Martial *Amphora* and *lactea gemma*, *Cadus* and *gemma alba*, and as *Perſius* does *merum & lapillus candidus*; and all this is done, to ſpend the Day merrily.

ODE

ODE XXXVII.

NUNC est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus: nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis: dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus & imperio parabat,

(a) Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunâque dulci
Ebria. sed minuit furorem

Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus:
(b) Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar, ab Italiâ volantem

Remis adurgens (accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Hæmoniæ) daret ut catenis

Fatale

ODE XXXVII.

NOW let the Bowl with Wine and Mirth be crown'd,
Let antick Meaſures beat the Ground:
In coſtly Robes let every Shrine be dreſt,
And Luxury and Pomp adorn the plenteous Feaſt.

'Twas Criminal but lately to produce
The hoarded Cask and potent Juice,
When *Egypt*'s Queen, with frantick Pride o'ercome,
Menac'd the lofty Walls and warlike Pow'rs of *Rome*.

Compaſs'd with Eunuchs, an inglorious Guard,
Above her Sex her Hopes ſhe reer'd:
And drunk with Fortune's Smiles ruſh'd on,
At once to make the Empire of the World her own.

But *Caſar* taught her Soul to fear at laſt,
When the mad *Amazon* he chac'd,
As in her Bark from *Italy* ſhe fled,
And ſaw her blazing Fleet with hoſtile Flames be-ſpread.

So the ſwift Pidegon skims the liquid Air,
Chac'd by the Hawk; juſt ſo the Hare
Through ſnowy Fields the *Thracian* Hunter Flies,
As *Caſar* nimbly row'd to win the Royal Prize.

Fatale monstrum: quæ generosius
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem, (c) *nec latentes*
Classe citâ penetravit oras.

(d) *Ausu & jacentem visere regiam*
Vultu sereno, fortis & asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
Corpore combiberent venenum,

Deliberatâ morte ferocior:
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.

She, more than Woman, haughtily disdains
To wear a *Roman* Victor's Chains;
She scorn'd the Sword, and dar'd her Fate to meet;
Nor sought in Coasts remote, a mean, yet safe Retreat.

With Looks serene her Palace she survey'd,
Prostrate in Dust, in Ruins lay'd:
Then snatch'd the hungry Aspecks to her Breast,
Whilst on her vital Blood the bloated Monsters feast.

Daring she dy'd, but knew not how to fear,
Nor could with tame Submission bear
Beneath the Conqueror's proud Wheels to bow,
Or, like an abject Slave, grace the *Triumphal* Show.

(a) *Contaminato cum grege turpium morbo virorum.*] *Jos. Scaliger* upon *Auson.* Lect. 1. 17. says thus, *Who can bear with the vulgar Lection in this place? who can defend it, or make tolerable Sense of it?* Upon which by his own Conjecture he corrects the *Passage*, and reads it thus,

Contaminato congrege *turpium*
Morbo virorum ——

After which he explains *Morbo virorum* by *Morbosis viris, Diseased Men*, as *scelus viri*, for *scelestus*, a *Rogue*. It should seem that *Cruquius* followed the Authority of this Critick, supported, as he says, by three *Manuscripts* of good Credit: Whereupon he publishes *congrege* in the *Text*, and on that account he has the good Word of *Barthius* adverf. l. 59. c. 9. As for *Cruquius* and *Barthius*, I have nothing to say to them; but I can do no less than express some Indignation at *Scaliger*, for suffering himself to be taken napping so shamefully. For what sort of Hodge-podge is this, so unbecoming *Horace*, and not only him but *Ennius*, and the old Tragedians of that Age? what is this *contaminato morbo turpium virorum congrege*, or what is yet more rough and rumbling, *Contaminato morbosis turpibus viris congregibus*? Could such lousie Stuff come from such a Beau of a Poet as *Horace*? No Author ever put *morbo virorum* for *morbosis viris*; and *Congrex* was a word not born in *Horace*'s Time; indeed it was used by some after him, as *Apuleius*, *Ausonius*, *Prudentius*, Auctor *Pervigil. Veneris*, and *Cyrillus* in *Glossario*, but in such a Sense as will not stand here. To be short, *Contaminato cum grege*, is the right *Lection*, and ought not to be disturb'd. For the word *Grex*, *Herd*, agrees very well with the filthy Society of Fidlers and Eunuchs. See *Aurel. Vict.* in Tit. *Seneca* Epist. 95. *Tacitus* Annal. 15. 37. who all speak very contemptibly of foreign Slaves and Eunuchs. Add to these, *Valerius Max.* where he speaks of a Bawd and a Pimp, *Contaminato cum grege* is therefore right, and shall stand. What follows in the vulgar *Editions*, may be very justly explained thus, *cum grege virorum turpium morbo, with a Herd of Fellows who had the filthy Disease.* An old Scholiast has these words, *He calls them* turpes morbo, *because of their Effeminacy.* This is Right; and so says *Claudian* de Cinzd. Ep. 26. See also that remarkable

markable Place in *Herodotus*, where he mentions the θήλειαν ΝΟΥΣΟΝ, or the *Femenine Distemper*. See *Catullus* Epig. 58. *Philoxenus* in his Glossary writes, *Morbosus*, παθικός, a *Sodomite*. Without doubt we have nick'd *Horace's* Meaning, *cum contaminato grege morbosarum spadonum, with her filthy Herd of nasty Eunuchs*: and yet I can never give my full Consent, or allow, that thus *Horace* wrote with his own Hand; if I am not mistaken, he would never call Eunuchs by the Name of *Viri* or *Men*, who rather deserved the Name of *Half-men*, *Women*, or *Monsters*, especially in this Place, where he bears so hard upon them. *I am a Man*, said *Vespasian*, when he accused one *Mucianus*, a notorious Rake, as much as to say, you are not so. Besides, that same Phrase, *virorum turpium morbo*, does not sound in my Ears as if it came from *Horace's* elegant Pen, neither can it sound so to any one, whose Ears are well tuned by the frequent Perusal of the best Authors. We must therefore look out, and see if by one of our Conjectures we can help this Place at a dead lift, notwithstanding it is in a lost and deplorable Condition. I have sent my Wits a Wool-gathering, and have at last discovered, that nothing seems more agreeable both to the vulgar Reading and Interpretation, than if we should say, *Opprobriorum*, instead of *morbo virorum*;

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Opprobriorum ———

By *opprobria* I understand those Eunuchs, *omnibus probris contaminatos, polluted with all manner of filth*, and who are a disgrace to human Nature. This Phrase is a plain *Gracism*, as old as *Homer*, who calls *scandalous Fellows*, ἐλέγχεα. Thus he calls some Shepherds. Thus in another place the *Gracians*, and the Sons of *Priam*. So we read in the Apostle, where he quotes *Epimenides*.

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ Ψευσταὶ, κακ' ἐλέγχεα, γαστέρες ἄργαι.

So says the Proverb, Ἡρώων παῖδες λῶβαι vel ἄται, *The Sons of Heroes are good nothing*. See also *Catullus*, Ep. 29. And thus I understand that Passage in our Author, *Carm.* 3. 6.

Dedecorum *pretiosus emtor*.

Dedecorum signifies *Impudent Women, Punks*. Add to this, that *Opprobium* is in many Places very fitly apply'd to Fidlers, Eunuchs, and Effeminate Fellows. See *Claudian* in *Eutropium Eunuch*, 1. 57. So *Propertius* upon this very Queen

Queen *Cleopatra*, L. 3. 9. That which further makes for us is, that *turpium* is a very fit Epithet for *Opprobriorum*; and so *Horace* uses it, *Serm.* 1. 7.

(b) *Mentemque lymphatam Maratico redegit in veros timores.*] The *Manuscript* Copies are all positive for *in veros*, neither have I any design of troubling this *Lection*; but yet it should be *ad veros*, if we have any regard for Instances or Examples from other Authors. They all say *redigere ad*. See *Seneca*, Epis. 13. *It.* Epist 45. *It.* Epis. 95. *Seneca* alter Controv. 9. And thus says *Livius* in several Places. See upon this Topick the most acurate *Frederick Gronovius* ad *Liv.* 41. 23. By the way, though it is not our Business or Design to write a *Commentary* but only *Emendations*, yet I cannot forbear taking notice, that all the Interpreters I ever saw, behave themselves very sillily upon this Passage, whilst by *lymphata* they understand *ebria*, *insana*, *furiata*, *Drunk*, *Mad*, *Raving*; but do thou, O Reader, mend the Matter, and construe it, *Scar'd*, *Frighted*, seized with a *Lymphatick*, a v[illegible]ear, all which is very plain [illegible]om the Story; for in the very beginning of the Fight at *Actium*, *Cleopatra* being struck with a *Pannick Fear*, took to her Heels; which *Pannick Fear*, *Augustus* turn'd into a *Real Fear*, as our Author says, when having gotten the Victory, he gave her chace with his whole Navy. Now unless you take *Lymphata* in this Sense, the whole Sentence will grow as cold as Ice, or will be utterly lost and annihilated. Consult *Seneca*, Epis. 13. *Id.* Epist. 85. and *Lucan.* 7. 186. for a true account of this *Pannick Fear*. *Horace* is very Arch here and very bitter at the same time, when he lets us know, that Queen *Cleopatra*'s Mind was not terrified by *Pan*, *Apollo*, or any other Deity, but by *Maratick* Wine.

(c) *Nec latentes classe cita reparavit oras.*] Where, I beseech you, is the Sense, and what is the Meaning of *reparare oras classe*? some merry Fellows tell us, that all this is by *Hypallage*, and that *oras classe* stands for *oris classem*: whence they explain it thus, *that she did not recruit her Army, or refit her Navy, and renew the War*; But, O ye Grammarians! I conjure you to tell me, are such *Hypallages* as this ever to be met with among the Poets? Where do they ever subsist, but in the brainless Heads of our Pedants, who if they can but Trump up an *Hypallage*, or *Hyperboton*, or a *Synchrysis*, think they have sufficiently cleared up the most obscure Passages, Blockheads as they are! they do not consider, that

a little by, this Interpretation they have made Nonsense of what *Horace* says here? since by this, they would make it an *Heroick Act* in *Cleopatra* not to refit her Navy: Whereas, that very thing must be a sign of her Fear, since she might have refitted it if she would. Others there are, who give up this foolish *Hypallage*, but then by *reparavit oras*, understand *repetiit*, *requisivit*, *return'd to*, or *once more sought*, and yet with all their cunning, they cannot shew us one Instance in all the *Latin* Tongue to justifie this. But now I come, and though all the Books every where extant oppose me in it, yet still I contend, that *Horace* wrote with his own individual Hand thus,

——— *Nec latentes*
Classe citâ penetravit oras.

That is, *she did not fly into some remote Corner of the Country, where* Augustus *could not, or would not pursue her.* This clears up the Sense: and those Puppies the *Librarians* might easily fall into such a Blunder. See *Virgil*, Æneid. 1.

Antenor potuit Mediis elapsus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare *sinus, atque* intima *tutus*
Regna Liburnorum ———

Where you see all the Parts very prettily answer to this Passage in *Horace*; both *Antenor* and *Cleopatra* fly from their Enemies, one to the *intimos sinus*, the other to the *ora latentes*. See also *Æneid.* 2. *Silius* Ital. 4. Id. 4. *Lucanus*, 7. v. 216. *Suetonius* in Julio. c. 51. *Ammianus*, 29. 5. In all these Authors *penetrare* is used to describe Voyages, Journeys, and Peregrinations.

(d) *Ansa & jacentem visere Regiam.*] What does he mean here by *jacentem Regiam?* I believe he means *humilem*, *humble*, or *ignobilem*, *ignoble*, as in *Cicero* de Orat. c. 67. But this Interpretation will never fit this Place. Perhaps he means *diruram*, *destructam*, *Ruined*, *Pulled down*, as in *Seneca* Controv. 34. But then this Interpretation contradicts the Story: for *Cleopatra*'s Palace was at that time standing and in good Plight. Upon this I had cast about, and I had fany'd with my self, that it should be *Ansa & tacentem* visere *regiam*, notwithstanding the Copies did not admit of this *Lection*. *Tacentem*, that is, *vacuam*, *desolatam*, *Empty*, *Desolate*, all the Troops and Gangs of Courtiers and Parasites being fled for Safety, after *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were ruined. See our Author upon the same Subject, *Carm.* 4. 14. See also *Claudian*

dian de Rapt. Proserpi. 3. 148. And again, 5. 154. *Lucanus*, 2. 22. *Statius*, Theb. 5. 316. In all these Authors you will find an account of *Silent*, *Empty*, *Desolate Courts*, *Palaces* and *Houses*. But when I had finished my Conjecture, I was given to Understand afterward, that a *Manuscript* Copy belonging to *Bersmannus*, of which I had never yet seen any one *Edition*, did plainly and fairly read *tacentem*, and not *jacentem*.

NOTES

Quæ ſequuntur in vulgatis codicibus, ſic ſuavi cammodo explicari poſſunt.] What follows is an account of *Eunuchs*, *Sodomites*, the Filthy *Diſtemper*, &c. interlarded with two the fatteſt Quotations that could be got; and at the foot of this Bawdy Account, there is a Paſſage from one of the Apoſtles. All this comes from an Author who had declared, Ode 1. 15. *Se nullam his rebus turpiculi lucem affundere, That he would never dawb his Fingers with Smut.*

Lymphatam *intelligunt ebriam, inſanam, furiatam. Imo vero tu, vano pavore territam.*] What *Horace* calls *Lymphata*, ſome Expoſitors had interpreted, *Drunk* and *Mad*; but the Dr. calls them Blockheads for their Pains: and tells us, that it ſignifies, *Scar'd*, *Frighted*; And yet he owns, that this Operation happen'd to *Cleopatra* through the Means of Wine, *Vino Maratico*. Now whether it be more likely, that Wine ſhould *Fright* any Body, or make them *Mad* and *Drunk*, is humbly ſubmitted to the Candid Reader.

ODE

ODE XXXVIII.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

(a) *Simplici myrto nihil allabores*
Sedulus, cura; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

ODE XXXVIII.

Perſian Pomp and coſtly State,
Garlands and Perfumes I hate;
Be not too curious to compoſe
The flow'ry Sweets and fragrant Roſe.

Why ſhould you and I be fine,
Underneath a ſcanty Vine?
Let Myrtle Wreaths my Brows adorn,
All other Crowns, but that, I ſcorn.

(a) *Simplici myrto nihil ad Labores ſedulus curâ.*] Say you ſo? What, was *Horace* himſelf the Maſter, to take all this care that his Boy, contrary to his Commands, ſhould not uſe any other Greens but only Myrtle? I fancy the *Saturnalia* were come about, where the Servant was to command his Maſter. But do thou, O Reader! *Read* and *Point* the place thus, and I'll juſtifie thee,

Simplici myrto nihil adlabores
Sedulus, cura ———

Cura, take care, ſays *Horace*, or *beware, leaſt you are too curious in getting together Roſes or any other Flowers, except Myrtle only.* Perhaps if *Horace* had a mind to ſhow his Authority, he might have ſaid *ſedulus mando*, but without doubt, you muſt read *cura*. See for this, *Terent. Andr.* 5, 2. *Horace*, Serm. 2. 6. The *Bodlean* Manuſcript is on the ſame ſide, and writes *cura*; whence ſome will wonder perhaps, that ſo notorious a fault was never found out before; but 'tis one thing to correct a fault, and another to acknowledge it after it is corrected.

The End of the Seventh Part, and of the Firſt Book of ODES.

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